THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE GRIMSBY GHOST.

BY THE EDITOR.

Chap. I.

In the town of Grimsby——

"But stop," says the Courteous and Prudent Reader, "are there any such things as Ghosts?"

"Any Ghostesses!" cries Superstition, who settled long since in the country, near a churchyard, on a rising ground, "any Ghostesses! Ay, man—lots on 'em! bushels on 'em! sights on 'em! Why, there's one as walks in our parish, reg'lar as the clock strikes twelve—and always the same round—over church-stile, round the corner, through the gap, into Short's Spinney, and so along into our close, where he takes a drink at the pump,—for ye see he died in liquor.—and then arter he's squentched hisself wanishes into waper. Then there's the ghost of old Beales, as goes o' nights and sows tears in his neighbour's wheats—I've often seed un in seed time. They do say that Black Ben, the Poacher, have riz, and what's more, walked slap through all the Squire's steel-traps without springin on 'em. And then there's Bet Hawkey as murdered her own hinfant—only the poor babby hadn't larned to walk, and so can't appear agin her."

But not to refer only to the ignorant and illiterate vulgar, there are units, tens, hundreds, thousands of wellbred and educated persons, Divines, Lawyers, military, and especially naval officers, Artists, Authors, Players, Schoolmasters and Governesses, and fine ladies, who secretly believe that the dead are on visiting terms with the living—nay, the great Doctor Johnson himself, affirmed solemnly that he had a call from his late mother, who had been buried many years. Ask at the right time, and in the right place, and in the right manner—only affect a belief, though you have it not—so that the party may feel assured of sympathy and insured against ridicule, and nine-tenths of mankind will confess a faith in Apparitions. It is in truth an article in the creed of our natural religion—a corollary of the recognition of the immortality of the soul. The presence of spirits—visible or invi-

sible—is an innate idea, as exemplified by the instinctive night terrors of infancy, and recently so touchingly illustrated by the evidence of the poor little colliery-girl, who declared that "she sang, whiles, at her subterranean task, but never when she was alone in the dark."

It is from this cause that the Poems and Ballads on spectral subjects have derived their popularity: for instance, Margaret's Ghost—Mary's Dream—and the Ghost of Admiral Hosier—not to forget the Drama, with that awful Phantom in "Hamlet," whose word, in favour of the Supernatural, we all feel to be worth "a thousand pound."

"And then the Spectre in 'Don Giovanni?'"

No. That Marble Walker, with his audible tramp, tramp, tramp on the staircase is too substantial for my theory. It was a Ghost invented expressly for the Materialists; but is as inadmissible amongst genuine Spirits as that wooden one described by old W. the shipowner—namely, the figure-head of the Britannia, which appeared to him, he declared, on the very night that she found a watery grave off Cape Cod.

"Well—after that—go on."

Chap. II.

In the town of Grimsby, at the corner of Swivel-street, there is a little chandler's-shop, which was kept for many years by a widow of the name of Mullins. She was a careful, thrifty body, a perfect woman of business, with a sharp gray eye to the main chance, a quick ear for the ring of good or bad metal, and a close hand at the counter. Indeed, she was apt to give such scrimp weight and measure, that her customers invariably manœuvred to be served by her daughter, who was supposed to be more liberal at the scale, by a full ounce in the pound. The man and maid servants it is true, who bought on commission, did not care much about the matter; but the poor hungry father, the poor frugal mother, the little ragged girl, and the little dirty boy, all retained their pence in their hands, till they could thrust them, with their humble requests for ounces or half-ounces of tea, brown sugar, or single Gloster, towards "Miss Mullins," who was supposed to better their dealings,—if dealings they might be called, where no deal of any thing was purchased. She was a tall, bony female, of about thirty years of age, but apparently forty, with a very homely set of features, and the staid, sedate carriage of a spinster who feels herself to be set in for a single life. There was indeed "no love nonsense" about her; and as to romance, she had never so much as looked into a novel or read a line of poetry in her life—her thoughts, her feelings, her actions, were all like her occupation, of the most plain, prosaic character—the retailing of soap, starch, sandpaper, red-herrings, and Flanders brick. Except Sundays, when she went twice to chapel, her days were divided between the little back-parlour and the front shop—between a patchwork counterpane which she had been stitching at for ten long years, and that other counter work to which she was summoned, every few minutes, by the importunities of a little bell, that rang every customer in, like the new year, and then rang him out again like the old one. It was her province, moreover, to set down all unready money orders on a slate, but the widow took charge of the books, or rather the book, in which every

item of account was entered, with a rigid punctuality that would have done honour to a regular counting-house clerk.

Under such management the little chandler's-shop was a thriving concern, and with the frugal, not to say parsimonious habits of mother and daughter, enabled the former to lay by annually her one or two hundred pounds, so that Miss Mullins was in a fair way of becoming a fortune, when towards the autumn of 1838 the widow was suddenly taken ill at her book, in the very act of making out a little bill, which alas she never lived to sum up. The disorder progressed so rapidly that on the second day she was given over by the doctor, and on the third by the apothecary, having lost all power of swallowing his medicines. The distress of her daughter, thus threatened with the sudden rending of her only tie in the world, may be conceived; while, to add to her affliction, her dying parent though perfectly sensible, was unable, from a paralysis of the organs of speech, to articulate a single word. She tried nevertheless to speak, with a singular perseverance, but all her struggles for utterance were in vain. Her eyes rolled frightfully, the muscles about the mouth worked convulsively, and her tongue actually writhed till she foamed at the lips, but without producing more than such an unintelligible sound as is sometimes heard from the deaf and dumb. It was evident from the frequency and vehemence of these efforts that she had something of the last importance to communicate, and which her weeping daughter at last implored her to make known by means of signs.

"Had she any thing weighing heavy on her mind?"

The sick woman nodded her head.

"Did she want any one to be sent for?"

The head was shaken.

"Was it about making her will?"

Another mute negative.

"Did she wish to have further medical advice?"

A gesture of great impatience.

"Would she try to write down her meaning?"

The head nodded, and the writing-materials were immediately procured. The dying woman was propped up in bed, a lead-pencil was placed in her right-hand, and a quire of foolscap was set before her. With extreme difficulty she contrived to scribble the single word MARY; but before she could form another letter, the hand suddenly dropped, scratching a long mark, like what the Germans call a Devotion Stroke, from the top to the bottom of the paper,—her face assumed an intense expression of despair—there was a single deep groan —then a heavy sigh—and the Widow Mullins was a corpse!

Chap. III.

"Gracious! How shocking!" cries Morbid Curiosity. "And to die, too, without telling her secret! What *could* the poor creature have on her mind to lay so heavy! I'd give the world to know what it was! A shocking murder, perhaps, and the remains of her poor Husband buried Lord knows where—so that nobody can enjoy the horrid discovery—and the digging of him up!"

No, madam—nor the boiling and parboiling of his viscera to detect traces of poison.

"To be sure not. It's a sin and shame, it is, for people to go out of the world with such mysteries confined to their own bosom. But perhaps it was only a hoard of money that she had saved up in private?"

Very possibly, madam. In fact, Mrs. Humphreys, the carpenter's wife, who was present at the death, was so firmly of that persuasion, that before the body was cold, although not the Searcher, she had exercised a right of search in every pot, pan, box, basket, drawer, cupboard, chimney—in short, every hole and corner in the premises.

"Ay, and I'll be bound discovered a heap of golden guineas in an old teapot."

No, madam—not a dump. At least, not in the teapot—but in a hole near the sink—she found—

"What, sir?—pray what?"

Two black-beetles, ma'am, and a money-spinner.

Chap. IV.

Well, the corpse of the deceased Widow received the usual rites. It was washed—laid out—and according to old provincial custom, strewed with rosemary and other sweet herbs. A plate full of salt was placed on the chest—one lighted candle was set near the head, and another at the feet, whilst the Mrs. Humphreys, before mentioned, undertook to sit up through the night and "watch the body." A half-dozen of female neighbours also volunteered their services, and sat in the little back-parlour by way of company for the bereaved daughter, who, by the mere force of habit, had caught up and begun mechanically to stitch at the patchwork-counterpane, with one corner of which she occasionally and absently wiped her eyes—the action strangely contrasting with such a huge and Harlequin handkerchief. In the discourse of the gossips she took no part or interest, in reality she did not hear the conversation, her ear still seeming painfully on the stretch to catch those last dying words which her poor mother had been unable to utter. In her mind's eye she was still watching those dreadful contortions which disfigured the features of her dying parent during her convulsive efforts to speak—she still saw those desperate attempts to write, and then that leaden fall of the cold hand, and the long scratch of the random pencil that broke off for ever and ever the mysterious revelation. A more romantic or ambitious nature would perhaps have fancied that the undivulged secret referred to her own birth; a more avaricious spirit might have dreamed that the disclosure related to hidden treasure; and a more suspicious character might have even supposed that death had suppressed some confession of undiscovered guilt.

But the plain matter-of-fact mind of Mary Mullins was incapable of such speculations. Instead of dreaming, therefore, of an airy coronet, or ideal bundles of bank-notes, or pots full of gold and silver coin, or a disinterred skeleton, she only stitched on, and then wept, and then stitched on again at the motley coverlet, wondering amongst her other

vague wonders why no little dirty boys, or ragged little girls, came as usual for penny candles and rushlights. The truth being that the gossips had considerately muffled up the shop-bell, for vulgar curiosity had caused a considerable influx of extra custom, so that thanks to another precaution in suppressing noises, the little chandler's-shop presented the strange anomaly of a roaring trade carried on in a whisper.

Owing to this circumstance it was nearly midnight before the shop-shutters were closed, the street-door was locked, the gas turned off, and the sympathizing females prepared to sit down to a light, sorrowful supper of tripe and onions.

In the mean time the candles in the little back-parlour had burned down to the socket, into which one glimmering wick at last suddenly plunged, and was instantly drowned in a warm bath of liquid grease. This trivial incident sufficed to arouse Miss Mullins from her tearful stupor; she quietly put down the patchwork, and without speaking passed into the shop, which was now pitch-dark, and with her hand began to grope for a bunch of long sixes, which she knew hung from a particular shelf. Indeed, she could blindfolded have laid her hand on any given article in the place; but her fingers had no sooner closed on the cold clammy tallow, than with a loud shrill scream that might have awakened the dead—if the dead were ever so awakened—she sank down on the sandy floor in a strong fit!

"La! how ridiculous! What from only feeling a tallow-candle?"

No, ma'am; but from only seeing her Mother, in her habit as she lived, standing at her old favourite post in the shop; that is to say, at the little desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the barrel of red-herrings.

Chap. V.

"What! a Ghost—a regular Apparition?"

Yes, sir, a disembodied spirit, but clothed in some ethereal substance, not tangible, but of such a texture as to be visible to the ocular sense.

"Bah! ocular nonsense! All moonshine! Ghosts be hanged!—no such things in nature—too late in the day for them, by a whole century—quite exploded—went out with the old witches. No, no, sir, the ghosts have had their day, and were all laid long ago, before the wood pavement. What should they come for? The potters and the colliers may rise for higher wages, and the chartists may rise for reform, and Joseph Sturge may rise for his health, and the sun may rise, and the bread may rise, and the sea may rise, and the rising generation may rise, and all to some good or bad purpose; but that the dead and buried should rise, only to make one's hair rise, is more than I can credit."

They may have some messages or errands to the living.

"Yes, and can't deliver them for want of breath; or can't execute them for the want of physical force. Just consider yourself a ghost—"

Excuse me.

"Pshaw! I only meant for the sake of argument. I say, suppose yourself a ghost. Well, if you come up out of your grave to serve a

friend, how are you to help him? And if it's an enemy, what's the use of appearing to him if you can't pitch into him."

Why, at least it is *showing your Spirit.*

"Humph! that's true. Well, proceed."

Chap. VI.

There is nothing more startling to the human nerves than a female scream. Not a make-believe squall, at a spider or a mouse, but a real, shrill, sharp, ear-piercing shriek, as if from the very pitchpipe of mortal fear. Nothing approaches it in thrilling effect, except the railway whistle; which, indeed, seems only to come from the throat of a giantess, instead of that of an ordinary woman.

The sudden outcry from the little shop had therefore an appalling effect on the company in the little back-parlour, who for the moment were struck as dizzy and stupified by that flash of sound, as if it had been one of lightning. Their first impulse was to set up a chorus of screams, as nearly as possible in the same key; the next, to rush in a body to the shop, where they found the poor orphan, as they called her, insensible on the floor.

The fit was a severe one; but, luckily, the gossips were experienced in all kinds of swoons, hysterics, and faintings, and used each restorative process so vigorously, burning, choking, pinching, slapping, and excoriating, that in a very few minutes the patient was restored to consciousness, and a world of pain. It was a long time, however, before she became collected enough to give an account of the Apparition—that she had seen her Mother, or at least her Ghost, standing beside her old desk; that the figure had turned towards her, and had made the same dreadful faces as before, as if endeavouring to speak to her—a communication which took such effect on the hearers that, with one exception, they immediately put on their bonnets and departed; leaving old Mrs. Dadley, who was stone deaf, and had only imperfectly heard the story, to sleep with Miss Mullins in what was doomed thenceforward to be a Haunted House. The night, nevertheless, passed over in quiet; but towards morning the ghostly Mother appeared again to the daughter in a dream, and with the same contortions of her mouth attempted to speak her mind, but with the same ill success. The secret, whatever it was, seemed irrevocably committed to Silence and Eternity!

In the mean time, ere breakfast, the walking of Widow Mullins had travelled from one end of Grimsby to the other; and for the rest of the day the little chandler's-shop at the corner of Swivel-street was surrounded by a mob of men, women, and children, who came to gaze at the Haunted House—not without some dim anticipations of perhaps seeing the Ghost at one of the windows. Few females in the position of Mary Mullins would have remained under its roof; but to all invivations from well-meaning people, she turned a deaf ear; she had been born and bred on the premises—the little back-parlour was her home—and from long service at the counter, she had become—to alter a single letter in a line of Dibdin's—

All one as a piece of the shop.

As to the Apparition, if it ever appeared again, she said, "the

Ghost was the Ghost of her own Parent, and would not harm a hair of her head. Perhaps, after the funeral, the Spirit would rest in peace: but at any rate, her mind was made up, not to leave the house—no, not till she was carried out of it, like her poor dear Mother."

Chap. VII.

"And pray, Mr. Author, what is your own private opinion? Do you really believe in Ghosts, or that there was any truth in the story of this Grimbsby Apparition?"

Heaven knows, madam! In ordinary cases I should have ascribed such a tale to a love of the marvellous; but, as I before stated, Miss Mullins was not prone to romance, and had never read a work of fiction in her whole life. Again, the vision might have been imputed to some peculiar nervous derangement of the system, like the famous spectral illusions that haunted the Berlin Bookseller,—but then the young woman was of a hardy constitution and in perfect health. Finally, the Phantom might have been set down as a mere freak of fancy, the offspring of an excited imagination, whereas she had no more imagination than a cow. Her mind was essentially commonplace, and never travelled beyond the routine duties and occurrences of her everyday life. Her very dreams, which she sometimes related, were remarked as being particularly prosaic and insipid; the wildest of them having only painted a swarm of overgrown cockroaches, in the shop-drawer, that was labelled "Powder Blue." Add to all this, that her character for veracity stood high in her native town; and on the whole evidence the verdict must be in favour of the supernatural appearance.

"Well—I will never believe in Ghosts!"

No, madam. Not in this cheerful drawing-room, whilst the bright sunshine brings out in such vivid colours the gorgeous pattern of the Brussels carpet—no, nor whilst such a fresh westerly air blows in at the open window, and sets the Columbines a-dancing in that China vase. But suppose, as King John says, that

> The midnight bell
> Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
> Sound one unto the drowsy race of night:
> If this same were a churchyard, where we stand—

the grass damp—the wind at east—the night pitch-dark—a strangely ill odour, and doubtful whistlings and whisperings wafted on the fitful gust.

"Well, sir?—"

Why, then, madam, instead of disbelieving in Ghosts, you would be ready, between sheer fright and the chill of the night air—

"To do what, sir?—"

To swallow the first spirits that offered.

Chap. VIII.

The second night, at the same hour, the same Melodrama of "domestic interest" was repeated, except that this time the maternal Phantom confronted her daughter on the landing-place at the top of the stairs. Another fainting-fit was the consequence; but before her senses deserted her the poor creature had time to observe the identical writhings and twitchings of the distorted mouth, the convulsive struggles to speak which had so appalled, her whilst her departed parent was still in the flesh. Luckily, the gossips, backed by two or three she sceptics, had ventured to return to the Haunted House, where they were startled as before by a shrill feminine scream, and again found Miss Mullins on the ground in a state of insensibility. The fit, however, was as treatable as the former one, and the usual strong measures having been promptly resorted to, she again became alive to external impressions,—and in particular that a pint of aquafortis, or something like it, was going down her throat the wrong way—that her little-finger had been in a hand-vice—her temples had been scrubbed with saad and cayenne pepper, or some other such stimulants, and the tip of her nose had been scorched with a salamander or a burning feather. A consciousness, in short, that she was still in this lower sphere, instead of the realms of bliss.

The story she told on her recovery was little more than a second edition of the narrative of the preceding night. The Ghost had appeared to her, made all sorts of horrible wry mouths, and after several vain attempts at utterance, all ending in a convulsive gasp, had suddenly clasped its shadowy hands round its throat, and then clapped and pressed them on its palpitating bosom, as if actually choking or bursting with the suppressed communication. Of the nature of the secret she did not offer the slightest conjecture; for the simple reason that she had formed none. In all her days she had never attempted successfully to guess at the commonest riddle, and to solve such an enigma as her mother had left behind her was therefore quite out of the question. The gossips were less diffident; their Wonder was not of the Passive, but of that Active kind, which goes under the *alias* of Curiosity. Accordingly, they speculated amongst themselves without stint or scruple, on the matter that the Spirit yearned so anxiously to reveal;—for instance that it related to money, to murder, to an illegitimate child, to adulterated articles, to a forged will, to a favourite spot for burial;—nay, that it concerned matters of public interest, and the highest affairs of the state, one old crone expressing her decided conviction that the Ghost had to divulge a plot against the life of the Queen.

To this excitement as to the Spectre and its mystery, the conduct of the Next of Kin afforded a striking contrast: instead of joining in the conjectural patchwork of the gossips she silently took up the old variegated coverlet, and stitched, and sighed, and stitched on, till the breaking up of the party left her at liberty to go to bed.

"And did she dream again of the Ghost?"

She *did*, Miss; but with this difference; that the puckered mouth distinctly pronounced the word Mary, and then screwed and twisted out a

few more sounds or syllables, but in a gibberish as unintelligible as the chatter of a monkey, or an Irvingite sentence in the Unknown Tongue.

Chap. IX.

The third night came—the third midnight—and with it the Apparition. It made the same frightful grimaces, and, strange to relate, contrived to pronounce in a hollow whisper, the very word which it had uttered in Mary's last Dream. But the jumble of inarticulate sounds was wanting—the jaws gaped, and the tongue visibly struggled, but there was a dead, yes, literally a *dead* silence.

On this occasion, however, the daughter did not faint away; she had privately taken care to be at the hour of twelve in the midst of her female friends, and her Mother appeared to her in the doorway between the little back-parlour and the shop. The Shadow was only revealed to herself. One of the gossips, indeed, declared afterwards that she had seen widow Mullins, "as like as a likeness cut out in white paper, but so transparent that she could look right through her body at the chaney Jemmy Jessamy on the mantelpiece."

But her story, though accepted as a true bill by nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Grimsby, was not honoured by any one who was present that night in the little back-parlour. The two staring green eyes of Miss Mullins had plainly been turned, not on the fireplace, but towards the door, and her two bony fore-fingers had wildly pointed in the same direction. Nevertheless, the more positive the contradiction, the more obstinately the storyteller persevered in her statement, still adding to its circumstantialities, till in process of time she affirmed that she had not only seen the Ghost, but that she knew its secret; namely, that the undertaker and his man had plotted between them to embezzle the body, and to send it up in a crate, marked "Chaney—this side uppards," to Mr. Guy in the Borough.

Chap. X.

On the fourth night the Ghost appeared at the usual time, with its usual demeanour,—but at the shop instead of the parlour-door, close to the bundle of new mops.

On the fifth, behind the counter, near the till.

On the sixth night, again behind the counter, but at the other end of it beside the great scales.

On the seventh night, which closed the day of the funeral, in the little back-parlour. It had been hoped and predicted, that after the interment, the Spirit would cease to walk—whereas at midnight, it reappeared, as aforesaid, in the room behind the shop, between the table and the window.

On the eighth night, it became visible again at the old desk, between the great black coffee-mill and the herring-barrel. In the opinion of Miss Mullins, the Spectre had likewise crossed her path sundry times in the course of the day—at least she had noticed a sort of film or haze that interposed itself before sundry objects—for instance, the great

stone-bottle of vinegar in the shop, and the framed print of "the Witch of Endor calling up Samuel," in the back-room. On all these occasions the Phantom had exhibited the same urgent impulse to speak, with the same spasmodic action of the features, and if possible, a still more intense expression of anxiety and anguish. The despairing gestures and motions of the visionary arms and hands were more and more vehement. It was a tragic pantomime, to have driven any other spectator raving mad!

Even the dull phlegmatic nature of Miss Mullins at last began to be stirred and excited by the reiteration of so awful a spectacle: and her curiosity, slowly but surely, became interested in the undivulged secret which could thus keep a disembodied spirit from its appointed resting-place, the weighty necessity which could alone recal a departed soul to earth, after it had once experienced the deep calm, and quiet of the grave. The sober sorrow of the mourner was changed into a feverish fretting—she could no longer eat, drink, or sleep, or sit still,—the patchwork quilt was thrust away in a corner, and as to the shop, the little dirty boy, and the little ragged girl were obliged to repeat their retail orders thrice over to the bewildered creature behind the counter, who even then was apt to go to the wrong box, can, or cannister,—to serve them out train-oil instead of treacle, and soft-soap in lieu of Dorset butter.

What wonder a rumour went throughout Grimsby that she was crazy? But instead of going out of her mind, she had rather come into it, and for the first strange time was exercising her untrained faculties, on one of the most perplexing mysteries that had ever puzzled a human brain. No marvel, then, that she gave change twice over for the same sixpence, and sent little Sniggers home with a bar of soap instead of a stick of brimstone. In fact, between her own absence of mind, and the presence of mind of her customers, she sold so many good bargains, that the purchasers began to wish that a Deaf and Dumb Ghost would haunt every shop in the town!

Chap. XI.

According to the confession of our first and last practitioners, the testimony of medical works, and the fatal results of most cases of Trismus, there is no surgical operation on the human subject so difficult as the picking of a Locked Jaw. No skeleton key has yet been invented by our body-smiths that will open a mouth thus spasmodically closed. The organ is in what the Americans call an everlasting fix—the poor man is booked—and you may at once proceed to put up the rest of his shutters.

This difficulty, however, only occurs in respect to the physical frame. For a spiritual lock-jaw there is a specific mode of treatment, which, acording to tradition, has generally proved successful in overcoming the peculiar Trismus to which all Apparitions are subject, and which has thus enabled them to break that melancholy silence, which must otherwise have prevailed in their intercourse with the living. The *modus operandi* is extremely simple, and based on an old-fashioned rule, to which, for some obscure reason, ghosts as well as good little boys seem bound to adhere, *i.e.*, not to speak till they are spoken to. It is only

necessary, therefore, if you wish to draw out a dumb Spirit, to utter the word.

Strange to say, this easy and ancient prescription never occurred to either Miss Mullins or her gossips till the ninth day, when Mrs. Humphreys, happening to stumble on the old rule in her son's spelling-book, at the same time hit on the true cause of the silence of the "Mysterious Mother." It was immediately determined that the same night, or at least the very first time the Spirit reappeared, it should be spoken to; the very terms of the filial address, like those of a Royal Speech, being agreed on beforehand, at the same council. Whether the orator, the appointed hour and the expected auditor considered, would remember so long a sentence, admitted of some doubt: however it was learned by rote, and having fortified herself with a glass of cordial, and her backers having fortified themselves with two, the trembling Mary awaited the awful interview, conning over to herself the concerted formula, which to assist her memory had been committed to paper.

"Muther, if so be you ar my muther, and as such being spoke to, speak I cunjer you, or now and ever after old your Tung."

Chap. XII.

One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight—Nine—Ten—Eleven—TWELVE!

The Hour was come and the Ghost. True to the last stroke of the clock, it appeared like a figure projected from a magic lantern, on the curtain at the foot of the bed—for, through certain private reasons of her own, Miss Mullins had resolved not only to be alone, but to receive her visiter—as the French ladies do—in her *chambre à coucher*. Perhaps she did not care that any ear but her own should receive a disclosure which might involve matters of the most delicate nature: a secret, that might perchance affect the reputation of her late parent, or her own social position. However, it was in solitude and from her pillow, that with starting eyeballs, and outstretched arms, she gazed for the ninth time on the silent Phantom, which had assumed a listening expression, and an expectant attitude, as if it had been invisibly present at the recent debate, and had overheard the composition of the projected speech. But that speech was never to be spoken. In vain poor Mary tried to give it utterance; it seemed to stick, like an apothecary's powder, in her throat—to her fauces, her palate, her tongue, and her teeth, so that she could not get it out of her mouth.

The Ghost made a sign of impatience.

Poor Mary gasped.

The Spirit frowned and apparently stamped with its foot.

Poor Mary made another violent effort to speak, but only gave a sort of tremulous croak.

The features of the Phantom again began to work—the muscles about the mouth quivered and twitched.

Poor Mary's did the same.

The whole face of the Apparition was drawn and puckered by a spasmodic paroxysm, and poor Mary *felt* that she was imitating the contortions, and even that hideous grin, the *risus sardonicus*, which had inspired her with such horror.

At last with infinite difficulty, she contrived by a desperate effort, to utter a short ejaculation—but brief as it was it sufficed to break the spell.

The Ghost, as if it had only awaited the blessed sound of one single syllable from the human voice, to release its own vocal organs from their mysterious thraldom, instantly spoke.

But the words are worthy of a separate chapter.

Chap. XIII.

"Mary! it arn't booked—but there's tuppence for sandpaper at number nine!"

SHORT RIDES IN AN AUTHOR'S OMNIBUS.

LITERAL PRESS-GANGS.

Malthus's recommendation of the moral restraint which is to prevent improvident marriages and the production of paupers, might be advantageously perpended by authors when they are about to be married, not to "immortal verse," but to perishable prose, and to throw three poor volumes upon public support. It would be well if we had literal press-gangs to seize such offenders, and bind them over to keep the piece they had written—for at least Horace's term.

Where one man shows his wit by publishing, a dozen would better evince theirs by suppressing their lucubrations, in the generality of which, what is good is old, and what is new is bad.

"I fear my joke is rather an old one," said a dull country-gentleman, after quoting a Joe Miller.

"Not at all," replied his friend; "any wit from you must be a novelty."

Should any of his readers object to the present writer that his articles are sometimes wanting in novelty, he would urge in reply, that second-hand sense may be preferable to original nonsense. And as to his not always offering them the fruits of his own vineyard—"Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abjezer?"

THE MONUMENT.

Tyranny and rapacity are never at a loss for an excuse, as we know by the ancient fable of the Wolf and the Lamb. To gratify groundless hatred by an unfounded charge, and to make your false accusation a pretext for real oppression and extortion, is an established practice both with governments and individuals. Nero accused the Christians of burning Rome, that he might prosecute and plunder them with a more relentless cruelty. But Nero was a monster—the times were tyrannical—modern history cannot furnish an instance of similar atrocity. Credulous reader! lay not that flattering unction to your soul, if you happen to be walking down Fish-street Hill—

Where London's column pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully lifts the head—and lies;

for you cannot fail to recollect that the inscription upon its front once presented an exact *pendant* to the atrocious forgery of Nero.

It is bad enough to devise a defamatory lie in thought, and by means of speech to convert it into sound, although it may be forgotten almost as soon as heard. But imagine the deliberate process of carving and cutting a most infamous lie, letter by letter, in enduring stone, upon a public monument, in the greatest thoroughfare of the largest and most popular city in Europe! This is publishing a libel with a vengeance. But a lie, though sometimes sufficiently long-lived to outlast Methuselah, is always pregnant with a truth, whose birth is the death of its parent. The Monument, like other tall bullies, has been compelled to eat its own words; and the falsehood of one hundred and fifty years has at length given up the ghost, though by no means in the odour of sanctity.

The original inscription, as designed by the architect, contained no allusion to the Papists; for Sir Christopher Wren was too great and good a man to sanction a malignant invention. The injurious passage stigmatizing the Roman Catholics as the incendiaries of that city, in order that a fresh plea might be afforded for denying them their civil and political rights, was drawn up by Dr. Thomas Gale, afterwards Dean of York, and gave so much satisfaction to the city zealots, that they presented him a piece of plate. In James the Second's reign, the libellous paragraph was effaced: it was again engraven in the time of William and Mary, September, 1689. It was finally removed in 1831, the good citizens not wishing any longer to contemplate, in this beautiful pillar, an ugly monument of their own folly and injustice.

If party rage and intolerance were not too blind to read, we would invite some of our modern zealots to take a walk from Exeter Hall to Fish-street Hill—to peruse the inscriptions in their present state, and to blush at the recollection of what they were from 1689 to 1831.

FORTITUDE.

"A BRAVE man struggling with the storms of Fate" can hardly fail to leave off a winner either in fact or in feeling. If he succeed, he may well boast of his victory; if he fail, he may even be proud of his defeat, and exclaim with Ovid's Achelous, after he had been foiled in a contest with Hercules—

——————— non tam
Turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum.

SPERO MELIORA.

CONSTITUTIONALLY sanguine, I have ever clung with eagerness to the belief that man, although as a fallible creature he could never attain a perfect state, nor conquer from the future the Golden Age which is fabled to have blessed the past, was destined to a course of slow though sure improvement; the only theory which appears at once consistent with the purposes of a benignant Creator, and the gradually

developed faculties and accumulating claims of the rational creature. This conviction has been the hobby-horse upon which I have often mounted, that I might ride away from the frowning and the cloudy present into the smiling sunshine of unborn ages, conjuring up all sorts of blessings in the realms of fancy, as a reconciling atonement for the constantly recurring disappointments that beleaguer us in the world of fact. But, to confess the truth, I have been sometimes visited with sad misgivings, with a momentary prostration of hope, when I cast my eye over the long records of history, or looked back upon my own short experience ; desponding moods in which I have imagined that our revolving globe was but a huge treadmill, wherein man was doomed to drudge, with the painful sensation of constantly toiling up hill, and the mortifying conviction that with all his labour he did not ultimately advance a single step, but must leave off exactly where he began. Nay, I have been occasionally haunted by the conceit that the ancient mythologists, ever concealing some important truth beneath the mask of fable, entertained similar notions as to the destinies of our race, and that Sisyphus, with the huge round stone which he was ever rolling up hill, only to see it roll down again, typified man laboriously heaving up the social world, only to prepare it for a new downfall.

Such gloomy reveries will hardly be dispersed by a reference to our own immediate times. What has Europe, what has France herself gained by all the horrors and protracted wars of the revolution? The despotic *ordonnances* that cost Charles the Tenth his crown were mild compared to the present enslavement of the press, to which the people only submit because they are weary of civil strife, and prefer even the most oppressive tyranny to anarchy. But it is the nature of arbitrary power to continue its aggressions until they cease to be endurable. There will be new encroachments, a new struggle, new explosion, and a new *Da Capo*, to the old roundelay of revolutions.

Ay, and in spite of the gloomy forbodings engendered by the fogs that ever throw a dark pall over the present, there will be advancement and improvements, and increased liberty and happiness for the future; and our children shall enjoy in the fulness of a meliorated era, the fruits of the seeds that are now sown in tribulation and disappointment.

Time's Telescope, while it clears distant objects, only confuses near ones. If we want to form a conception of what man, with his ever active faculties, may become hereafter, let us look back to what he was heretofore, and the barbarism of the world's youth will but exalt our hopes as to the glorious destiny reserved for its maturer age. He who sees nothing infinitely, can see nothing fully. This was the doctrine of Plato and the Stoics, as well as of Antoninus and Simplicius.

PROGRESS OF LANGUAGE.

"In the development of human society," writes Vico,* "in the progress of civilization, we may distinguish three ages or periods—the religious or theocratic age—the heroic age—the human or civilized age—corresponding with the dark, the fabulous, and the historical ages. The exactitude of this classification is more especially manifest in the

* "La Scienza Nuova," da J. B. Vico.

history of languages. That which we now speak must have been preceded by a metaphorical and poetical language, and the latter by a hieroglyphical or sacred language."

If these remarks had been applied to written instead of spoken language we might have yielded them a partial assent; but in their present form the author's assertions are purely visionary, for what can we know of languages previously to the invention of letters? Many ages must have elapsed before complicated and abstract ideas could have been rendered audible and intelligible by speech; and a still longer period before thought, the most subtle and evanescent operation of the mind, could have been made visible, transmissible, and indestructible by the instrumentality of letters. It seems, moreover, a bad compliment to religion to assert its correspondence with the dark ages; but the author probably intended his remarks to apply to superstition: and it must be confessed that it is sometimes difficult to separate them, unless we recur to the well-known distinction between orthodoxy and heterodoxy.

CRIMINALS THROUGH IGNORANCE.

"OVER natural fools, children, and madmen," says Hobbes in his "Leviathan" (part 2, cap. 26), "there is no law, no more than over brute beasts, because they had never power to make any covenant, or to understand the consequences thereof. So also every man from whom any accident, not proceeding from his own default, hath taken away the means to take notice of any particular law, is excused if he observe it not; and, to speak properly, that is no law to him. The law of nature excepted, it belongeth to the essence of all other laws to be made known to every man that shall be obliged to obey them. And in ancient time, before letters were in common use, the laws were many times put in verse, that the rude people, taking pleasure in singing or reciting them, might the more easily retain them in memory. And for the same reason Solomon adviseth a man to bind the ten commandments upon his ten fingers; and for the law which Moses gave to the people at the renewing of the covenant, he biddeth them to write it upon the posts and doors of their houses, and to assemble the people, man, woman, and child, to hear it read."

Cicero tells us that among the Romans their children were taught to sing the law of the twelve tables, *tanquam necessarium carmen.* Elian relates the same thing of the Cretans. Plato assures us that the laws of the Egyptians were the *poems* of the Goddess Isis. Plutarch records that Lycurgus and Draco issued their laws to the Spartans and Athenians in *verse;* and we learn from Maximus Tyriensis that the laws of Minos were also dictated in verse—all for the manifold purpose of affording additional facilities to their publication and remembrance. And to conclude where, perhaps, we ought to have begun, the first law, as to the forbidden fruit, was distinctly and emphatically *made known* to our first parents.

Singular is the contrast to these examples afforded by England, where there is no provision whatever for the promulgation of any law, no officer appointed to give it publicity, no attempt to communicate it to the people whom it subjects, by enactments that may almost be

called secret and unintelligible (for they are passed in the dark and written in lawyers' gibberish), to the pains and penalties of fine, imprisonment, transportation—death! It is no longer legal to plant spring-guns in unenclosed grounds, or any where without notice; but a legal man-trap, commonly called an Act of Parliament, may be set in the highways and byways—in grounds open and enclosed—without preparation or notice, and without redress for the innocent or unwary who may stumble upon it in the dark. Surely this requires a remedy, and there is an easy one at hand. Why should not every new Act of Parliament, or at least its substance, be translated into plain English, and announced from every pulpit in the kingdom, with such explanations as may render it intelligible, and such sanctions from scripture as may tend to promote its observance? We shall then have a vulgate, both of the divine and civil law—and if the people still go astray, we shall at least be freed from the opprobrium of having our jails filled with *criminals through ignorance.*

HOW TO STOP A COMPLAINT.

A MAN complaining to his rich father-in-law of his wife's abusive tongue, asked what he should do to restrain her impertinence.

"Tell my daughter," replied the old gentleman, "that if I hear any more such complaints I shall disinherit her."

NAUTICAL ALLEGORIES.

"THUCYDIDES explains the profound horror of the sea felt by all the earlier races of mankind, when he tells us that the fear of pirates prevented the Greeks for a long time from inhabiting the coasts. This is the reason why Homer arms the hand of Neptune with a trident, which makes the earth tremble. This trident was only a hook for seizing vessels, and the poet calls it *dent* (or tooth), by an appropriate metaphor, prefixing a particle which gives it a superlative sense.

"In these piratical vessels we recognise the *Bull*, in which Jupiter carried off Europa; the *Minotaur*, or Bull of Minos, with which he bore away the young men and maidens of the coast of Attica. The yards of a vessel were called *cornua navis*—(the horns); the sails were termed its wings, *alarum remigium*;—hence the monster which was to devour Andromeda, and the winged horse upon which Perseus came to deliver her. The *thread* of Ariadne is the art of navigation, which guided Theseus through the labyrinth of the Egean Isles."—*Michelet's Principes de la Philosophie de l'Histoire*, p. 236.

Comparatively recent times have indulged in similar allegories. Whittington's fortunate ship, the Cat, so named probably from its figure-head, was fabled into a quadruped, whence he derived all his wealth. But the schoolboy was surely illiberal, and perhaps not quite accurate in his deductions, when he declared that all the etymological inferences to be drawn from the Roman fleets and their crews, were unfavourable to their character, since they were compounded of naughty knaves and puppies—(*Nautæ—naves—puppes*).

TWENTY-THREE MINUTES PAST TWO!

(FOUNDED ON A FACT.)

By John Poole, Esq.

Not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme.—Shakspeare.

"Very well, Mr. Dewdney," said my wife. And she quitted the room.

Now, had there been nothing more than the "very well," her willing acquiescence in what had preceded might have been inferred from it. But it was the "Mr. Dewdney!" And it may safely be taken as a rule, that when a woman Mr.-Dewdneys her husband, or a man Mrs.-Dewdneys his wife, there is some dissatisfaction in the case—so, at least, was it in the present. And all about what? Why, about so dull a companion—no; an *un*-companion, as Brumby.

We had been married nearly two years, and this disagreement, slight as it was, was the first that had ever occurred between us. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise? My dear Clara's temper is the sweetest in the world; as for mine—but ask Clara. She had left me alone in the parlour (where we had just finished breakfast), brooding over this our first quar—quarrel?—away with the hateful word!—misunderstanding? even that is too strong a term. She had left me, then, brooding over our little tiff—ay, that's it;—I had borne it for nearly two minutes—I was in agonies—I could endure it no longer. I rang the bell.

"John," said I, "go to the drawing-room"——

I heard her pacing the room above; and the state of *her* mind, poor dear! was painfully indicated by her hasty and irregular step.

"John," said I, "go to the drawing-room and tell your mistress I wish to see her."

She came, her smiles shining through her tears—she knew that 'twas for reconciliation I had summoned her. We rushed into each other's arms.

"Clara!" cried I.

"Clarkson!" exclaimed she——Charles Clarkson Dewdney is your humble servant, when styled at full length; but she always calls me Clarkson.

"Never, never again," said I, "let such a scene occur between us, dearest."

"Oh, never, love," said she.

Such a couple! Adam and Eve before they partook of that unlucky dessert, perhaps—but since then nothing like us!

"Then you *won't* ask that Mr. Brumby to dine here to-day," said my wife.

Observe the significant *that*. Never is that pronoun so applied, whether to man, dog, woman, cat, or child, but it is intended to convey the idea of dislike. See—

"Send the dog out of the room."

There is nothing in that which any dog—excepting some very thin-skinned dog indeed—could take as an offensive personality: the dog is momentarily in the way—that's all.

But—"Send that dog out of the room."

Here the dog is unequivocally marked as an object of personal dislike —it is pointedly insulted—and no dog of becoming spirit but would quit, not the room only, but the house; nor ever return to it though it should see the whole town placarded with a guinea reward for its recovery.

By "that Mr. Brumby," then, it is clear that my wife has no extraordinary regard for Mr. Brumby.

"Then you won't ask that Mr. Brumby to dine here to-day?"

(I had previously said I *would* ask Mr. Brumby to dinner; and that it was which provoked the horrid "Very well, Mr. Dewdney.")

"I won't," *now* replied I.

"Very well," said my wife; and instead of quitting the room, she patted my cheek. Adam and Eve, indeed—!

"If you *must* ask him to dine with you," continued she, "take him to the Pangrowleon—he is so *very* disagreeable."

"I will, my dear Clara," said I.

Not the least of the advantages of belonging to a club is, that if you happen to have an acquaintance who is in any degree disagreeable or disreputable, and whom, therefore, you would be unwilling to invite to your own house, you can take him to your club. No great harm can come of that.

"And, now, my love," said I, "tell me why it is you so much dislike Brumby?"

"The reason is," replied she, "he is such a bore!"

I never give up any one hastily, so I made as stout a fight for him as it was possible to make.

"Granted," said I; "he *is* a bore—an intolerable, an insufferable bore; but then, you must acknowledge that he—he—in short, my love, he is a very good man."

"No doubt he is," said she; "he may possess every virtue under the sun: all that may qualify him for going to Heaven; but he is not qualified for pleasant society on earth."

"You must allow," said I (for I was resolved not to give him up), "you must allow that he talks a great deal."

"Call you that *talking!*" exclaimed she. "He's a dull, drowsy proser: his talk is like the buzzing of a bee in a bottle. And then, he has but one subject to talk about—prints, prints, prints, eternally prints! his collection of prints! his Marc Antonio! his Albert Durer! his Bartolozzi! Paganini would play divinely upon one string for a quarter of an hour at a time; but then he could play upon the other three quite as well. Now your Mr. Brumby has but one string to his fiddle, and even upon that he's a very bad fiddler. Then, not only can he talk of nothing else, but he will not allow any other person a choice of subject—he cuts through them—rudely and impatiently interrupts them with a something or other about his eternal engravings. A little of that subject would be very well in its way; but to run it to death, as he does—! Oh, the tiresome man! The best conversers—and he has met some good ones at our table—are killed dead by him. One is anxious to listen to them, but, no;—no chance for *conversation* where Mr. Brumby is."

"But, my love," said I (still resolved not to give him up), "he does not always interrupt it. On the contrary—he will often, when another person is in possession of the attention of the table, politely pretend to fall asleep."

"It was upon such an occasion," said my wife, laughing, "that poor Hook stopped short in the midst of one of his liveliest sallies, and cried—'Pray, silence, ladies and gentlemen, for a snore from Mr. Brumby.'"

"But really, my dear Clara, you *must* allow," said I, (*determined* not to give him up) "you *must* allow that he is a perfect master of that, the only subject he ever opens his lips upon—that he is a connoisseur of the first rank—of taste refined, of judgment unerring."

"Now, Clarkson," said she, "is that really your opinion? Come; speak honestly."

"Why," said I (more and more determined not to give him up), "my opinion upon the subject of engravings is of slight value, for I don't pretend to understand much about them; but Dom. Colnaghi, whose opinion is unquestionably first-rate, assures me that he is little better than an ignoramus; that he knows little or nothing of the matter; that he has merely got by rote the terms of the art and a string of names of the most eminent artists, from Marc Antonio to Charles Heath, which are perpetually in his mouth; and that if he should escape purchasing, on his own judgment, an H.B. for an Albert Durer, he would be a lucky fellow. However, my love, I must, in justice to him, say that that is not *my* opinion of him—it is only Dom. Colnaghi's."

Having thus gallantly defended my friend, I sat down and wrote him the following note:

"Mornington Crescent,
"Wednesday, 8th June.

"Dear Brumby,

"Mrs. Dewdney, I am sorry to say, is not very well; so, instead of coming here, pray meet me at the Pangrowleon at seven. It is an open day there for visiters.

"Yours, faithfully,
"C. C. Dewdney."

"At what time, dearest, do you think you shall get rid of your lively guest?" inquired my wife.

"Oh, at about nine, or half-after," replied I; "but I will not remain out later than I can help it, love."

"It was not for that I made the inquiry, dear," said she; "but I—you—"

I did not particularly remark it at the time; but it afterwards struck me forcibly, very forcibly, that she hesitated.

"Well, Clara; but *what?*" inquired I.

"Why, Clarkson, you are engaged with my brother Richard, at Hammersmith, to-morrow, to go up the river for a day's fishing. Now, instead of getting up at five in the morning (as you talked of doing) which will be so uncomfortable, so *very* uncomfortable for you, do get into an omnibus or a cab, and go down to-night. Richard, you know, will give you a bed."

"But, sweetest," said I—

"Now, dearest," said she, "you shall—you must—I implore—I entreat. You will *oblige me* by going. I can't bear the thought of your hurrying out at such a barbarous hour as five. I shall be miserable if you refuse me."

Sweet, considerate soul! Could I refuse her any thing! and a request, too, whose object was my own convenience, my own comfort. Yet she pressed the request with an earnestness that—

Now I call every star, every planet, nay, the chaste moon herself, to witness that I am not jealous. Had my Clara ever given me cause for jealousy? Never—not the slightest. I knew that little Timberman of the Grenadier Guards had, within the last few days, returned to England—What then? I had twice seen him as he rode past our house look up at the windows—What then? My wife knew not of his return: and had she known it—What then? 'Tis a long four years since he paid his addresses to her—she liked him a *little*—Yet what of that? Did she not reject him—and *for me!* Besides, he is married. No; I am not jealous: yet was there an earnestness in her entreaty that I would not return home that night—! Shame upon me for the unworthy thought!—I promised to go that night to Hammersmith.

In due time (John having placed my night-bag in a cab) I drove down to the club to receive my friend Brumby—first taking an affectionate leave of my dear little wife. Our leave-takings, though but for a single night, were always of a nature to—But these scenes must not be dwelt upon. * * * * *

It so happened that Brumby and I were the only persons in the visiters' room—we had it entirely to ourselves. What an opportunity for an easy, unconstrained confabulation! And what a variety of pleasant topics were open to us!—Parliament and the income-tax; the Opera at the most brilliant period of its season, and all the singers quite well enough not to sing;* morning concerts, Thalberg, and the projected Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pianofortes; our English theatres-royal, and the crowds that nightly rush—to the French play; the Royal-Academy exhibition, and Mr. Hume's patriotic suggestion that the R.A.s should be compelled to throw open the doors *gratis*, and pay all the expenses of the establishment out of the "tottle of the whole;" copyright, and the rights of every body in it except the author—together with "crowner's-quest-law" upon the subject; the—In a word, topics were endless.

But Brumby had just purchased a Rembrandt etching, and—Oh, my stars!

Here, be it observed, that my wife truly characterized the *talk* of Brumby when she compared it to the drowsy, monotonous buzzing of a bee in a bottle. A word is occasionally detected: the rest is one unmitigated brum-brum-brum.

"Brum-brum-brum early impression brum-brum fine preservation brum-brum—"

"Brumby, you'll find that asparagus-soup very good; put down your print, and take it while it's hot."

"Brum-brum-brum early state brum-brum—"

"Now Brumby, do put aside that print, or neither those flounders nor the stewed eels will be worth eating."

"Brum-brum my Marc Antonio brum-brum undoubted specimen brum-brum—"

"Here's a cutlet and a chicken-salad, and that's your dinner; but, pray, Brumby, *pray* have done with that print. Here—try this Moselle."

"Brum-brum-brum Rembrandt brum-brum my collection brum-brum Duke of Buckingham's brum-brum—"

* "Bring your guitar" is the title of a modern ballad. Is it thus parodied in the invitations sent to foreign singers—Bring your *catarrh*? Certain it is they seldom come without one.

The cloth was removed. And *now* for a little talk.

"Brumby, fill your glass.—A curious circumstance occurred at the Opera last night: at the very moment that—"

"Brum-brum left leg a *lee*tle out of drawing brum-brum—"

"Now, for Heaven's sake, my dear fellow!—Well; at the very moment—"

"Brum-brum wonderful depth brum-brum expression brum-brum free burin brum-brum—"

"It was an interesting little episode, I assure you. At the very moment that Her Majesty—Brumby!—Brumby!—open your eyes; don't go to sleep. Come, fair play; you had the talk all your own way at dinner; let us now divide it, and change the subject, for, upon my life, I can't stand much more of your Rembrandt etching."

"Brum-brum my Albert Durer brum-brum this etching brum-brum, powerful effect brum-brum perspective brum-brum Rembrandt brum-brum sharp touches brum-brum-brum-brum-brum-brum-————"

———— I awoke. How long he had been brum-brum-brumming, I know not, for he was gone. I was alone in the room. I looked at my watch. *Twenty-three minutes past two!!*

Magnetism? Mesmerism? For a provocative of sleep try a *tête-à-tête* with a Brumby.

Twenty-three minutes past two! I rushed out of the house; a cab was passing at the moment; I jumped into it. It was too late to think of going to Hammersmith, so I ordered the driver to take me home. By the time I should arrive there it would be three o'clock! I must disturb the servants, but there was no help for it. As for poor, dear Clara, who has been in bed these three hours, who sleeps lightly and is disturbed by the slightest noise—! But John sleeps in a small room near the kitchen, so I will ring the kitchen-bell. The brum-brum-brum was still in my ears, and I fell asleep; nor did I awake till the driver stopped on *this* side of the turnpike, as I had desired him to do. My house was hardly twenty paces beyond it, and the toll saved would pay for a couple of letters. Cheap postage has taught us the use and value of odd pence.

I walked towards my own door, when—oh, horror! My hair stood on end—my throat became parched—my knees bent beneath me—perspiration fell in large drops from my brow! *Now* was the hesitation explained; *now* was the anxiety to be rid of me for the night accounted for!

The canvass blind of the large, single, parlour-window was drawn down, and the lamp burning on the table (at that hour of the morning!) was so placed as to throw upon it, with awful distinctness, the shadows of two persons: one was—yes, it *was* that cockatrice, my wife; the other was a man, ay, a *little* man—it was no other, it could be no other—for twice had I seen him look up at the windows as he passed—than little Timberman, of the Grenadier Guards! There they sat, one on each side of the table. I could see their every movement in the same manner as the action of the figures is shown in the *Ombres Chinoises*. I could hear their laugh, too—yes, they were laughing—oh, torture! laughing, no doubt, at me! How admirably well she had contrived it! "You *must* go to Hammersmith to-night—you shall—I implore—I entreat—you will *oblige me* by going." And all this

was repeated to him!—d—nation!—it was at this, perhaps, they were at that very moment laughing! I saw him raise a goblet to his lips—my wife pushed a bottle towards him—(regaling him with my choice whiskey, perhaps)—he shook his head in sign of refusal (prudent, at least, at that time of the morning)—he rose—*she* rose—they approached each other—he—he—yes, by my wrongs! he kissed her! He put on his hat—she resumed her seat and took up a book—yes—the artful and evidently hardened creature took up a book. He quitted the room——and now I *have* the villain!

No sooner had he opened the street-door than I rushed upon him, and, seizing him by the throat, dragged him into the parlour. My wife started from her seat.

Half choked, as well as blinded, by rage, I cried,

"So, madam, was it for this, you—"

"Oh, Clarkson, dear Clarkson!" cried she, "what is the matter with you? But I see how it is: he has been dining at the Pangrowleon with that Mr. Brumby, and is tipsy."

Here, of course, she burst into tears! But the absurdity of the notion of getting tipsy in such company as Brumby's! However, I was in any thing but a laughing mood.

"Madam," cried I, "I desire you will quit my house: instantly quit my house, and go to your father's. As for you, Captain Timberman——"

These words I uttered in a tone which must have sounded in his ears like the whizzing of a brace of bullets. At the same time I shook him violently.

"He *is* tipsy," continued my wife. "Oh, Frederick, dear Frederick—"

I was not aware that his name was Frederick; but to "dear" him to my very face! I had wellnigh strangled him.

"Frederick," she continued, "I thought (as I said in my note to request you would come to me this evening) I thought that he would have been at Hammersmith by this time; but—"

"Oh, infamy!" exclaimed I, "by your invitation, was it! But quit my house, vile woman—instantly quit my house, and never more let me behold you. And now, Captain Timberman—"

"Oh, Frederick," said my wife, "I'll ring for John, who shall assist you to carry him up to bed."

"Desist, base woman," said I, as she took hold of the bell-rope; "desist! the servants shall not be disturbed at this late hour, nor shall they be admitted to witness your vile conduct."

"Oh, gracious powers!" cried she, "he is *mad!* Late, dearest! Why, it is not yet eleven. For Heaven's sake, Clarkson, release your brother-in-law, release him, I implore you."

These words restored me to my senses. I looked the *villain* full in the face, and calmly—it was, *indeed*, my own true, dear, ever dear, Clara's brother, Freddy!

The clock on the mantelpiece pointed at seven minutes to eleven! I looked at my watch—it was unwound—I had omitted to wind it up on the preceding night—it was still standing at TWENTY-THREE MINUTES PAST TWO!

P.

REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

No. VII.

OXENFORD GRANGE.

As we were driving home to L——, (one of the great commercial towns of England), our party consisting of Dr. C——, his lady, and myself, he called our attention to a house about half a mile from the road. It was visible through a break between two low hills, and appeared to be a large compact mansion, imbedded in a niche in the side of an extensive wood. A lawn stretched from its front down to the side of a broad stream, and was sprinkled with young trees, each surrounded by a little box of wood fence; while upon the water we could see a punt moored close to the bank with an individual sitting in it fishing.

"That is Oxenford Grange," said the doctor; "at least it was, for by what name they call the modern *demesne* I am ignorant—if you put me in mind, I will tell you a strange story connected with it."

That evening we were but too glad to call for the performance of his promise, with which he forthwith proceeded to favour us, as follows:—

It is now many years since I was a student at a Northern University. It was then my lot to form a connexion of a very remarkable kind. I attended—what is rather unusual—the philosophical and medical classes at the same time. This course was likewise followed by another student who bore the singularly sounding name of Buster Strangways Bruton. He was a mulatto, and a large, coarse, exceedingly ill-made young man. He was very dark for one of his class—nearly perfectly black, and had all the peculiar deformities of the negro developed in his face and figure to a very marked degree.

The large splay foot, with the long bony calfless shank set into the middle of it, was particularly observable, the heel projecting nearly as much behind as the toes did before. His arms again, long and muscular, with a pair of horribly big black hands at their ends, flapped loosely from his shoulders as if attached by some kind of universal joint. His face was still more unpleasing—indeed, monstrously ugly. His forehead was narrow and receding, his nose very broad and flat, appearing as if sunk in between the high cheek-bones and protruding jaws. His great thick lips stood out much beyond the upper part of the visage, giving to it along with the large heavy chin a peculiar animal expression, not much relieved certainly by the short, close-cut, woolly crop of hair that looked like a coarse worsted skullcap clinging to his head.

In addition, he bore constantly around him an odour—that characteristic of the African race, which not the most assiduous cleanliness nor the subtlest perfumes could purge or conceal. This was the only point to which I found it difficult to reconcile myself on our after intimacy. His gait was awkward and ungainly in the extreme; and, to

crown all, he stuttered violently—indeed, in a way it was painful to listen to—the moment he became the least excited.

But there was one redeeming feature, the dark eye, large and rolling, with an expression of fervid thought beaming in every glance—yes! without such an eye the face would have been merely disgusting and ridiculous—with it you felt the character of the countenance completely changed. You saw no longer the ugliness of a Caliban, but the lofty, almost majestic deformity of a blasted superior being. You looked not on it with derision or pity, but with aversion, awe, and a desire to be relieved from its presence as from the pressure of an incubus.

And yet within this loathsome carcass sojourned a mind whose fellow I have rarely known; with a capacity for knowledge, and a power of acquiring and retaining it unsurpassable; with feelings of the acutest edge, and tastes of the most refined and delicate character;—a mind already stored with the gems and gold of ancient and modern literature, and fast filling with the true wealth of science and philosophy.

His judgment was clear, penetrating, and decided; his moral character upright and unswerving, and his religion exalted and pure, but closely bordering on superstition; even that, however, of an elevated description. Moreover, he was a creature of emotion. All passions that wrought in him were most intense, and vivid, sudden, and fiery; he knew not liking, disliking, anger, fear, hope,—but passionate love, rancorous hatred, fury, terror, and ardent aspiration. His ambition was unbounded; the schemes it prompted would have been ridiculous from their apparent impossibility, did not their immensity lend them something of the sublime.

But no feeling could exceed his utter loathing of his own person, save the exquisite bitterness caused by continually seeing a similar loathing of it manifested by others. This was to him a source of perpetual misery; so great, that many years before I knew him, he would have committed suicide, he assured me, had not his judgment led him to consider such an act an insult to that Being who had made him what he was; doubtless for some wise purpose. I have seen him throw himself on the carpet and writhe about under the extreme wretchedness of these thoughts—striking his forehead and groaning and crying out in anguish—cursing his father for having begot him, and his God for having made him. At other times he would endeavour to talk in a light and heedless manner of his external appearance—but the moment that even I, his most familiar friend, attempted to speak in the same strain, the red light of passion shot from his eye, and his dark visage grew lurid with the boiling blood, and I shrank silent and abashed, the idea rising in my mind of one who walking on the black crust of Etna comes suddenly on a chink through which can be seen the living lava smouldering below.

"Well, Mr. C——," said he, one day, after we had sat a while beside the sandbath in his little laboratory, waiting for the evaporation of a fluid we were experimenting on, "am I not in very earnest an *object*? So horribly ugly as to carry loathing with me wherever I go. Oh, were it only dread, hatred—even contempt—how I could bear it—but disgust!" and he gnashed his teeth. "There is a curse on me—nothing about me but is hideous—my face, my person—a negro's and deformed—my birth doubly dishonourable—the bastard of a slave—my very

name, Buster Strangways Bruton—could any thing be more absurd or ridiculous in sound or sense—more abominable? It is like a rattling kettle tied to a mangy mongrel! Not even my voice could escape—stuttering like a drivelling idiot's. Every thing seems to have been heaped upon me that could render me a mockery to my fellow-creatures. Why? can you see no reason?"

He paused a little, I did not know how to reply so as to avoid offending him. He continued,

"There is a country, a continent, where my deformities will become beauties, my birth noble, my name musical, my intellect," and he touched his forehead lightly, with a gesture of pride, "that of a god! Can you see no reason now why an all-wise Being should have coupled a mind like mine to such a body, should have bound more than the spirit of a white man to the frame of a negro? I can. It is this: That I may go out to those benighted nations and carry the arts, the learning, and the religion of Europe to the heart of barbarous Africa. You think this the vain dream of an enthusiast, stung to madness by the scorn and despite of his fellow-men. Was Mahomet's career a dream, or that of Peter the hermit, or that of Bacchus of old, the conqueror and civilizer of India. Were this man, Bonaparte" (he was then at the zenith of his fame), "a negro, a child of the great desert, what might be looked for? But, more than that—were he born there, educated in all the learning European ever knew, and returned to that region, what might *not* be looked for? Yes, Mr. C——, to this end I devote my whole energies; my intellect and my fortune. I will be not only a teacher but a ruler. I will consolidate all the separate tribes of Africa into one vast enlightened people, the government of which shall be liberal, just, and merciful. I feel this to be my destiny—the purpose of my being. There is a voice within me which has urged me to it, day and night, for years, and I know that the moment I forsake the noble pursuit for which I have been so singularly adapted—that I desert the sacred cause of my oppressed species—that instant will a heavy judgment descend upon me. I have been created for one sole end, which I must and will fulfil. Had it not been for the consciousness of this do you think this proud soul would have borne so long the anguish of such a frame, when one exertion of will could have shattered the shapeless potsherd, and set the eternal essence free?"

All this, I make no question, sounds to you like the raving of one insane, and indeed it has all along been matter of doubt to me whether it was monomania or the inspiration of genius that so powerfully influenced his character and conduct. I feel most inclined to lean toward the latter supposition however. If it was madness, there was much method in it, and this is the only point that I can see in which madness and genius differ.

In fact ever since I came to know him I felt convinced he was one of those created to work some mighty change among his fellow-creatures, for good or evil. I have often been amazed at the extent of his intellect, my own being rebuked and utterly overthrown in his presence. The stupendous nature of the scheme that was his continual topic, and the facility with which his mind seemed to grasp, to twist, turn, and examine it in all its lights and shades, struck me with astonishment, and I listened with humility and wonder.

Almost every science he had penetrated, nearly all arts he knew, and now he was adding the treatment and cure of disease to the noble catalogue, in order fully to fit himself for the great part he believed himself called to play. He did nothing but study, morning, noon, and night; in fact, there was no other thing he could do, his exterior being an impassable barrier between him and society. The perfect *sang froid* with which he set about mastering, and did master, questions that appeared to me altogether beyond my own scope, actually amazed me, and when I saw how easily he accomplished these, I sometimes almost believed in the possibility of his ultimately fulfilling the great scheme to which they were preparatory. "At all events," thought I, "he will make a strong struggle for it."

With his fellow-students at the classes he had no intercourse, they shrank from the slightest connexion with him; refusing even to sit near him at lecture. This he saw, and was deeply stung; but he was too proud to succumb to them, and on all occasions maintained an equal hauteur, his essays and other displays of talent preventing him from meeting with that positive insult at their hands which he encountered from all else. But the fact of our attending the two separate kinds of classes, and having to walk every day a considerable distance together, threw us more into each other's company. It was a long time, however, before he reposed confidence in me; but when he did, it grew into a friendship as ardent and strong as his other emotions, and I was soon enabled to acquire the following knowledge of his origin:

His father, Strangways Bruton, was a mercantile man, who had raised himself by industry and talent from obscurity. Besides the estate of Oxenford in ————shire, he was owner of several valuable lands in Jamaica, and was also in afterlife connected with an extensive banking concern, which yielded a very great addition to his income. He was a strange character; like his son, exceedingly violent in his passions; and especially remarkable for obstinacy and an untiring vindictive spirit, that pursued its object unceasingly. His marriage, a very unhappy one, gave him a daughter, and shortly his wife died. This daughter grew up such another as himself,—the same violence of passion, energy of mind, and vindictive spirit being strongly marked in her disposition. As she entered her womanhood, strange whispers crept abroad regarding her. Her language and deportment were remarked as altogether unbecoming her station in life; at last it was hinted that an infant had appeared at Oxenford and been disposed of none knew how. People declined visiting the house; her father was fearfully roused, and shortly she fled his house, accompanied by the partner of her folly and crime, his footman.

Bruton left the country immediately, went to the West Indies, and remained there during the rest of his life. While there he became deeply involved in that dreadful traffic the slave trade, then in its full rankness, and was notorious for cruelty to the unfortunates that fell among his hands; indeed so much as even in those times to cause a judicial investigation into his conduct. A son was born to him there—the mother a negress—this was my friend Buster Strangways. To him at his death he bequeathed by will his whole property, including Oxenford, and the shares of the banking business in England; not once in the document alluding to his daughter or her issue.

Young Bruton was sent to England to acquire an education suitable to such prospects. At school, the ridicule and contempt to which his appearance subjected him, roused the spirit within him, and called into activity that intellect at whose workings I had so often wondered. Lord Byron has written,

> Deformity is daring;
> It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
> By heart and soul, and make itself the equal,
> Ay, the superior of the rest—there is
> A spur in its halt movements to become
> All that the others cannot in such things
> As still are free to both—

and most palpably did he show forth the truth of this passage, outstripping all competitors in every contest.

Thence he removed to the university I have alluded to, his success there being equally distinguished.

At length completing his twenty-fifth year he came into uncontrolled possession of the whole property of his father. All power of trustees at that period ceased, and he had now unlimited command of the splendid fortune of twenty thousand pounds a-year. He immediately set in action the first movements of his great African scheme, and indeed had made arrangements for a preparatory tour in various parts of that region, and was about to leave England. Before he departed, however, for an absence of several years, he deemed it would be advisable to have a look at the Oxendon estate, and accordingly he wrote to the steward under whose management it was, that by a particular day he would visit the mansion.

On his arrival there he found on all hands, even from his own servants, ill-disguised expressions of surprise and disgust. But for all this he was prepared, and of course it did not so much move him. He did not mean to take up his residence among them, but merely to satisfy his mind as to what the property really was, and set it under strict management during his intended absence.

The river that flows in front of Oxenford, winds round to the rear, enclosing it and the wood in the bending. Close to the margin of the water, on the other side of this, is a little old-fashioned well, a path of about a mile long leading to it, nearly straight through the wood from behind the house. This well has been believed long back by the credulous to be gifted with specific qualities, among which a power of healing certain distempers in cattle stands pre-eminent.

A few day's after Bruton's arrival he set out for a morning walk over his grounds, and took the path leading through the wood. As he approached the well he saw a young female drawing a pitcher of water. The employment itself, and the girl's dress and attitudes, were all so classical, that he felt constrained to pause and admire them, aware that his near approach would likely drive her in awe, perhaps alarm, from her graceful occupation. As he stood he was more and more struck with her beauty and simplicity; he became conscious of a new feeling —something almost seemed, he said, to descend like a vapour about him and lend a different aspect to the woods, waters, and every thing around. He was afraid to advance—really afraid—his fear being that

the beautiful vision would be dispelled, and the pleasure he derived from it be brought to an end.

At last, having filled the pitcher several times, and emptied it in playful caprice into the flowing river beside her, she seemed to have got a quantity that pleased her, and came gaily along, while the mellow sound of a horn, well played to a lightsome measure from the opposite bank, threw an additional enchantment around her as she moved.

Bruton met her and begged to drink from her pitcher. She looked surprised—he could see evidence in her pretty, pale features of no other feeling—and held the pitcher to his mouth.

"Stay," thought he, "she will pour out this that the blackamoor's lip has polluted, and fill her vessel anew. But in place of such a proceeding, to his wonder she smiled sweetly, courtesied, and seemed about to go. Oh how novel and delicious was the emotion that that moment possessed him! He took from his watch a heavy gold chain of foreign workmanship and threw it around her neck. The delighted girl went home and told the story of a strange black gentleman that had drunk from her pitcher at the Three Tree well. That maid was Emily Mildmay, the servant at a little public-house, called the Traveller's Joy, at the village of Oxenford, about half a mile off, on the road to L——. The landlord and his wife informed her that this was the new lord of the manor, the negro possessor of twenty thousand a-year, and assured her, examining with wonder the magnificent trinket, that her fortune was made.

Among those that listened in the inn kitchen were a young man in regimentals, who carried with him a French horn, and addressed the hostess by the name of mother, a tall, thin, determined-looking female, the village midwife, and a negro beggar-woman, who stood asking alms at the door. The young soldier was a light-complexioned good-looking lad, with a merry blue eye: Emily herself, pale, with dark eyes, and short, wavy black hair, sat upon his knee, treating him with fond familiarity. He was one of the band of the regiment quartered at L——, and had for some time back been regarded as her favourite suitor.

They all recommended her to follow up her good fortune, and set her cap at the black squire; all, even the soldier, but as he did so he kissed her lips, and laughingly pressed her to him.

Next day she sought the well at the same hour as she had formerly. As she moved along the path to it she was met by a very aged black female, the beggar that had listened the day previous at the inn door—frightfully ugly—a perfect hag, with long, white hair, contrasting hideously with the sooty blackness of her shrivelled negro features. This woman glared at her as she passed, with such a look, that she dropped her pitcher upon the stones, breaking it into fragments. She went on, however, as she could not think to turn and walk back after the horrible black witch. On reaching the well she perceived through the trees by which it was surrounded, the blackamoor Squire sitting on the stone facing the spring, apparently in much agitation. She spoke to him and told him how she had broken her jug, and was afraid to go back alone. This seeming to ask his protection, raised thoughts in his mind that had never existed there before, and in a few minutes she was amazed to hear him uttering to her strange words of vehement, almost frantic passion, half of which she could not hear for the con-

vulsive stuttering that seemed to shake his whole frame, and the other half of which though heard she could not understand, so far beyond her capacity were both the words and their meaning. She knew, however, that the gentleman loved her; that, the instinct of her sex made intelligible to her, and when after walking with her to the end of the path, detaining her till she could stay no longer, and making her engage to meet him at the well next day, he put a well-filled purse into her hand —ideas of pride and pomp took possession of the poor girl's mind, and she became completely changed. The soldier was no more informed of what passed between them, nor did he much care, for he was a young man of somewhat libertine feelings and conduct, and she became haughty and careless, drinking in greedily the respect her master and mistress began to pay her. She was now daily with Bruton, and it was strange to know the subjects of their discourse. Her thoughts ran continually on being made a lady, mistress of the Grange and of all the servants. Would she not have a coach to ride in, fine clothes to wear, wine to drink, and be able to do what she liked to all the tenants on the great estate of Oxenford? He again,—passionate and wild was his love as had been his ambition—as had been his woe at his own deformity—his dreams of reclaiming a continent. But was he happy in the mad delight of this new passion in being *loved* as he persuaded himself? Oh no, no, ten thousand times more bitterly did he curse his meeting Emily Mildmay at the charmed well, than ever he had heaped maledictions on the father to whose sin he owed his deformity, or the world who spurned him for it. His mind was one continual conflict of furious passions—pride, ambition, and perhaps fanaticism, uprooted and cast out by love. The one great thought, the single vast idea to which he had devoted the powers of a noble intellect—which had absorbed into itself all other prospects of youth, which had, he believed, been instilled into his mind by inspiration from the Almighty,—fighting on the one part; and, on the other, the love of woman. He was most miserable. At one time he resolved to flee from Oxenford, and go out at once in the pursuit of his great scheme to Africa. But leave *her*, the softest, the gentlest, the loveliest—who had smiled upon the deformed black, contemned by all else—who had loved the being all others abhorred. No, he would throw all to the winds—rebel against his destiny, and meet the punishment, if it only descended on his head, pillowed upon the bosom of his idol.

At other seasons—chiefly in the bright daytime, he would be fresh in his original purpose, ready to devote his mind to the great theme that had erewhile occupied it; but as the noon wore over, and the evening fell, the more powerful passion arose, and he believed that the penalty of his deserting the purpose for which he had been made, would be never ending, yet he could not help yielding to the influence of the new and all-potent infatuation. The struggle was a fearful one, and his health was fast sinking under it.

All this was told me in his letters in language a hundredfold more forcible than I have used. By the way, the change in their strain was most abrupt.

In one he had been informing me of reasons he had discovered for believing muriatic acid to be a compound of Phlogiston, and a new elementary substance; and two days after I received another, lengthened

out beyond all bounds of an epistle, containing a highly-coloured description of the natural beauties of Oxenford, and one still more glowing of soft Emily Mildmay, followed by an account of his encountering a woman whom he remembered in the West Indies, as accused of causing his father's death by Obi practices. It was altogether a most striking communication, but was followed by others, which any person unacquainted with the author, would have pronounced the work of a man of questionable reason.

At length came one urgently requesting me to come immediately to Oxenford to be present at his marriage.

As the session at college had been for some time closed, I immediately took my passage by sea to L——, and arrived considerably before the appointed day.

On my arrival, I became fully alive to the change in all his thoughts and habits, and to the violent struggle that was going on in his mind continually between his former and present ruling passion—the turmoil between ambition, superstition, love—ay, and jealousy.

For often as he was with her at the well and elsewhere, the distant sounds of the horn would reach his ear, and she would start and tremble at the sound—and how that horn would hover round whenever they were together! Moreover, on passing the inn, he had seen the young bandsman sporting with her among a crowd of other rustics. His state of mind, indeed, was any thing but pleasurable.

The day of my arrival had now passed away, and, spent with my journey, I was luxuriating in one of the large old chairs by his library fireside, listening to him as he dilated on the perfections of his beloved, and wishing he would soon have done, that I might get to bed, when all at once he started up and insisted we should go together to the charmed well at the Three Trees, to see it.

In vain I urged want of curiosity, weariness, and the lateness of the hour; he insisted, urged, and finally assured me that if I would not go, he would set out alone. There was some impalpable fascination, he said, drawing him irresistibly as the force of fate. He then rushed from the apartment—I followed, and getting our hats, we went out through the back gate of Oxenford Grange, and took our way by the footpath through the wood, he hurrying on, leading me by the arm, and I wondering what strange vagary was to come next.

It was near midnight, and very dark; we moved rapidly along till I could hear the rushing of a body of water, and I knew we were near the river. Presently I saw the rays of a fire gleaming in that direction. At once I stopped, refusing to go further, alleging that this light might proceed from poachers, gipsies, or thieves, upon whom it would be any thing but prudent to intrude at that hour.

"Though it be the blaze of ——," said he, "I must go on." And letting go my arm, he sprang forward.

I followed with caution, and approaching the light, beheld a scene of a most startling description, certainly.

In the midst of an open space, bounded by three immense gnarled trees, was a little well, having a round basin and some fantastic ornaments of stonework, partly entire, and partly lying about in fragments, the water rippling away to the dark flowing river a few paces distant. Among the stones close by was a bright little fire, as if of resinous

wood. Beside it sat a shape which I should assuredly have set down as a being of another world, had not my friend's letters enabled me to recognise the negro woman of Obi.

She threw into it, from time to time, little bits of something, making it give out now rather a pleasing fragrance—anon, a stifling and most disgusting odour.

On the other side stood Bruton, dreadfully agitated, and trembling excessively. The blaze of the fire threw a ruddy and fantastic light on the group, illuminating the silvery white hair and dark visage of the frightful old negress, with its malevolent glare—the horror-stricken countenance and attitude of the almost equally hideous Bruton, and the twisted and knotted trunks and branches of the trees around, while they spoke earnestly and violently together, these two creatures of another kind, in a language strange and uncouth as themselves. There was in the whole something extravagant, grotesque, and supernatural —something wild and fiendish, which made me quake as I stood rooted to the spot in wonder, curiosity, and a feeling of mysterious dread.

After this had lasted a while, she rose from the ground, stretching out her frame till she looked as tall as himself, and chanting a kind of sing-song in the same gibberish, she kicked with her foot a few of the embers of her fire into the little basin of the fountain, and when the hissing and frothing had ceased, beckoned him to stoop and look into the water as into a glass. He did so. I marked him at once fixed in horror; he continued to stare for a while, then starting up, he fled from the place with headlong speed, while she kicking the remaining embers into the well, and producing total darkness, screamed after him some syllables exceedingly dissonant and harsh.

Thus left alone, darkling in a place where such strange proceedings had just been gone through, I dropped to the ground in a paroxysm of terror, unable to stir—indeed, all but insensible. It was nearly an hour before I recovered presence of mind sufficient to grope my way back, with a palpitating heart, to the Grange. I immediately retired to my chamber.

Next day I met my friend in the library. He had not slept all night. We had some coffee, and I pressed him for an explanation of the events of the preceding night.

With much ado I was enabled to piece together the following account:

This Obi woman was one that had suffered grievously at his father's hands in the West Indies. A conspiracy had been formed among the negroes to take away his life, of which her only son was the ringleader. He was detected and put to death with extreme torture.

Shortly after the planter was seized with a nervous disease of a mysterious nature, something partaking of the character of tic douloureux, which he accused her of having produced by charms. He had her repeatedly and severely flogged, and otherwise tormented, but still the disease advanced.

At first it consisted of a severe pain of one of his finger-joints, which his surgeon treated as gout. All remedies, however, proved unavailing, and the pain became so constant and agonizing, that he determined to have the joint removed.

This was done, but, strange to say, the pain immediately appeared in the next joint above. After a while the whole finger was taken away. This procured a little respite, but soon it recommenced with increased severity in the wrist. Amputation of the fore-arm was resorted to—it attacked the elbow. The arm was cut off above that joint, when immediately the shoulder was seized, the pain becoming more excruciating the larger the joint it affected.

He now sank under the severity of the affection which never intermitted, nor allowed a moment's rest or sleep; and as he was dying in agony, he had the satisfaction of hearing the Obi woman whisper in his ear, that she had really by her incantations produced it, and would visit equally his children for what he had wrought upon her and hers.

"But what account did the surgeon give of this strange affection?"

"Oh, he accounted for it reasonably enough, having discovered in inspecting the body, an exostotic spike growing from the atlas vertebra, and piercing the spinal marrow. But whether this really caused the pain or not, became a subject of divided opinion in the neighbourhood.

"It is indeed a most unaccountable superstition," he continued—"my reason is against it, and yet my experience confirms it. I cannot believe in it, and yet I fear it. Did you mark how she drew me to the fountain by a spell which I could no more resist than I can the force of gravitation?"

"Well, for my part, I should consider the encounter a matter of pure accident, taken advantage of by her to make you believe in her power and hold her in dread."

"No! I was forced from my house for an express purpose—to hear that temporal and eternal ruin is hovering over my head and about to stoop. I told her I knew it, and was prepared."

"Pooh—nonsense!" said I; "but what was it she showed you in the well that horrified you so much?"

"When I looked into the water, I seemed to behold before me a tropical landscape arid with the perpendicular rays of a parching sun. There was an extensive field, from which the canes had been cut, and at a little distance were visible the sugar-works and a slave village. In the foreground I saw a kind of gibbet, from which hung a young negro, his left-hand was bound close to his side, and he was suspended by the thumb of his right. A sharp iron spike stood up from the ground to the level of his foot, which he had horribly lacerated upon it in the attempt to procure rest from the anguish of the suspension. Close to his face was hung by a string a piece of bread and a clear glass-bottle of water: but when he attempted to reach them with his mouth, it was so arranged that they fell away from him and rebounding, hit him smartly on the face. Such a contrivance—surely the fiend alone could have suggested! He appeared to have tasted no water for days—hanging under that burning sun, nor any food, save his own flesh, for part of his right shoulder was gnawed away—"

"Oh, horrible!" I exclaimed; "and the words the hag screamed after you as you went?"

"Were—'*He was my only born son!*'"

"Then the Obi woman is excusable both in her revenge and imposture!"

And now the wedding-day came round. I recommended *delay*, and that the girl should be put under tuition for some time to acquire habits and accomplishments suitable for his wife; but he was imperious. He loved her for her ignorance and simplicity he said, and they were the causes of her love for him. Alas! poor man, little did he know of the feelings of that thoughtless creature.

For my part, I appeared to be carried along in spite of my better judgment and the caution which I believe is a prominent feature in my character; and actually in a few days after the last related events, found myself in the parish-church of Oxenford, giving away the bride.

That morning on entering the library after dressing, I discovered him alone on his knees, praying aloud and much agitated. He rose and took my hand. His felt hot and dry—trembling in mine at the same time. I endeavoured to compose him—to appearance, successfully, and the whole proceedings of the day passed with due decorum.

On emerging from the church, however, there were two individuals among the crowd of spectators, the sight of whom raised a commotion of feelings in the minds of both the principal parties. On one side stood the aged negro sorceress, holding out her skinny black claw as if for charity, while a malignant sneer seemed to crawl over the face of the hag. On the other the young bandsman formed the centre of a laughing group. He cast a look at her, as she passed, of a meaning that raised a new devil in the bosom of the mulatto.

For nearly a month after this, during which I pursued my studies in a remote corner of the large house of Oxenford, poor Bruton's life was one continual ferment of changing passion. At one time he was madly overjoyed; soon he would be perfectly miserable, now pestering me to tell if I thought she really loved him, again struck to the lowest pitch of despondency by some unkind look or word, anon roused to all the madness of jealousy as the notes of the horn sounded from the neighbourhood of the house. He could not stay a moment from her presence. Every thing his enormous fortune could indulge her in he put at her command.

I am convinced he would willingly have laid down his life to know for certain she loved him—for all along he had fits of doubt of it. At the same time his former grand project would continually rise up, like the ghost of a murdered friend, to haunt him in the midst of his new habits. He had fears constantly tormenting him of some dreadful dispensation hanging over him—not that he cared for it if it lighted on himself—but if it should involve *her*—there lay the pang.

But at length the truth began to appear; Emily grew wearied of her situation—its novelty and other charms were gone, and she began to show unequivocal symptoms of disgust at the person and presence of her negro lord, and to pine and mope alone—to shun his society. And at last she positively refused longer to share his bed or board unless compelled.

All this was plain to him long before I became aware of it, and its effects upon him yet exceeded in vehemence all the displays of passion

I had seen him exhibit. He would go to the door of the apartment in which she had shut herself up, and kneeling on the outside, would implore, in the most abject terms, admission to her presence—the impediment in his speech rendering such entreaties as disagreeable to hear as his features and gestures were to look at. Presently he might be heard screaming awful curses through the door at the terrified creature within, and immediately perhaps crying out that for her he had broken the machinery of fate, forsaken the cause of his species, and thrown up the work that God had given him to do.

I remember he rushed one day into the room in which I was sitting, actually reeling under the influence of extreme passion, frantic rage, and jealousy. There was a very magnificent mirror in the apartment, affording a complete view of the figure. His reflection in this caught his eye, when starting, he flew at it, and yelling aloud, dashed the glass into fragments with his fists with all the fury of a roused maniac. When he had completely demolished it, he tore the massive frame from the wall, and stamping on the ruin he had made, fell into a chair and gave way to a burst of hysterical weeping.

At the beginning of this scene I thought he had actually lost his reason, and looked toward the door for my own safety; as soon, however, as the fit had exhausted itself, he became calm, and beckoned me to come to him.

Taking out my pocket-case of instruments, I extracted from his hands the bits of glass, and dressed and bound them up. I wanted him to go to his room, but he went out and wandered about the fields all the rest of the day.

But now a new hope arose to him—Emily was about to be a mother. He became once more overjoyed. He would now indeed have a being of his own flesh to love, and to be loved withal. Its little eyes could not be shocked at his ugliness, nor would its heart wander away from him to any other object. But again rose the bitter doubt—would not it be also like himself, a hideous mulatto? It would; but would he love it the less for that? No, ten thousandfold more rapturously would he hug the deformed darling to his heart.

Every suitable preparation was made for such an event, and all with the utmost anxiety and attention. The midwife of the village, the woman I have before alluded to, was hired as nurse to remain constantly at Oxenford, myself being at hand as medical attendant.

The child was born—no negro, but a fair and beautiful blue-eyed boy. Then I thought of the pale face, and dark eyes, and hair of its mother, and the midnight blackness of her husband, and I trembled for what would happen.

I made excuses to keep it from his sight for several days; at length one day, in spite of all my precautions, he burst into the apartment where his wife lay, attended by myself and the woman. This person immediately placed it in his hands; he received it with rapture, gazed at its little face, seemed surprised, stunned, looked from it to his wife, and then on a sudden, while his eyes seemed to glow like coals of fire, and every feature of his face was convulsed with passion, he stepped back with one foot, and raised the screaming infant above his head, as if to dash it to the ground.

That instant the mother sprang from her couch, and flew at his

throat like a tigress, whilst I caught hold of the child. He yielded it to me, and then striking her a furious blow that laid her bleeding on the floor, he rushed from the house, and staid in the fields the rest of the day.

I must own I was now beginning to feel heartily tired of my residence with Bruton. His society was certainly most acceptable at the university, where his talent and originality, and the excitement that seemed continually to hover round wherever he bore his enthusiastic nature, formed an agreeable relief to the monotony of every-day life.

Here, however, all was excitement, and that, too, of a most painful kind, not a day passing but what was marked by some violent scene of high-wrought passion. Life seemed altogether a fevered and unnatural dream—a continued tragic drama, and I began to feel myself, I thought, losing the habits and feelings of ordinary society, and becoming unfitted to take my place in the world as a matter-of-fact man.

Impressed with thoughts of this nature, I resolved to leave Oxenford and proceed to London to seek a situation suitable to my prospects in life, and for the future to mingle no more in the concerns of such a being as my present host.

With such resolutions I sought my chamber.

Shortly after midnight a cry went up throughout the old house of Oxenford that the child was dead—dead and cold in its mother's bosom. I was aroused by fearful sounds all through the building, and a loud and furious knocking at my bed-room door. Hurrying on my clothes, I hastily followed the servant who had called me, and half-way to the mother's apartment I met her, frantic, undressed, and dishevelled, rushing along with her dead infant in her arms, calling wildly upon me for help, and vehemently accusing her husband of the crime of murder.

Half-asleep and bewildered, I could scarce credit my senses, or resolve upon the steps most proper to be taken.

Upon this the mother fiercely accusing me of ignorance and incapacity, thrust it to me, and then expressing a doubt whether even I might not have a hand in the deed, drew it to her once more, and pressing the corpse to her breast, threw her eyes wildly upward, calling for succour from that quarter, where alone, she said, she had any hope now.

With what soothing expressions I could muster up, I led the way hurriedly to her room, and desiring the nurse, who alone seemed to possess coolness and presence of mind, instantly to remove all dress from the body, examined it carefully without perceiving any the least trace of violence. But there was one damning circumstance, a *smell* which I fondly tried to convince myself was illusory, and which, when but too palpable to my sense, made me sweat cold, as I pronounced the fatal word—

"POISON!"

Without the vestige of a hope, I desired them to place the child in a warm bath, into which mustard had been sprinkled, and to use ammonia and other stimulants. It was of no avail, as I expected, for it was already stone dead.

But how shall I paint the bereaved mother thus robbed in the dark of her offspring.

Frantic and furious, with flushed swollen face and glowing eyes, she raved and stormed—now pouring dreadful curses upon her husband, her servants, and myself—now uttering unmeaning cries of lamentation, and presently calling aloud to Heaven for help and for vengeance. Her voice was at first loud and piercing, but as she went on, it became dry, husky, unnatural, and most harrowing to hear. Then she would fling herself into a chair—start up, rush across the room, her hair dishevelled and her dress loose, clapping her hands and beating her breast—then flee to the bed, whereon lay the child, and clasp it to her heart, and cover it with kisses. Anon she dashed her head against the wall, then flung herself with reckless violence to the floor, and rolled about the carpet, finally, springing up and throwing herself on the bed, and covering her face with her fingers, her palms pressed against her temples, as if to keep her head from being rent by excess of agony, she gasped out low, heart-splitting groans, the only outward vent exhausted nature had now left her for overcharging affliction.

Amidst this wild wailing, the dark secrets of her heart were poured freely forth—no more worth concealing now! and she shrieked aloud that no drop of that black monster's blood stagnated in the pulseless heart of her darling. No—the offspring it was of deep and passionate guilt—secret and soul-cherished—love-stolen and sweet—long-nursed, and fondly, and darkly indulged—a passion of youth—fervent and uncontrollable.

But what new horror is this? What dark spectre is it that stands in the unlighted passage, glaring in upon the scene through the half-opened door, listening to this frenzied confession.—It is the negro! Slowly he advanced into the chamber, with a ghastly hue overshadowing his hideous face, and those eyes gleaming, as if they were two living intelligences separate from the rest of his being. Is that a smile—that fearful change that passed across his features? What must have been the thoughts that could produce a look like that, even in such a face?

There is a sound of something behind him in the dark passage!—Heaven be our shield! what is it? Three affrighted domestics stagger in half-dressed, bearing a body. It is clothed in a red coat, bedizened with gaudy trappings, its face covered with blood, flowing from among the light hair, half of which is now one wet, red, solid mass. It is—it is—the soldier—Emily's bandsman—the father of that innocent whose spirit has so lately flown upward.

Bruton advances towards his wife, his face one black scowl of demoniac rage. Now he points to the body of the soldier, now to that of the child—he essays to speak—but that impediment, that stutter opposes, and he gasps spasmodically—the white froth flowing over his sooty lips like foam on the billows of a stormy midnight.

She!—does she quail in her consciousness of guilt before that dreadful stare?—No!—rising up in the bed, her black hair streaming about—her face pale as death, and shining with sweat, she returns it with a reckless look of fierce defiance. She cannot speak, she is too weak and spent for that, but her jaws moving convulsively, give utter-

nnce to a gibbering sound, and she makes as if she would tear him with her hands.

Thus they remained for some seconds—when suddenly he staggered, turned round and round, and dropped to the floor. Thereupon she slid over the edge of the bed, and holding on by the post, spurned his body with her foot.

Was not this a trying situation for me? For the last few minutes I had been fixed—petrified I may almost say—with horror—my eyeballs actually ached from the unwinking gaze I had unconsciously fixed upon the scene. I was now utterly confounded and felt constrained to ejaculate a prayer for assistance and direction.

I immediately raised his body, and from the stertorous breathing, state of the pulse and pupils, and other symptoms, concluded a fit of apoplexy had caught him, from congestion of the brain caused by excess of passion, and his violent attempts at articulation. In this belief, I forthwith took from his arm about a pound and a half of blood, and had him removed to his chamber, when other depletive measures were had recourse to.

I now directed my attention to the soldier. To my surprise he was alive—breathing, but insensible. I had his head washed, and found a long wound behind the ear; the probe introduced discovered a depressed plate of bone and some loose spiculæ.

I had now enough upon my hands you will allow. I took command of the household upon myself; the terrified servants obeying my directions as if glad to hear a word of ordinary meaning spoken in that house. I had the soldier removed to another apartment, and proper measures resorted to for preserving in him the little life that remained.

Returning to the lady's chamber, I found her laid down, quite worn out and exhausted, breathing as if asleep, but perfectly awake. I left her under the care of the midwife or nurse.

And here, let me remark, that the bearing of this woman had all along been singularly calm and collected, so as altogether to put me to shame for my own want of nerve. Her stoical coolness and indifference astonished me—I laid it to long experience in her profession.

Next morning, I sent information of these occurrences to the authorities, and to the medical officers of the hospital at L——. They arrived and entered upon their several duties.

Three or four days after, Bruton was pronounced convalescent, but with the complete and irretrievable loss of his speech, the apoplectic seizure having terminated in paralysis of the nerves of one side of his face, and also of the ninth pair or motor nerves of his tongue. The result was a frightful addition to, or rather change of his deformity, his face appearing wrenched forcibly awry, whilst his tongue lay in his mouth moveless, as a foreign body, protruding between the great black lips, over which the unrestrained saliva freely ran. His one eye again he could not close, it remained open, staring, and glassy, and he required every now and then to press the lid over it with his finger, to moisten the aching ball. But why dwell on the odious picture—faugh!

A few days more and he could leave his bed, but it was only to enter a jail, having been committed by the coroner for the wilful

murder of the child, and a murderous assault upon Hughes, the bandsman, his wife's paramour.

I continued at Oxenford, having from Bruton a written request to take the management of his affairs till his acquittal; for the paper assured me—after a pathetic appeal to me as his only friend, the sole being who had ever borne regard for him—that he was altogether innocent of both the foul crimes laid to his charge.

I knew not whether to credit this or not, at all events I resolved to fulfil the request, conscious that except my own, every man's hand was against the unhappy mulatto.

And now at length came on the day of his trial.

I was present—a medical witness, and as such was allowed to sit in court throughout the whole proceedings.

The jail at L—— is a large, heavy building of stone; the court-hall occupies about one half of its sombre front. This hall is of the shape of the old Greek theatres—indeed the architect had this idea in its plan. One side of it is square, containing the bench, bar, jury, and witness boxes; the other side stretches out in a semicircular shape, enclosing a wide space filled with tiers of seats of a similar form. The wall contains several large, long windows, opening into two dim courtyards, around which may be seen the caged and grated loopholes of the prison cells. The interior, ceiling and all, is painted to resemble a dark-coloured stone, of which the shell of the edifice is constructed. A massive chandelier of bronze hangs from the ceiling; the bench and tables are of black carved oak; in short, the whole has a dim and dusky aspect, very gloomy and forbidding.

This hall was crowded to excess the morning of the trial, nearly half the audience consisting of females, many of them appearing to be of high station in life.

A few minor cases were first gone over, the culprits admitting the charges against them and being sentenced to imprisonment, and short terms of transportation.

At last his name was called and he was led to the bar. The moment he appeared a shudder of horror ran through the audience, in which the members of the court participated. Among the former this changed into a buzz of low talking, becoming louder and louder, till at last several women shrieked aloud and were conveyed away, and many started up and left the hall; carrying, to the crowds outside, accounts of the monstrous aspect of the criminal. These reports, exaggerated if such were possible, were borne about the city, and gave rise to a feeling, such as, I believe, could never have pervaded any community before or since. It consisted of curiosity, wonder, and horror, mingled with a mysterious supernatural dread, all most intense, and forming what might be called a mental epidemic.

For a while all was confusion and uproar, throughout the vast hall; those whose business it was to preserve order being equally excited with the rest.

At length the venerable judge, who appeared for a time to have yielded to the general feeling, rose to his feet, and there was a sudden and universal stillness, and the officers of the court recovering themselves, bawled aloud their monotonous "Silence!"—thereupon order ensued, and the business of the day proceeded.

The charge was read, and Bruton's written pleading of "Not Guilty."

In this declaration he stated, he was utterly ignorant how either of the deaths had occurred—that he had been, according to his custom, walking alone about midnight in his grounds at Oxenford, when he discovered the body of the soldier lying wounded and senseless, close to that wing of the house in which his wife resided—whereupon he had immediately called his servants and bade them carry it to the house.

When the reading of this was over there was another murmur among the assemblage of people, wishing that one so ugly should be hung immediately without a trial—others fervently expressing their hopes he would not escape conviction, and others merely uttering aloud their horror and disgust.

It was with a peculiar—a nameless mixture of feelings, that I looked at and listened to this, aware as I was, that that being, the object of it all, possessed an intellect in extent and power as much above those of all around—bench, bar, and audience, as was the serpent-staff of the prophet Moses, over the charmed rods of the Egyptian sooth-sayers.

As the trial proceeded, his wife was called to give her testimony. She caught sight of him as she was ascending the witness box, and as she did, she stumbled on the last step and fell forward. She was assisted up to her feet, and stood up blanched and trembling before the court. Her young and winning aspect, pale, pretty features, black eyes, and evenly-braided hair, won the sympathy of all around, even though a tale of her deep guilt, which was well known, was that day to be told haply by her own lips.

Short and simple was her story. She went to sleep, and in the middle of the night awoke, to find her baby cold in her bosom. There was a strong odour throughout the room as of bruised *laurel leaves*, and presently she could perceive a horrible negro face grinning at her through the partly open door. This, as well as her husband's continual threats, and jealous and revengeful conduct, immediately led her to conclude him to be the perpetrator of the crime.

On being cross-questioned, she said she could give no reason for having married the mulatto, but believed she must have been influenced by *witchcraft*.

Upon this, there was a whispering among the audience—of incredulity and ridicule from some, but from most, of wonder and awe. I watched Bruton as she said it. He moved his head—I followed his gaze, and almost shivered as I saw it rest upon the Obi sorceress, who dressed in an old dark shawl and faded bonnet, with a thick black veil, sat close by a pillar, apparently unregarded by any, but observing with deep attention the progress of the trial.

The cross-examination continued:

On being questioned with regard to Hughes, the horn-player, she became confused, stammered, wept, and held down her head, and on certain queries being pressed home, bent forward upon the rail of the box, covered her face with her hands and trembled violently, even so as to make a thin wooden sounding canopy, which stood up over the box on two slender iron rods, vibrate perceptibly.

A murmur as of pity ran over the crowd, and the judge informed her that she need answer no question tending in any degree to criminate or injure herself.

A few more were urged, to none of which she made any reply, and finally being told she might leave the box, she actually fell out of it, and would have been hurt, had she not been caught in the arms of the attendant officer, and borne from the hall.

Other unimportant witnesses were examined, their evidence tending to elucidate matters occurring previous to the marriage. Then the nurse or midwife was called, and as she ascended the box, a murmuring sound again pervaded the assemblage.

"Ah!" said one near me, "here is a smart woman—she will give a succinct and intelligible account—no nonsense about her."

And a succinct enough evidence she did give.

"I was sitting," said she, "half dozing, beside my young mistress's bed, concealed by the curtains, when my attention was roused by seeing her husband come stealthily into the room. He held something in his hand: presently I saw it was a syringe with a long beak, and it appeared charged with some liquor. Removing the bedclothes from about the head of the infant, he put the beak of the syringe to its mouth, when presently it began to suck it—"

Here several women shrieked suddenly, and there was much commotion.

"—In a little time he covered up the child and withdrew. The mother continuing to sleep soundly—I could not imagine what he had been doing, and did not stir. In a few minutes she awoke abruptly, and we found it quite dead."

As this woman delivered her testimony, Bruton seemed much agitated; at last he sprang to his feet, with violent gestures, but presently being pushed down by the bar-officers one on each side, he seemed to recover a sense of propriety, and sat still, though he looked all around him, now here and now there, starting abruptly, as if greatly excited.

In answer to further interrogation, she stated that he lingered looking in at the door, till the mother awoke—also that she had been sensible all this while of a strong odour pervading the room, which she compared to that of *bitter almonds*.

No cross-questioning could alter one tittle of this plain tale, and finally she was complimented from the bench upon the clear and direct evidence she had given.

Upon this she curtsied and left the box, but in place of going out of the court, she sat down on the edge of a step, as if actuated by a curiosity to hear out the issue of the trial.

The landlord of the village inn was now called forward.

Part of his evidence was to this effect. He was not really the father of the bandsman as was commonly supposed, never having had any child of his own. He had formerly been in good circumstances, and was at one time a pawnbroker at L——: at that period, which was about twenty or more years past, while he was in attendance at his place of business, one day a man came in wanting to pledge a riding-whip. Whilst this occupied him, a woman, apparently much agitated, entered another of the stalls of his counter, and stated her desire to borrow a so-

vereign upon the pledge of a ring. As he spoke with her, the man appeared to become impatient, and called him away. Having despatched the business of the whip he went to attend on the woman. No woman he found, however, but an infant lying asleep upon the counter—neither the woman nor the man ever returned again. He experienced much difficulty in his attempts to have it transferred to the parish, and while these were going on, the little creature had got so endeared both to his wife and himself, that finally they resolved to adopt and rear it as their own. Shortly after a fire, and consequent litigation with an assurance company, reduced him in circumstances, and finally about three years before, he became a publican, and rented the inn of the "Traveller's Joy." The boy grew up, but being of a wild and roving disposition, enlisted and became a bandsman in the regiment at L——.

The wife of the prisoner had been his servant at the inn for about two years.

About the middle of this narrative I felt a sudden and powerful grip upon my left arm, above the elbow, that made me all but cry out with pain.

Turning round, I beheld the midwife sitting on the step close behind me. Her lips were open and grinning, her teeth pressed together while her eyeballs seemed about to spout from their sockets, the eyelids being drawn tightly back so as to show the white all round the staring pupils. The middle finger of her left hand was pressed against her forehead, while with her right she clutched my arm, apparently taking it for one of the supports of the witness-box beside us. With some difficulty I disengaged her hold. She seemed to recollect herself, got up, and staggered, rather than walked along the passage and out of the court.

The landlady was next called, and but corroborated her husband's story.

The servants came next, their statements having a strong tendency to convict him of the assault upon the soldier, and also to prove the regular and systematic infidelity of his wife all along.

Then were called up the gentlemen, who had inspected the body of the infant. One of them was a surgeon—the other also of that rank, but in addition an eminent practical chemist.

The latter stated that he had taken from its mouth, throat, and stomach about an ounce of a fluid, which even upon its first presentation to his senses, he recognised as strongly impregnated with PRUSSIC ACID.

He then gave an account of taking this to his laboratory, locking it up where no one had access but himself, with other proceedings, usual in such cases, and finally experimenting upon it, in the presence of the other medical witnesses.

All the experiments, which he went over in detail, were conclusive as to the fact that this poison formed a fearfully large proportion of the liquor, and finally he exhibited to the court a bit of Prussian blue pigment made from it in one of the processes — a piece of paper stained with which was handed to the jury.

The other surgeon deposed that he had seen the experiments performed by the chemist and concurred with him in every particular. On

being asked how long the infant could have lived after the administration of the acid, he answered,

"About two seconds, probably."

He further stated that it acted altogether upon the nervous system producing effects on the body similar to those caused by lightning.

And now came my turn.

I was the last examined and was kept more than two hours in the box. The foregoing narrative may be taken as a counterpart of the account I gave. Bruton listened to me calm and unmoved till the end. He seemed to expect that my evidence should completely exculpate him. Alas! it only went still further to convince the crowd around of what they had already prejudged.

I testified to his extensive chemical knowledge, and to the fact that Prussic acid had been but lately discovered, and was exceedingly difficult to prepare, except by experienced hands.

I also identified a number of the "Philosophical Transactions," as part of his library. It opened at a page containing a new process for the distillation of the acid, and this was the only part of the number where the leaves were cut.

It would be tedious to detail the rest of that trial. It was far in the night when the jury retired to consult together upon their verdict. In about two minutes they returned, unanimously finding him guilty of both the charges preferred against him.

Thereupon the judge arose, and taking the black cap, drew it slowly upon his head.

At that moment, Bruton sprang up in a state of excitement, violent yet beyond any I had hitherto seen him possessed by. He waved his arms and gesticulated wildly, making spasmodic efforts to speak, seeming now desirous of addressing the bench, now turning round to the audience, anon tossing his black hands madly aloft, as if appealing to Heaven in the paroxysm of his frantic and utter despair. The crowd around rose to their feet and stood up upon the seats and window-sills. There were cries of pain, of fear, and for air, becoming louder and louder, and a crushing toward the doors—all became confusion and uproar—the glass was dashed from the windows to let the cold breeze of night in upon the tumultuous court whose atmosphere felt hot, moist, and stifling.

Then might be heard the shrieks of women, and the shouts and curses of men, all in commotion, and struggling together, but above all arose the strange and unnatural bellowings of the prisoner in his frenzy. But what were sounds, however frightful, to the hideous gestures, and most appalling aspect of the deformed and dumb negro, palsied and convulsed, vainly striving to make his powerless muscles answer to the mandates of the agonised and labouring spirit within.

Reader, you have seen in the streets a strong man struck to the ground by that most fearful of diseases, epilepsy, and have gazed with a mixture of interest and terror upon the writhings of the suffering wretch. Imagine him a negro—horribly distorted naturally—conscious of the state he is in, and wildly endeavouring to express his torment. Imagine also a being about to strike him dead, and that he knows this and cannot escape. Let these ideas settle in your mind for a moment,

and you may conceive the feelings with which I regarded the scene before me.

I felt sick, cold, and weighed down as if there was some vast mass pressing the spirit from out of my body, my knees became weak and unstable, and I fell forward upon the broad table in front of the bench, and saw and heard no more.

On recovering consciousness, I perceived the bar and bench empty —the crowd had nearly dispersed, and the legal gentlemen were packing up their papers around the table on which I lay. One of the officers stood beside me, and after a little I understood I was wanted as a medical man, to see some people that had been hurt in the court, and one that had fainted and could not be recovered.

It was some time before I felt strong enough to go to the room where they were. I found the former persons under the hands of my professional brethren and the latter was sitting up, vomiting.

The trial was over: sentence of death had been passed upon the mulatto, and he was in the condemned cell.

With a heavy heart indeed, I left the sombre County Buildings, and took my way to my apartments in the town.

Next day I obtained admission to the cell. Bruton lay along on the raised stones, which served for a sleeping place, perfectly insensible. A second stroke of apoplexy had seized him during that fit of awful excitement in the bar at his trial.

As I stood looking on, my mind involuntarily reverted to another scene to which I had been called professionally a few days before. It was the wreck of a magnificent steam-engine at a factory in the neighbourhood of L——. There appeared to my mind an exceedingly forcible analogy between the twisted beams and broken wheels and cylinders of the dark and massive machine thus burst asunder by the mighty vapour that had been chained within it, and the powerless and senseless, the wrenched and blasted frame, too frail to bear the workings of the strong, restless, and uncontrollable spirit whose vehicle it had been. Life was slowly ebbing from his body, and in another day its presence was no more perceptible—he was dead.

And thus perished one, whose name, but for an over-passionate nature, would now, I am convinced, be flourishing in other pages than those of a fugitive romance.

A few days after, a situation became open to me, which I considered of a peculiarly advantageous description. It was to travel on the continent as medical companion to a young nobleman of delicate health. I immediately accepted it and left England.

After two years absence I returned home and commenced practice at L——.

Shortly after my arrival, a medical friend, in conversation, recalled to my mind the events of this narrative.

I found from him that circumstances of a most extraordinary nature had taken place in continuation. Immediately on the death of Bruton a claim to his property was preferred by that sister—that daughter of old Bruton's—to whose character and misconduct I have made allusion in an early part of the story. All this was what might be expected, and in the regular and probable course of things, and I only wondered where and how this person had disposed of herself so long.

But what was my amazement, when I found that after remaining for more than twenty years in poverty and obscurity, she had on a sudden come to light in the person of the midwife at Oxenford, the very woman who had been so intimately mingled with the final occurrences of my poor fellow-student's career. Yes, there she was, living at the Grange, the mistress of an extensive establishment. I was in doubt—surely it must be some other woman! And her name, too! Rundle was the name the midwife called herself! Yes, but that was the name of the footman with whom she eloped. Yes, it is—it must be the same!

And yet not one whit was my wonder lessened—there was a mystery, an intricacy, a confounding together of cause and effect in the whole matter that puzzled me extremely. At the same time, my mind became filled with a maze of doubts, suspicions, and ideas of old events, which I felt myself unable to arrange, so as to draw from them any intelligible conclusion.

It appeared that Bruton had been condemned chiefly on the evidence of his own sister, whom no one then knew to be such, but who was herself well aware of the fact. What? had she no motive for giving evidence exaggerated—false! The idea struck me, and immediately a long string of thoughts rose up in my mind in rapid succession, giving a different complexion to the whole circumstances of the case.

My feelings of interest were fairly excited, and I redoubled inquiry on inquiry. At length I asked with regard to the soldier of whose ulterior fate I had hitherto been ignorant.

In addition to claiming Oxenford as her property, she had claimed him as her son, calling him by the name she now assumed herself.

This was a matter of new surprise, and of new difficulty and doubt—how strangely did it complicate the maze of crime and punishment. I felt bewildered as the events seemed to flit, change, and interweave before me. She it was who had entered the pawnbroking-house, and left the child, as the publican deposed, and he the footman—her husband, as she averred, was the man who occupied his attention while she accomplished the desertion of her offspring.

And now my mind reverted to the day of the trial, and I remembered the clutch with which she caught my arm as the innkeeper detailed the history of the bandsman, that I felt convinced was her first discovery of her son since his abandonment.

There was no other claimant to the property—immense as it was—for old Strangways himself was a being who had never known any relation, and had raised himself to wealth from the lowest obscurity. This being the case, and she being plentifully supplied with proofs of her identity, she entered without opposition into possession.

She immediately caused the soldier to be discharged from his regiment, and had him removed from the little inn to her house, where all the talent that wealth could command was put in requisition toward his restoration to health. But here I was informed of another strange particular, though not without parallel on medical record.

He lay at Oxenford now in the very precise state in which he was borne into the chamber on that fearful night when the infant was poisoned.

Up to this time, senseless and moveless, breathing, but not living,

nor yet dead he lay, and had lain for two long years.* The wound in his head was still open. All unconscious he was, however, and powerless. No natural function could he perform of himself. He could not eat or drink; food to sustain vitality, required to be pushed far back into the throat, which carried it down to the stomach by what is called reflex action, a nervous power known to scientific men, and altogether independent of will or consciousness.

I inquired whether no operation had been thought of with a view to relieving the brain from the compression, which was plainly the cause of his present state.

I was told that this had been frequently resolved upon by various consultations, but had as often been deferred at the urgent request of the lady of Oxenford, on the ground of her fears for the result. Indeed, I now learned that this woman who, during my connexion with her, preserved in the most trying situations a coolness and nerve which I envied, did now display in everything with regard to her new found son, a most excitable, indeed, hysterical state of feeling—an intensity of emotion hardly accountable.

In a day or two the medical gentleman I have alluded to, at my express request, had me called to a consultation at Oxenford.

The lady recognised me immediately. She became very pale, and in welcoming me to the house, stammered as she spoke. Her former masculine determined bearing was completely gone, and its place was now usurped by an anxious, suspicious, yet forward expression that seemed to say, "Who accuses me?"

She drew the conversation herself to her former rank in life, and to the events that had happened at Oxenford, and seemed particularly desirous to impress me with the idea that she could talk upon them with perfect freedom and unconcern; while all the time I could see that she trembled upon every syllable I uttered, looking at me as if she would read my inmost thoughts. Frequently, too, she would give utterance to a word or an expression which she would be particularly at pains to retract. Her manner in fine, in place of setting my suspicions at rest as was intended, only served to render them stronger and yet more conflicting.

My presence seemed to have transported her back to the period when her brother was in possession of the Grange. As we talked of her son—

"Oh, would to God," she cried, "I had known it then—what a world of misery it would have saved. Oh! curse the witch that could not—would not tell me—and myself not to see it! A mother not to know her own son! Oh, Doctor C——, I never had another child!"

I told her I did not see how such knowledge could have altered in any degree the events that had occurred.

"Ah, it is true," she answered; "but I might have come between him and that girl, and so he should not have fallen into the hands of that black monster that has murdered him—murder—mur—der—

* There is a case mentioned, I think, in one of Dr. Combes' books, of a sailor wounded in action in the Mediterranean, who continued utterly unconscious for a period of nine months, during a protracted passage to England, and who was restored as in the tale. Many similar cases are to be found in medical works.

what a strange word that is, doctor—I mean—it must be terrible—to think—one's own—only—"

And her voice died away in a succession of unconnected syllables, while her face grew deadly pale, and appeared lengthened, and her eyes glared wildly, even as she had looked at that point of the trial to which I have before referred. In a little this was over.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said she, "I am rather nervous—I was always so, and my late very great change of habits, and the resuming of that rank in life to which I was born and educated after so long a period of poverty and struggle, have rendered me much more so."

My friend, whose time was of importance to him, here begged us to go to the chamber where the patient lay. I found him pale and much wasted, lying extended on his back. Dr. ——— felt his pulse, and applied a thermometer to his arm-pit, making a memorandum of the results; and after a conversation purely professional, we came to the decision that the operation of the trephine should be employed, as the sole means of restoring him as an intelligent being to the world.

This decision I myself was deputed to convey to the mother, as each of the other gentlemen had done it often before.

I know not to what cause to lay it, I never was much famed for eloquence, I must confess; but I actually got her at length to consent that the operation should take place as soon as we thought proper—at least when I suggested this, she offered no objection. In fact, the presence of one so intimately connected with the former events of her life, seemed to have completely quelled her spirit. She asked me if I had ever known any cases of an analogous nature?

I told her I had read of several, but had never in my own experience met with any that approached it nearly.

Would he have any knowledge of what had occurred during the period of his apparent sensibility? I said I had heard of cases where people in such states heard what was going on around them, but could give no indication of it.

Was the operation very dangerous? was there much chance of his surviving it?

I stated that the danger to life was imminent; but that at all events it was better to run the risk than to have him continue in the state in which he was.

Would he recollect perfectly all that had happened before the injury, even up to its infliction?

I had read of several cases wherein a patient, after recovering from such a state, had no recollection of any thing at all, but was as one newly born, and had to begin over again the very rudiments of education.

At this she appeared to brighten up—as the expression is—considerably. It seemed to please her more than any other thing that had been mentioned, and she now begged that we would come to-morrow, if all things were suitable, and perform the operation, in order at once to get over the suspense. To this I immediately consented, and next day was named for it.

My medical friends were surprised at this, but expected that next day some reason would be offered for deferring it as formerly.

Next day we arrived, and found the lady firm in her purpose, and willing that we should proceed. Singularly enough, her old determined energetic manner was once more assumed as perfectly as I had ever seen it. We all remarked it.

The house of Oxenford consisted of two portions, forming the two sides of a right angle. One of these, called properly the Grange, was old, with high crow-stepped gables and tall chimnies, small windows, and curious cornices of brick; the other was quite modern, looking like a substantial country-house, and was of stone. In a room of the latter lay our patient—now the former had been the favourite division, and in it I staid when I was at the Grange. Into it, preparatory to the operation, were sent the servants and all hangers-on about the house, no one remaining in the modern half save the lady, ourselves, and our assistants.

The patient was removed from the bed on which he usually lay, to a low couch, which was wheeled to a window, the voluminous curtains having been removed to allow every ray of light to enter that could. The cold-water dressings that were kept continually applied to his shaven head, were taken away, and the trephine was put in action.

This is an instrument of the figure of a corkscrew, armed at the end with a saw of a ring shape, which cuts out a circular bit from any flat bone. A round hole is the consequence, through which may be evacuated any matter it is necessary should be removed. In this case a steel lever was introduced, and the fractured and depressed portion of bone raised and extracted.

The moment the weight was lifted from the brain, the patient heaving a deep sigh, opened his eyes, sat up, and stared wonderingly around him. He then raised his hand and rubbed his eyes, and looked at the bed he lay on, and then at us all, his motions being performed slowly and with much effort, as if his muscles were grown unused to their function. His pulse rose rapidly—I had my finger on his wrist. He appeared surprised and excited. At length he recognised me, and regarded me for some time with a puzzled look.

"Ah, Doctor C———," said he; "am I much hurt? It was a d—l of a knock I had *last night*—I feel so weak—I can hardly move—I suppose I bled a great deal.—Is it my head?"

"Yes," said I, "it is your head. Don't touch it. So you had better compose yourself—lie down and be quiet, and you will be all right soon."

"Where am I—what house is this—take me to the alehouse—has any body told the old woman yet?"

"No; I believe not."

There was a long pause.

Having dressed his head once more, we retired to another room to converse upon the case.

It appeared that the two years that had passed were to him a total blank, and he seemed to consider himself but a night older. He talked of the landlady of the inn as his mother, and was anxious to know whether she knew of what had befallen him. Indeed, it was another most marked and peculiar fact to add to the list of phenomena in connexion with nervous physiology. For my part, I resolved to experi-

ment upon him so as to satisfy my mind upon several points about which doubts are generally entertained, such as the following.

It is a belief of some, especially those who deny the separate existence of mind, that in deep sleep, in compression of the brain and some other states, thought is entirely absent—in fact that the mind is annihilated. —Others hold that that mental chain philosophers call the association of ideas—that series in which thoughts cause, and are followed by other thoughts in continual succession, never intermits in any circumstances—commencing with birth, flowing on link after link, through sleep and waking, health and disease, and broken only by death, or the separation of the mind in which it takes place from the body—no! not broken but carried on into another state of existence. My experience with him leant in favour of the latter hypothesis. I asked him if during the night he had dreamt much.

"No, not any."

"What, have you no recollection of any dream the whole night through?"

"Yes, there is in my mind a faint recollection of some very *sweet, simple, and plaintive music*, not like that of any instrument I know, but very beautiful."

Before this the other gentlemen, who had large practices, and whose time was very valuable, had withdrawn; I now sought the lady of the house. She darted at me as I entered the drawing-room a look of intense anxiety, but resuming her cold and resolute aspect:

"Have you been successful, doctor?" said she.

"Successful, madam, beyond our warmest wishes."

"Is he sensible?"

"He is."

"Does he recollect any thing?"

"The period since the injury appears to him has passed but as a night's sleep, but he recollects perfectly the events that occurred close before receiving the injury, and mentions them as having happened yesterday."

"Mentions, doctor—mentions what?"

"Oh, nothing as yet, only his being hurt."

"Doctor, you are not deceiving me? You know there is no trust to be placed in the testimony of one who has been so long in such a state, and may have had dreadful dreams. Stay, I must go to him myself. No one shall see him till I have; he is my own son!" and she went hastily from the room.

In a minute she returned, greatly excited, informing me hurriedly that immediately on seeing her he had become once more insensible, and was perfectly sure he had recognised her.

"Go to him, doctor," she continued, "I cannot; I foresaw this; I am lost!"

On going to the room where he lay I found he had fainted. By use of the proper means he shortly recovered, though I was apprehensive at first that he had relapsed into the cataleptic state.

"Oh, Doctor C——," he cried, "that midwife has been here; let her be seized; she is guilty of murder. She poisoned my child last night—I mean Emily's infant. Don't doubt me, doctor, I saw her and

will swear to it. Let her be taken before she can escape from the house!"

I stood thunderstruck at this, remaining with my eyes fixed upon the patient, as spent with the exertion of so much and such excited speaking, he appeared falling away into another fainting fit, and hardly able to help him for bewilderment. Was I to credit this, or was I not? I felt overpowered by the vortex of thoughts that was seething in my mind, of crimes hideous and unnatural—perjury, adultery, murder, and all within a fearfully close girt chain of consanguinity. Never was my curiosity more strongly stimulated than at that moment. It might be called a morbid curiosity. I listened to him with most absorbing attention, I was not conscious of any external thing save his voice, and the animated play of his features, as with effort, and piece by piece, he detailed to me the guilty secrets that had for so long been sepulchred in his torpid brain, and but for the power of my own noble profession might never have been raised into the light of day.

He had, all along it appeared, ever since Emily deserted the bed of her husband, been in the habit of coming nightly to the chamber she had chosen for herself. The iron stanchions of the lower windows, the ivy that covered the walls of the old Grange, the fantastic brick cornicing and a rain pipe from the roof, formed altogether a convenient and easy ladder for an agile young man like him to climb withal into that apartment, at midnight when there was none to watch but the eye of one whose finger, may I be permitted to say, was so strangely manifest throughout this maze of evil, turning crime into the means of its own discovery and punishment. The night he first ventured upon such a visit after the birth of the child he had clomb to the window—it was open, for it was then summer and very warm. Silently catching hold of the sill, he raised his head above it and looked into the room. The mother he saw in bed in a deep sleep, and the little white cap of the baby he could see peeping from her bosom. Divided from her by the curtains, but open to him as he looked in at the window, he beheld two women sit together whispering. A small table was beside them, with a dim rushlight twinkling upon it. One of them was the midwife; to his astonishment he recognised the other to be the black beggar. She held in one hand a small phial, and with the other was forcing upon the white woman's hand an ivory squirt, with a long, rounded beak. After much talking, the latter drew up the handle of the squirt, filling it with the liquor from the phial. She then crept stealthily to the bedside and uncovered the infant, but returned again.

"I cannot do it," she said, "any thing but this. Alas! I have been a mother, and the innocent looks so like my own lost darling. I have a feeling, a something within me, as if *my own blood flowed in the veins of that baby*—I cannot do it."

They talked together a while, during which the black woman appeared to be remonstrating with and encouraging her, and again she approached the bed. She stooped over it a little, and returning to the negress said,

"It is done—Christ have mercy upon me!"

At that instant they caught sight of his face as from the black mid-

night outside he looked in upon them through the open window. They were startled. The Obi woman fled to the door; the midwife hesitated a moment, then going to the window loosened the hold of his fingers upon the sill, and he dropped a height of three stories among some loose stones and rubbish below; and thus, and not from any violence of my poor friend Bruton, he met his wounds.

And now the skein was unravelled, and the whole dark maze of evil laid open to the light. This woman it was plain had had in her mind the removal at once of her brother and the child, who both stood between her and the immense property of her father—a property which she had dreamt of and hoped for so long that it began to be to her a thing more to be desired than heaven itself, and which upon her father's death, when she had fondly hoped to grasp it, she found bestowed upon an illegitimate mulatto. Bruton's violence of temper, his jealousy, and his having frequently denounced curses and threats against his wife and her child, afforded her an opportunity, she believed, of ridding herself of both by one happy stroke; an opportunity of which she so successfully availed herself as you have seen, unaware that in the act she was becoming the double murderess of her own offspring. But this was not all the sin consummated at the old Grange. There were other crimes, heinous and intricate, which I will not call up to pollute my pages again withal; suffice it that each met a punishment, even in this world, dreadful as its own dark nature.

In two hours after delivering this narration our patient was delirious, inflammation of the membranes of the brain had come on, a common consequence of the operation of the trephine.

I felt myself now placed in a situation of much embarrassment with regard to my proceedings. Should I give information against her on the strength of this statement or not. I was perplexed with doubt. In the first place, from my ignorance of law, I was not sure that a person could be accused of a crime of which another person had already been convicted, and for which that person had been condemned; next, how could I convince a jury that the whole statement was not a mere portion of the delirious ravings of the patient, especially since these had commenced so closely upon its delivery that it ran into them. Impressed with these considerations, I resolved to take advice before I committed myself.

I took the opportunity however that same evening to communicate the account I had received to her, a step for which I shall perhaps incur your censure. We stood together in one of the windows. As I proceeded she became pale as a corpse, and aware seemingly of this, turned her back to the glass, thus throwing her face into shade. She heard me out, standing erect as a statue, only I noticed she clutched firmly a broad brass knob, that served to hold aside the curtains. When I had done,

"Now, sir," said she, "I know not which to admire the most, the extravagance of my poor son's raving, if you have told me truth, or your egregious folly in believing it, or thinking to make it a bugbear with which to frighten me; for whatever proceedings you may adopt you will find me prepared. Only any thing you may say derogatory to my character will be at your peril. In the mean time you will oblige me by immediately leaving my house. I will take care—"

Here she was interrupted by a servant, who entered hurriedly with "Madam, madam, the young master is dead!"

It came upon her like a thunderbolt. She fell back at once against the window, shivering the glass, and cutting her neck and arms. As soon as I saw in her signs of recovery, I left the room and the house. After that night this woman was never more seen.

I slept at the old inn of the Traveller's Joy, now kept by strangers. Shortly after midnight I was awakened by a glow of light illuminating the room. I was much startled at this, and on going to the window to ascertain its cause, was struck by beholding a bright flame rising over the woods, in the direction of the Grange. I stood gazing for a while. Presently I heard windows thrown up in the village, then voices speaking quickly and anxiously, then bolts withdrawn, doors opened, then heavy footsteps hurrying rapidly along. Anon the whole place was aroused, and all was commotion.

Before morning the old Grange was burnt to the ground, fit end for a scene of such accumulated evil. The more modern division however remained uninjured comparatively, a double gable of brick and stone having separated the two.

The only human being that was missing was the lady of the mansion, and some bones having been found among the ruins in a calcined and half-charred state, were pronounced to be her remains by a coroner's jury, their verdict being death by accidental fire. These bones afterwards came temporarily into my possession. To the subjects of osteology and natural history I had devoted much attention, and had studied closely the papers of M. Desmoulins on these points.

The skull was very marked; the cranium being much compressed, the forehead depressed, and what are called the alveolar processes of the upper jaw projecting obliquely. From these and other particulars I was enabled with absolute accuracy to pronounce them the bones of a female of the negro race. Of this I was perfectly certain, and there was as little doubt that they formed the remains of the Obi sorceress. In farther prosecuting the search among the ruins, way was made into a little arched coal-cellar. In this was found a small, uncouthly shaped apparatus, which proved to be a still of an exceedingly singular and primitive description. Beside it lay a bag of leaves, stems, and flowers. One look showed them to be those of the PRUNUS LAUROCERASUS, or *poison laurel*.

Whether the other woman perished in the fire or not I could never ascertain; neither can I tell the ulterior fate of Bruton's wife. She had disappeared during my absence on the continent, and I never heard of her after.

THE TWO SKELETONS:

A TALE OF FLORENCE.

By Captain Medwin.

Il tempo di Francesi is looked upon by the Italians as a sort of golden age, and referred to on all occasions when they seek to draw an unfavourable comparison between the present and the past. Certainly, whatever their fetters might have been, they were silken ones to those of the Goth; and when they became an integral part of the empire, and the flower of their youth was incorporated in the French army, they deemed—and no better soldiers had Napoleon—a portion of his military glory and renown reflected on themselves.

Among the many wholesome reforms which their temporary masters introduced, none was hailed with more satisfaction than the forced disgorgement of the bloated wealth of the church.

Tuscany was one of those dukedoms, and not the poorest of them, whose ecclesiastical revenues suffered by confiscation. Its monastries, with the exception of Vallombrosa, and two or three more, and these wofully curtailed in the number of their anchorites, were abolished altogether.

The convents shared the same fate—it was no longer permitted to take the veil. Great Britain, where every thing exploded, worn out, and discarded, is sure to fine refuge, is the land *par excellence* for nuns and Jesuits at the present day. The aged *religieuses* were turned into schoolmistresses, the young ones absolved from their vows, and the establishments converted into *pensions*, or, as they are termed, *conservatorios*.

Thus much premised, I shall, in my own rambling way, proceed with my narrative.

I have a sieve-like memory for some things, and strongly suspect that, according to the chart laid down by the phrenologists, my *cranium* has many an ill-supplied and vacant cell—a depression where it should have a boss. Now, strange as it may appear, it is no less perfectly true, that there is a street in Florence, through which I was in the daily habit of riding for months, and though it was called after a saint, I cannot, for the life of me, even remember his name, and have equally forgotten *that* of a new one, made when I was residing there, expressly for the weavers, on whom it was justly considered hard to be without a patron and protector.

This street, however, runs parallel with the Eastern wall of the city; and I was in the habit of taking the ride I have mentioned, with a Frenchman, of an old Huguenot family, who had been converted to the ancient faith at Rome, and was, unlike me, perfectly well read in the lives of every saint in the Calendar.

He was of a particularly religious temperament; though he did not actually believe that the dove, which on a certain day announces, by its flight from the *duomo*, an abundance of corn, wine, and oil, was,

as the peasants thought, directed by the hand of Providence, but rather by wires from that of a priest.

Many a time and oft, when I have visited the Santa Maria Novella, to examine the wonderful *frescos* that adorn its cupola, have I spied my friend in some niche of the building lost in devout abstraction.

Boccacio is right in making the party that figure in the Decameron, formed in that church, which continues to be what it was in his day, the resort of all the beauty and fashion of the capital.

Religion is very nearly and intimately allied to love. It is the text of my story; and if I do not work it out as well as he of the Hundred Tales would have done, it is not the fault of the subject.

My companion, though he would have made but a poor addition to the great novelist's circle, had a passion for churches, and as often as we cavalcaded through this street, sighed at the sight of a dilapidated chapel, whose vast gothic window looked him most piteously, deploringly in the face. The monastery, of which it had formed a part, was in total ruin; trees of some size having here and there found sufficient nourishment for their roots in the interstices of the mouldering walls. The continual repetition of this spectacle, clouded more and more my friend's brow. He at length took compassion on its decay—purchased the skeleton, together with a considerable vineyard and garden attached to it, and began to execute the design of piously restoring the place of worship, and imbodying from out the *disjecta membra* of the pile, a villa.

The situation, like that of most monastic buildings, was well chosen. The view from the *Podere* at the back, owing to a slight inequality of the ground, magical—for it took in on one side the heights of Fiesole, with a circular range of Appennines, a sort of mantle, as Alfieri calls them; and on the other, was bounded by the Observatory of Galileo, and the fortress, that commands the Pitti and Boboli Gardens; whilst all between rose above the mass of foliage that intercepted the houses of the city, the gigantic dome of the cathedral, the Campanile, the Battisterio, and the Tower of the Palazzo Vecchio.

No site could therefore be better adapted for a *Rus in Urbe*. The idea was not amiss.

The chapel soon echoed again with the mass, and the deep tones of the organ, not without psalm, mingled strangely with the rattling of stones and the crash of falling timbers from without.

Now exactly opposite was one of the most melancholy, desolate, dreary-looking convents I ever set eyes on, which, to judge from several screens attached to the windows that admitted the light, without allowing more to be seen than the sky, was partially inhabited. The edifice had no pretensions to architecture, consisting of ranges of cells, story above story, from the ground-floor.

I sometimes had the curiosity to stop my horse whenever the massy gateway was open, and peep into the quadrangle to which it gave access, and then discovered tall spiral cypresses, that revealed the area to have been once the *Campo Santo*, or burial place of the cloister.

Let us, however, not lose our time here. In company with my friend I frequently superintended his work of demolition, and the rubbish

having been cleared away, we were about to lay the foundation of the new mansion, when on removing the floor of the last cell in the *Terreno*, the masons broke into—what shall I call it?—a mine, or a key to *mines*—an excavation—an aperture, of a most suspicious character, to an underground passage—a covered way of love's construction that pointed towards the convent.

"Ho! ho!" I exclaimed, "what have we here? Materials for a new version of the history of Abelard and Heloise. You see old Withers's words have come true—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;

or rather, we have a confirmation of the truth of our wise law, that

Love laughs at locksmiths.

What shall I compare this convenient outlet or inlet to—a fox-earth, or a rabbit-burrow—though the terrier or ferret must have been a small one. None but a bold man would have ventured into that hole; for my part, though none of the stoutest, I should be very sorry to make the experiment, and without possessing the *volubility* of a snake, should have been mighty afraid of sticking fast in a trap."

My friend looked serious; he seemed little disposed to joke about the virtue of the recluses of either sex, and I should perhaps have forgotten the circumstance altogether, deeming there was nothing extraordinary in such a *Sotterraneo*, but that my valet Philippo, a droll and inquisitive rascal, who had heard of the discovery a few days afterwards, while I was under his hands, said,

"Eccellenza, I am acquainted with the old porteress of the Convent of Santa—and have learnt something about the *vomitorio!*"

I must here remark, that the easy terms on which Terence places Davus and Pamphilus, are by no means an overdrawing. The same familiarity continues to exist between masters and their servants at the present day. It is something that in manners, address, and education, they are a superior class to our own; and nothing hurts their feelings so much as the *morgue* and *hauteur* shown towards them by English families.

Lord Byron, who was become more than half Italianized, and naturally kind and benevolent, treated his domestics less like menials than equals, and hence the zeal, that sometimes overstepped the bounds of discretion, which they displayed in his service.

Every one knows the affair that took place with Serjeant-major Masi; and I am reminded of it from the circumstance of much of the scene of this drama being laid in the palace where it occurred. The Tuscan police are not remarkable for clear-sightedness, and overlooked the right culprit. Both one and the other are dead, and therefore there can be no great indiscretion in the following anecdote:

When I was at Sienna, a mendicant with a wooden leg, who was begging his way to his native place, Rome, called on me for alms, and when I had given him a trifle, he said,

"Don't you remember me,—I was Lord Byron's coachman at Pisa, and used to drive you every day to the *Contadinos*."

The man was so much changed, that it was some time before I could

recognise his features, but at length did so, and after some conversation, in which he accounted for his accident, which some might consider a providential retribution for his crime, confessed to me, with all the pride of a retainer in the times of the Guelfs and the Ghibellins, that he had *avenged* the *insult*.

This is a long parenthesis.

"Well, Pippo," I replied to my valet, "and what may you have to tell me about the *vomitorio*, as you are pleased to call it. Do you take a convent, sirrah, for a theatre?—that passage as a general corridor?—a covered way for letting in and out a garrison?"

"Theatre or not, eccellenza, I can relate to you, though it is a long story—a tragedy—and have found out, too, all about the characters, not only from the old woman, but from a Pisan *giovenotto*."

They call a man of sixty a *giovenotto* in Tuscany.

"*Cominciamo*."

"In the year 179—, there was a family in this country called Lanfranchi. They dated from the earliest ages, and in their genealogical tree, which I have frequently inspected in their great hall at Pisa, stand several names of celebrity in Roman history. The Corsis, the Corsinis, the Cesarinis, and many other of our nobles, make the same claims to extraction; but whether they are well founded or not, I cannot pretend to say. Certain, however, it is, that the Lanfranchi's filled high offices in the times of the republic—and *one* will live for ever in the page of Dante—from his infamy, I might say, for he was the chief of Ugolino's persecutors. Bear in mind the *torre del fame*, and with it recollect that punishments are akin to crimes."

"*Ché, ché*."

"*Pazienza*, signor. The last of the Counts Lanfranchi was Cosimo, whom I am old enough to remember. He had been appointed by the Grand Duke Governor of his native city—not only on account of his nobility, but because he found the emoluments of the office convenient.

"Like many of our young men of rank, he had in early life frequented too assiduously the *academia nobile*,—been plundered of considerable sums in play, and deeply mortgaged his property. I have heard it said, that a Tuscan marchese is equal to three German barons; but I think I know one of the *Tedeschi* to whom the converse applies, and there are Russian princes and English squires who frequent the club at the present day, fully a match for either."

"Come, come! sir, no scandal."

"You must know, signor, that when Leopold removed all restrictions of trade on corn, the rentals of our landed proprietors were at once reduced, by the importation from Odessa, notwithstanding that wine and oil form the principal sources of their revenue, one-third; but though their fortunes are not to be compared with the colossal ones of your great lords, most of them are still in easy circumstances, and Count Cosimo, notwithstanding his losses and extravagance, possessed a clear 8000 *scudi* a year, making 2000*l*. in your money—a sum sufficient for all the conveniences, and even luxuries of life with us. When much advanced in age, to the surprise of all his acquaintance, after having remained a widower for more than seventeen years, a rare proof

of constancy, he married a second time, under, it is said, the hope of leaving a male heir to his estates.

"The object of his choice was a Siennese. Sienna has, from time immemorial, been famed for its classical, Italian, and faultless pronunciation, not less than for the beauty of its women. You may have remarked, that all those in the society of Florence, who have any pretensions to be considered handsome, are natives of that city—nor are they less distinguished for their gallantry. No where is *cavalier serventeism* in greater esteem. I am perfectly aware that you English think it quite shocking, and I frequently heard Miladi —— in London inveigh against the naughty Italians in no very measured terms; but somehow or other, when she crossed the Alps, and got accustomed to our ways, she fell naturally into continental habits. Nay, there is one of your *compatriotes* here who has even outdone our Florentines, and caused some scandal, by taking a new cavaliere only three weeks after her old one died of a fever."

"You are getting on, Master Pippo."

"*Scusi*, eccellenza! I was only showing that the system has its merits. It is what pin-money is to your ladies—a right and privilege nothing would induce them to renounce—at all events, the custom is indispensable here.

"Some Frenchman was asked, 'Why he did not marry one to whom he had been devotedly attached half his life?'

"And his reply was, 'Where then shall I pass my evenings?' Meaning, that it would be out of all etiquette for him, after that event, to be *aux petits soins* with his lady.

"Thus were a husband, with us, to be seen driving his wife, or walking with her, or attending her to balls or concerts, it would imply that she was so plain and disagreeable, that he could not procure a substitute. Not that in all cases our donnas confine themselves to a single cavaliere, for some few have three—one by right or patent, generally a poor gentleman; a rich admirer, and a *patitor* or *patito*, I hardly know whether with or without the R.—a sufferer, or one by sufferance:—some few I say, for though these things undoubtedly *do* occur, especially in Rome and Venice, such laxity of morals is exceedingly rare; and speaking of the Roman dames, I cannot help remarking, that one of the most distinguished of them, Pauline Borghese, had, by the force of her example, made a multiplicity of cavalieres fashionable—not that love, or mercenary motives, or vanity—though she was the vainest of her sex—as she well might be—governed the selection of her admirers.

"But I must say for the Countessa Lanfranchi, whether it be to her credit or not, is another question, that she had not three strings to her bow, or three beaux to her string—but only one.

"It is not unusual in Italy, for a bride to have the name of her intended cavaliere inserted in the marriage settlements. The arrangement is a good and prudent one; it prevents all possible cavil or objection on the part of the husband; saves many a couple disagreeable altercations, and the lady the trouble of making an after choice. Thus with Donna Olympia.

"The match with Conte Cosimo had been entirely arranged by her

father, who was one of his oldest friends—a daughter with us is never consulted about such matters—and Olympia had consented to the marriage, without even seeing the count. She had heard, indeed, of the great disparity of their ages, but it gave her little uneasiness, as she stipulated for her own cavaliere, and selected for such, one of her cousins, with whom she had often played in childhood.

"The young Marchese Geminiani—where the father is a marchese, all his sons are marcheses, with us,—was the cadet of a family fallen into great decay, who contrived to show themselves for three or four months in the year in the capital of the province, by vegetating the rest of the year in a country house on the borders of the Maremma. Camillo, for such was his name, had therefore no other prospect of advancement in the world than through his own exertions. Two professions were proposed to him—the church and the bar. He had fixed on the latter, and already commenced his studies at Pisa, when the count brought home his bride.

"Italian universities are very differently composed to yours, or even those of France and Germany.

"Here the nobles consider education to mean riding, driving, dressing, dancing, making love, and gambling: in all these accomplishments, there are no greater adepts or proficients to be found in any country. The schools are therefore attended, for the most part, by the sons of persons in a very inferior grade of society, nor can much be said in favour of either the general or particular demeanour of the students, their morals, or acquirements—but Camillo was an exception to this rule.

"He was indefatigable in his application—his talents were of the first order—his principles, though you smile at the word, rigidly strict and his person and manners highly prepossessing. Donna Olympia had not made a bad choice.

"You would perhaps like to have her portrait; a sketch must suffice.

"She was a fine, and what some consider, a handsome woman—a brunette of the darkest and most velvetine complexion, a Juno rather than a Venus—at least, she was very unlike that of the Offizii. Her eye was black, and as full of fire as a falcon's; and though her nose was not quite aquiline, it approached what is generally termed the Roman—why, I know not; for among all the busts of the capitol, male or female—and a more ill-favoured set are not to be found in Bartolini's studio—there is scarcely one that has a nose agreeing in shape with those thus designated.

"Such are said to denote great firmness of character, and a masculine turn of mind. I am astonished how Raphael could have been so much attached to the Fornarina—and the Donna Olympia was said to resemble his favourite mistress—to my mind, for I have often seen her, she was neither to be admired nor loved.

"Whether the Marchese Camillo was of the same way of thinking, we shall soon see.

"There is a personage—and a most important one—to whom I have not yet alluded. I come to her at last—it is time I should—the count's only daughter, Angelica.

"No contrast could be greater than these two ladies presented; and

it was the more striking, inasmuch as there was only a difference of a year between them.

"Angelica was delicate to sylphishness—so delicate, that every breath of wind seemed as though it would visit her too roughly.

> An antelope
> In the suspended impulse of its lightness,
> Was less ethereally light—

giving one an idea that, like John of Bologna's celebrated statue, she might have been borne on a zephyr.

"Her eyes were of a chesnut brown, corresponding with her hair, or rather they were of no definite colour, changing with the changing feeling to dark or light as her soul animated them: the cheek was pale almost as marble. She was made to be *tutoyed*, or, as the Germans say, for *Liebkosung*—I would have used an English word, only that your barbarous tongue has no terms of endearment, and you make no distinction in addressing them, between your servants and your mistresses."

"You are highly complimentary, Mister Pippo!"

"I am taking the liberty that Horace's slave did, of speaking my mind to-day. But I was on the subject of Angelica.

"It is a general custom in Italy for young ladies to remain, as Donna Olympia had done, in their *conservatorios*, without quitting them, till married; but Count Cosimo was so partial to this his only child, that he often kept her at home for weeks to the no small annoyance of the countess, who saw in her, or so she feared, a sharer of her influence with the governor, and whenever they appeared, as they sometimes did, in public together, a star of greater magnitude and beauty, and even a dangerous rival.

"Camillo had accepted the office of cavaliere to the Lanfranchi, as a matter of course and without hesitation; the rather, because his residence at Pisa enabled him to prosecute his studies and serve her at the same time.

"Her service was not—what the page Fridolin's is described to have been to Saverne's dame—by any means a trifling one. His appointment far from a sinecure. Never was woman more *exigeante;* and she frequently found fault with him for the neglect of duties, which you would scarcely have required of me.

"It was said that she loved him; if so, certain it is that she met with no return; for Camillo had neither eyes nor ears but for the beautiful Angelica.

"There are some natures that are formed for each other, as there are certain metals and chemical productions that have a mutual attraction and affinity. One of your poets, whose authority is unquestionable on such matters, has said, that

> The cold in clime are cold in blood.

"Your northern young ladies know nothing of love, but as they read of it in romance. Their feelings, too, by constant familiarity between the sexes become blunted and hardened. They are also taught if they have emotions to conceal them; but our signorinas, secluded from the world and intercourse with man, are far more unsophisticated, and

think it no crime, when an opportunity offers, to listen to the declaration of a handsome young suitor, or to make, in language as warm as his own, an acknowledgment of their passion.

"In spite of the hawk-eyes of Donna Olympia, the two lovers met more than once, and exchanged their vows.

Juliet had found a Romeo.

"It is an oft-told tale, the doting fondness of old men for young wives.

"Through the influence of the countess with her husband, the visits of Angelica soon became more curtailed—rarer; and when she was received at home, her stepmother's harsh treatment and ingenious cruelty speedily drove her back to her cloister.

"A miserable place it was, that convent of Sant' Anna; and if you had seen, as I have done, the poor *pensionnaires* shut up in that narrow, suffocating street in the summer—for it does not even possess a garden—and in the winter, shivering with cold, being allowed nothing to warm them, but a few ashes which they carry about in an earthen vase, you would have pitied them.

"But the poor girl was not long in captivity, without having a visiter to relieve her solitude. The dove had found a mate. It so happened, that the professor of the *belles lettres* in the university, was domestic chaplain and confessor to the governor, and had been for many years Angelica's instructor and friend.

"To this good old man she owed many of her acquirements; and whether in his priestly capacity, or from domestication in the family, he soon discovered the state of his pupil's heart and affections. He loved her as his child, and entertained much regard for the young marchese, whom he considered the most promising of his scholars, and took upon himself, instead of discouraging his addresses, to aid and assist in bringing about the union of these two young people, so formed to constitute each other's mutual happiness.

"With this view, he took Camillo with him to the convent, and presented him in form to the lady abbess; and thus introduced he was permitted, particularly as he was known to be the Countess Lanfranchi's cavaliere, to pay his respects to the Contesina in the parlour whenever he chose to announce himself. These visits were indeed few and far between, for Camillo's time, what with his lectures and duties, still more severely exacted, was pretty well occupied. But *en revanche, billets doux* marked A. S. B. M., *alle suoe belle mane,* daily and regularly reached, as addressed, their fair destination, and flowers—more expressive than words, each had a language of its own—never failed to announce their safe delivery, and whatever feeling in all its *nuances* the coming day brought with it.

"The carnival at length arrived, and Angelica was summoned by her father home. It may be supposed that the Countess Lanfranchi was not only a leading personage, but the leader of fashion at Pisa. The balls and conversaziones were brilliant, and the fame of them—a rare event—even reached Florence. Her equipages in the Corso were in the last fashion of Paris—for Anglomania is a late disease. She had also her dresses from France, and all these expenses kept the old count's purse at a very low ebb—in a very consumptive state.

"I have mentioned this, to show that it would have been by no means convenient to have parted with Angelica's *dote*—for in this country a father is obliged by law to make the dower of his daughter proportionate to his fortune.

"Nothing certainly would have pleased the countess more than to have seen Angelica removed from dangerous collision with herself; but the marriage of her daughter-in-law with a suitable *parti* was, for pecuniary reasons, out of the question, and it was not likely, earnestly though she desired it, that the count, even if she could drive the timid girl into a cloister for life, would consent to her taking the veil. She dared not, even to one or the other, hint at such a proposition, nor was the Monaca di Monza herself less fitted for the livery of a nun.

"Fortune, however, sometimes favours us beyond our most sanguine hopes, and realizes dreams as improbable and unsubstantial as sick ladies' fancies.

"I have said that the count adored his daughter—the more, because she was the express image of his first wife, who had died in making him that inestimable present. She loved her father, too, with a child's fondest affection—had no concealments from him; and one day threw herself into his arms, and confessed with sobs her attachment to Camillo.

"Nothing is of more common occurrence in Italy than for a cavaliere to marry the daughter of the lady he serves; but the daughter-in-law, the most rigid moralist could not possibly find fault with such an arrangement.

"Nor was it this that presented any obstacle to the match in the eyes of the count. The Geminianis, though noble as himself, were poor—Camillo's portion small indeed. He was no fit match for the only child, and sole heiress of the governor of Pisa. The old man, however, kissed her fondly, and perceived that it was not the moment to explain to her this unmeasurable objection—to reason with her. He left that to Donna Olympia.

"How shall I paint the resentment and indignation of the countess when her husband imparted to her the startling news. Her own cavaliere—extraordinary presumption—and Camillo, too! She lost no time in clearing up her doubts. Their interview was a stormy one. She teased him with his ingratitude—his breach of hospitality—of all decorum and dereliction of duty.

"He justified himself—accused her of her cruel conduct to Angelica—did not forget his own grievances—he renounced her service. They parted, to meet no more; and finding that all hope of obtaining the contesina was vain, Camillo, in despair, abandoned his studies, and retired to the strictest of the Certosa convents—that in the Via San ——— at Florence, where, after his probation, he assumed the cowl.

"In the meantime, as happens to all such anchorites, he was lost to the world, and buried in his cloister. His nearest relations scarcely had inquired or knew the name or place of his living interment. Donna Olympia soon provided herself with another cavaliere—a Neapolitan prince, who surrounded her with *prevenances*, but though it was generally supposed she was not a tigress of virtue to him—she

seemed indifferent to his attentions, and unlike Camillo, exacted from him none but the most ordinary civilities.

"And Angelica, if Camillo was dead to all beside, he lived in her heart—there ineradically fixed—a part and parcel of herself. He had written to her on entering the monastery, and as soon as she received his letter, she returned to Sant' Anna, and neither the intreaties of her father, nor the counsels of her confessor, could induce her to quit it even for a day. There she immured herself, and fed her mind with the memory of her first and only love. But when the second letter came, announcing his unchangeable fate, she then resolved to unite their destinies; and as she could not be his here, to make herself worthy of joining him hereafter.

"This resolution once taken, she lost no time in communicating it to her father, and accompanied it with a request that she might be allowed to make her vows in the convent of Sant——; making choice of this establishment in order that she might be near Camillo. A hope, too, perhaps had crossed her mind, they perhaps might occasionally see each other; that he might possibly celebrate mass in their chapel, in time, dangerous as such an office might be—become her confessor—nay, more, it would be a consolation to herself to find out where his cell was situate—who knows but they might not be far apart—that they might find some means of corresponding—of fortifying each other's resolutions, confirming each other in their duties—find a compensation in devotion for love.

"With such feelings, the heiress of the Lanfranchi entered the convent of Sant———— to the grief of her poor old father, and the ill-disguised joy of the countess."

"*A la bonne heure*—you might well say, it was a long story.'

"I come now to my old acquaintance the porteress, and though I conversed with her for three hours, I shall endeavour to condense, in order to satisfy your impatience, all her information, into as few sentences as possible.

"'I remember well,' said the old crone, 'the Novice Angelica coming to our convent, and a beautiful little creature of about nineteen or twenty she was. You may suppose how she was courted, complimented, besieged. All the flattering attentions and caresses that our nuns knew so well how to show to a great heiress, were lavished on her—for rank and riches have their weight here quite as much as without. It is my belief, however, that they might have spared themselves all their false coaxing and cozening arts, put in practice in order to persuade the Lanfranchi to irrevocably make one of their community—for she had made up her mind to that step before she came, as it was rumoured, from a disappointment in love, and in due time renounced the world. All Florence was present on the occasion, and tears were shed when she had her hair cut off. I have a tress of it still. It is more than a yard in length, and you shall see it.'

"'But I must reveal to you,' said the witch, when she had produced the lock I have already described, 'some strange circumstances that occurred about a year after she took the veil—suspicious ones, I might say, that if known, would have greatly affected the character of our house.'

"Here she lowered her voice to a whisper.

"'But the Lady Abbess is dead, and times are changed; the *maledetti Francesi* turned every thing *sotta sopra*. And now prick up your ears, and listen to something most mysterious and incredible.

"'Sister Angelica being a great lady, had been lodged on the first-floor, looking into the quadrangle—but to my surprise, all at once took a dislike to her apartment, on the plea that it was too near the cemetery, and that the sight of the crosses and cypresses made her melancholy. She therefore petitioned the abbess to let her have a cell on the Terreno, in front of the street—a request that was at once granted; and as none but our poorest nuns would lodge there, for the cells are cold and not quite free from damp in the autumn, the Contesina had plenty to choose from, and took up her quarters in No. 94.

"'Scarcely had she occupied them six months, when I am sure you will scarcely believe what I am going to tell you, though it is as true as the history of our saint.

"And here she crossed herself.

"One morning, when, as usual, I went into her cell—I could scarcely believe my eyes—I found it empty—aye, you may well stare—the bird was flown sure enough. But how? and where? That was the question. Not only the key of the outer-gate was in my possession, but that of her own room; for by the regulations of our house, all of them were locked from the outside at a certain hour. It was clear, therefore, that neither of these outlets could have furnished her with the means of escape. Then the window, it was secured by the very same screen it has now, and bars of iron, and not one of them was removed. Could she have been changed into a spirit, and taken up at once to Heaven like Saint—(I forget who the old woman said), that idea crossed me; but it was only momentary, for when I came to examine the floor and look under the bed, lo! and behold, the secret was all out! for there sure enough I descried that one of the large stones with which the cell was paved, had been displaced, and the mouth of the subterranean vault visible, that seemed to point towards the monastery.

"'If I was shocked at the sight, you may suppose that the surprise and horror of our *supérieure* passed all bounds, when, with her own eyes, she ascertained the truth of my report.

"She immediately summoned the abbot, and after being closeted with him for some time, he crossed over again to examine the cells of his fraternity, and soon returned. I heard him tell it, for I was listening at the door,—to say that the cell of Frate Camillo was also deserted, and the stone removed in like manner.

"What passed afterwards between the heads of these houses, was kept to themselves; but the stones were carefully replaced. The ceremony of a mock funeral was performed for Sister Angelica that same night; and also, to judge from the tolling of the monastery death-bell, for Frate Camillo, and in a short time they were forgotten—but not by me. Many a time and oft have I lain awake at night, sick at heart, to think what had become of them. When I turned over all the circumstances in my mind, I was puzzled to find out how Angelica had contrived to correspond with Camillo, till at last I remembered that presents of baskets of figs were frequently sent her from the gar-

den over the way, and concluded, that it must have been by some note concealed in the fruit, that he communicated to her the position of his cell, and that she in consequence changed hers, thus enabling the lovers to concert measures for their eloping—if elope they did—though on that subject I have horrible misgivings—suspicions that they met with an evil destiny—a living death.

"'I will tell you my reasons for so thinking. You must know that for some time after they were missing, strange noises were heard in that wing of the convent. One of the sisters who slept next door to Angelica, assured me that her cell was haunted—that she had heard, night after night, groans and voices of lamentation, and stifled shrieks.

"'Whether the monks were equally disturbed, I cannot say; but can assure you that on passing the corridor the third or fourth day after the disappearance of the *Contesina*, I plainly heard a deep groan, and then a death rattle. I did not wait to listen for a second, but ran as fast as I could to my lodge, and never closed my eyes till morning.

"'It's my belief,' added the the porteress, after a pause, 'that if the abbess had not been afraid of scandal, and had made search in the *sotterraneo*, it would have appeared that her nun and the Frate were not very far off.'"

"Very likely indeed, Mr. Philippo," said I with a laugh. "Depend upon it the pair laid their schemes better, and are perhaps at this moment alive and loving in a distant land."

Pippo shook his head incredulously as he quitted the room, and when I reflected on the story, I was assailed by doubts, which I determined, if possible, to clear up, and rode the same evening to my friend's villa.

There is a process, I believe, of German and recent invention, by which physicians detect diseases. It is called auscultation. Thus I struck with the butt-end of my riding-whip on the pavement that returned a hollow sound, betraying the course of the subterranean passage from the monastery to the convent. As I proceeded, and listened all ear, it seemed to me, though not so much experienced as a medical practitioner, that I at length came to a spot that gave back a different echo—an intonation more stifled, and, as it were, muffled. It might be fancy, but I tried several more flags by my test, and with the same result; and in order to satisfy my mind, I called one of the masons, and desired him to raise the stone in question with his lever. It was large and heavy, and yielded with difficulty, and then was displayed—sight, such as eyes never before beheld, and never again may they behold. How shall I tell it?

Two skeletons, clad in the habiliments of two religious orders—one as worn by the monks of *Certosa*, and the other by a nun. They were lying head to head—that of the female recluse pillowed on the shoulder of the priest, as though she had taken there her last rest—there outbreathed her last expiring breath.

Their garments, though they had partly rotted away, yet retained their form and colour, and covered, of that ill-fated pair, all save the skulls and faces, of which nothing but the bone remained.

I have seen death in all its shapes and in every gradation of misery—

in action—in single combat—in the hospital and madhouse: but the soldier perishes on the battle-field for his country—the duellist falls, or deems he falls, in defence of his injured honour—the poor, destitute, friendless sufferer has all the aid that medicine or tender care can bestow—the maniac is blessed with a happy unconsciousness of coming dissolution. All are visited by the free air of heaven; the beams of day; and their spirits—for "God is light"—seem to return to him who gave them: but to be pent up, cabined, cribbed, confined in this dark, and dismal, and loathsome dungeon—to die not at once, but by slow degrees—to contemplate the stealthy approach of death—no hope of escape—no chance of human aid, or, if it could be obtained, to purchase it at the price of being branded with infamy, worse than death. And then, to part—how?—miserable Camillo! not to be able to see her face—not to be permitted to support her fainting frame, to close her sinking eyes—or worse to survive her—for days or hours, each drawn out into an eternity; "to call for death, but it comes not—to dig for it more than for hidden treasure—not to be able to die." Oh! could the Imagination, in all its ingenuity of torture, devise agonies compared to these!

Let us reflect more calmly; let us analyze by what combination of circumstances this awful event could have transpired.

We may picture to ourselves Camillo's delight when he found that his Angelica's cell was within so short a space of his own. How, when all his brothers were locked in sleep, he lifted the stone door of his prison-house, and set about his mighty task of love. We can conceive what toil it must have cost him to remove the earth, foot by foot, and then with what precautions, agitated by what daily and hourly fear of discovery, he must have conveyed it clandestinely from his cell. Then, too, we can fancy Angelica listening with eagerness to the progress of the miner; and—no—that surpasses all imagination—their mutual ecstasy when the work was accomplished, and the lovers were emparadised in each others' arms. And lastly, we may conjecture how, on that fatal night, Camillo being detained longer than his wont, Angelica in her alarm had, perhaps for the first time, ventured into the dark cavern to seek her beloved—how in that narrow way—too narrow to admit of any retreat, though now an ample grave for their shrunk limbs—they met, to part no more. All this rushed on my soul, and though years have passed, recurs to me with the vividness of the original impression—nay, with the force of reality.*

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* It has been suggested to me, that as the miner, after his labour of love, nightly returned whence he set out, it seems mysterious how he should have been unable to do so on this occasion. In order to answer this objection, we must suppose that a part of the excavation, from the shaking of a carriage, fell in behind him, immediately after he had passed, and precluded his retreat. In that case, all hope of release from their prison being debarred without certain betrayal, even could Angelica have had force enough to work her way back to her cell, which seems highly improbable, she might have preferred—of what was not love like hers capable—remaining and sharing her Camillo's fate, to knowing the horrible punishment with which his breach of vows would be visited, and compared with which her own disgrace and shame, perhaps worse—if ought could be worse—formed no part of her contemplations.

Facts, however, speak for themselves, and should any one be inclined to question this—the means are in his power. Let him from the fifth window of the convent of

It is an oblivious world we live in, and well might one of the oldest, if not the first, of our poets deify mutability. To prove that all things here are under her dominion—we need only refer to the names, characters, and events alluded to in these pages.

Florence—*la bella* she still is, for man cannot mar nature—Florence, that once gave laws to the Italian republics, is dwindled into a powerless and insignificant city; two-thirds of it, once covered with palaces, being converted into fields and vineyards; the largest and most opulent of its streets, once swarming with life, contains but a few scattered miserable cottages, and a dilapidated convent. Its ally—if I may so call the monastery—is utterly demolished, and on its ruins stands the villa of a stranger, who has long ceased to inhabit it. *That* where the scene of the Decameron was laid, belongs, by a still more singular caprice of the goddess of change, to an English old maid.

The Lanfranchis are extinct. The memory of their former masters—the Medici—to carry on our associations—their Cosimos and Lorenzos—survives but in their avarice and usury, that have been perpetrated by those three balls, that denote a certain disreputable trade in a distant and northern land. And these lovers, no record of them remains, but a stone with this inscription—"Camillo—Angelica"—let into the old wall in imitation of the protestant cemetery at Rome.

When last I visited the spot, this tablet was half covered with ivy and the caper plant, and in a few years will be entirely hidden—nay, the very stone itself moulder away, and form a pabulum in its decomposition, for rank grass, and moss, and weeds.

This tale, too, will have its month, or its day, and be forgotten; but in the hands of the divine Boccaccio, it would have had a fame more durable than marble. The story of this luckless pair would have passed into the mouths of every peasant, their names been enshrined on every heart, and their relics been regarded with more devotion than those of the saints whom, in many a barbarous age, they would have been said by their loves to desecrate.

Our task is completed, and the moral, as suggested by Philippo, is an obvious one. The Torre del Fame, the site of which is a puzzle to the antiquarian, spite of the prediction of Dante, found its counterpart, in that place of still more aggravated horror, in which the last scion of the race of that Lanfranchi, who was a principal actor in bringing about the great scene of famine, perished. And without speaking of the terrible retribution which enemy visited on enemy in the Inferno, we have shown in the words of the great dramatist, that here crimes are the parents of crimes, and beget those like themselves; and may add, that

Woe *for* woe
Was all the end that house was doomed to know.

Sant ———, follow a straight line towards the old wall of the monastery, till he has made ten paces, and under the broad flag stone in the main street, he will discover, as I did, the mouldering skeletons of this hapless twain. Peace be with their manes.

THE FIVE INCUMBENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS."

No. I.

THE VICAR OF CLEARSTREAM.

Durum est,
Sed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.
HORACE.

CHAP. I.

How little is known of the real state of the clergy, except by the clergy themselves, or the country gentlemen near whom they live, or have their livings: which is not precisely the same thing, as a very great number of them cannot make a living by their livings. I say *country* gentlemen, because, generally speaking, they appreciate the companionship of a scholar and a gentleman, although he may happen to have an ill-cut and rather seedy coat upon his shoulders, and a deficiency of the precious metals in his napless but neatly-brushed trouser's pockets.

They do not think it necessary to exclude him from their hospitable boards because he cannot afford "four suits a year and the old ones taken in exchange." They appreciate the open-handedness that keeps him poor. They enter into all his little plans for the benefit of his humble hearers, and aid by their contributions the good cause for which, if he do his duty, he pleads in private as well as public. His domestic circumstances are well known to them, and his struggles to educate and place out in the world his numerous olive branches, are seen, admired, and aided by them.

Parsons are proverbially great populators of their country. The preventive check has not yet found its way into the parsonages of Great Britain; and in spite of all the political economists that ever lived, male or female (*anti-populatrices* I consider anomalies in nature), I trust the day may be very far distant that shall see such an unnatural engine introduced into the prolific walls of our *manses*.

The two last sentences are parenthetic, so I proceed.

In great towns the private affairs of the clergy are not so well known as they are in villages and hamlets. Although the neighbouring great man, be he lord or commoner, may invite the rector or vicar of the neighbouring city or borough, whose representation in parliament he kindly takes under his especial care, to dine with him once or twice a year, and give largely in aid of coal and soup subscriptions at Christmas, he very seldom knows or cares anything about Mistress Rector or Mistress Vicar, and their nine or ten little incumbrances that eat the bread of carefulness at their frugal tables.

The great brewer, the banker, and the lawyer, may not consider it a disgrace to have the parson to say grace for them before and after their soup, fish, joints, poultry, and *entrées*—they may even ask him to take

champagne with them. They may contribute their guinea towards the schools he has established, and put gold into the plate after a charity-sermon; they may even ask his wife and daughters to tea and piano, and his sons to play cricket with their boys; but in spite of all this condescension, they are quite in the dark as to all the little painful struggles that are necessary to enable his family to accept these invitations.

They hear of his being very good to the poor, and applaud him for it, but they know not to how many uses the shilling bestowed in charity might be put for those of his own house—they rather wonder that he should limit himself and lady to two glasses of Marsala at twenty-two shillings a dozen after dinner.

It may be truly said there are some clergymen, of high birth and large fortunes, and others who either from merit or patronage, revel in well-endowed rectories, snug prebends, comfortable canonries, and delightful deaneries—but what are they among so many?—*rari aves, rari pisces* (and very *odd fishes* some of them are), *nantes in gurgite vasto* of the thousands with stipends, smaller and less regularly paid than the salaries of the "pampered menials" who ride behind the carriages, or wait at the tables of the gentry of the land, or "the landed gentry," whichever the reader pleases.

I could extend these preliminary remarks to the end of the chapter, but I am not about to write an essay on church matters—merely to tell a tale—so *il me faut commençer*.

"And where do you intend going?" inquired my friend the Professor, as we sat at breakfast, playing a duet on coffee and hot-rolls, in his chambers in Lincoln's-inn.

"I have not the remotest idea," said I; "I am tired of writing original matter, and correcting my own and the printer's errors, and am resolved to have a quiet week's holiday somewhere."

"Let me see," said the Professor, as he put his glass to his eye to enable him to do so. "Brighton is out of season, Cheltenham spoilt by over-building and counterfeit salts, Leamington *triste* to a degree, Bath obliterated from the list of watering-places, and Harrowgate—"

"Do not trouble yourself to go through the list," said I, interrupting my friend; "I do not call going to a "watering-place"—the very name gives me the idea of a house of call for hackney-coach horses—having a *quiet* holiday. The summer has just set in, but not with its accustomed severity. The gales blow genially from the south; the May-fly is on the water, and the trout, I hope, on the rise. I shall take my little carpet-bag and my fishing-tackle, walk into Piccadilly, and take my seat on the very first coach I see that is ready to start on the Western road, and beg of the driver to deposit my person at any village inn which he, in his experience, may recommend to me, where I may be snug and comfortable, and enjoy my favourite sport—fly fishing."

"Not a bad idea," said the Professor; "I wish I could go with you, though I cannot *Xerxesize* the waters, and torment trout with deceptive ephemeræ. I can look on and—and—smoke a cigar," (he

might have said a dozen, with a running accompaniment of brandy and water; indeed, his mouth instinctively opens so widely at the bare mention of them, that I am obliged to say to him in the words of Horace—

Quid vult tanto professor hiatû,)

"but—I *cannot* go. I have a consultation at ten, on Slowe *versus* Toddleon, and at half-past a brief in—"

"Good morning," said I, as I knew that if once my friend got upon business, he would not allow me to go until he had given me an hour's brief sketch of the speech he meant to make on his brief, which, as I hate law and lawyers—as lawyers—the profession not the person—would have proved disagreeable as well as inconvenient.

"Going down, sir?" said a cad at the coach-office of the White Horse Cellar.

"Yes," said I.

"What coach, sir?"

"I don't care which."

Cad looked as if he thought me a "rum customer," but civilly asked,

"Short or long?"

"What coach is that just starting?"

"The Exeter Highflier—one of the fastest out of London. Room for two outs and an in," replied the cad.

In a few seconds I was seated behind the coachman on the roof. As soon as we were off the stones, and I could make use of my voice without having the rattles in my throat, I explained my wishes to Jehu, who promised to enable me to fulfil them.

He kept his word, and after a delightful drive of some five or six hours duration, he deposited me and my luggage at a pretty little inn in the pretty little village of Clearstream, in the pretty county of Hants.

As soon as I had ascertained that I could have the use of a parlour and bedroom for a week, I begged to be allowed to speak to the landlord. He was out fishing.

"May I be allowed to join him?" said I.

"Certainly, sir. Here, Boots! show this gentleman across the meadows to the Tumbling Bay, where your master spends the greater part of his time," said the landlady—a little maliciously as I thought.

As I had made an excellent luncheon at Mrs. Botham's, of the Pelican, in Speenhamland—a house now, alas! *railwayed* of its glories—I started at once, meaning to sup heartily on trout—if I should be lucky enough to catch any. I found "mine host" whipping away energetically and scientifically. A few masonic words and signals showed him I was one of the gentle craft—so called, I presume, from their using *gentles* in their art—and in a very few minutes I was literally "up to my knees" in business—or pleasure.

The trout were numerous and hungry; our creels were soon filled; and as I walked back with mine host, I was so pleased at my success, and at his generosity in giving me up the best casts, that I asked him to join me at supper. He agreed; and I must say he did justice to

the trout, which were in high season—"as pink as salmon, and as crisp as a cabbage-leaf," according to his description of them.

After supper, our first talk was, of course, about the art we both "fondly loved"—it is a strong term, and one difficult to be understood but by those who love the art—and about the streams, the deeps, the runs, and the mill-tails in the neighbourhood. I heard sufficient to convince me that I had been well recommended by the driver of the Exeter Highflier, and resolved to give *him* an additional *tip* on my return for his sagacity in placing me so well.

As I thought it possible that I might introduce myself to some brother of the angle who would relieve the monotony of a daily *tête-à-tête* with mine host, I inquired about the society of the village, but found that, excepting the vicar and the apothecary, its inhabitants were of a very humble class, mere cultivators of the soil of Clearstream—hedgers and ditchers—thrashers and thatchers.

"And the vicar," I asked. "What sort of a man is he?"

"A worthy and excellent old gentleman, sir," replied mine host. "He has not been with us very long, but we all like him. He has been a fisherman, too, sir; but age and rheumatism forbid his gratifying his taste—but it don't much matter. He came from somewhere out of Wales, among the mountain streams. He is a mere *worm-bobber*—cannot throw a fly or spin a minnow. He never hooked a trout above a pound, though he says he has taken three or four dozen brace in a day. How *very* small they must run."

"Is he difficult to approach?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," replied the landlord, mistaking the meaning of my question. "He lives just down by the church, and his gate is always open."

I resolved to call next day and request him to show me his church; and, if I found him an agreeable person, to cultivate his acquaintance.

I put my resolution into force, and sent in my card with my compliments. I was ushered into a little room, which I found was called the study, and found a benevolent-looking, elderly man engaged in tutoring two little boys and a little girl, who, from the likeness they bore to himself, were evidently his own children.

He rose and begged me to be seated. A hint was given to the little girl, and ere we had settled the weather question, with which, as true Britons, we opened our converse, she returned, followed by the maid, who carried a tray, on which were placed the materials for a little luncheon.

I took some bread-and-cheese, with a glass of particularly good, mild ale. He and his children joined me, and I felt, in a quarter of an hour, as if I was sitting among old young friends. I love children—spoilt ones being excluded—and love to draw them out. I love dogs, too, and both dogs and children know instinctively who love them. How we did talk and laugh—we fairly "rattled away" for half an hour; when a nod from the father operated like the nod of some great Prospero, and the children and the luncheon vanished.

"Now, dear sir," said the vicar, "tell me your business—in what can I aid you. My means are but small, but as far as they go I am ready to—"

"I am afraid you will say I have no business to be here," said I. "The truth is simply this: I am staying at the inn hard by for a week's fishing. Chance has brought me here—or rather the driver of the Exeter Highflier. I am anxious to see the interior of your very pretty church, and to be shown any antiquities which it may contain. I have ventured to call upon *you* for that purpose in preference to the parish-clerk. My name you know. I am a—" literary man—I was going to say, but suppressed the information for fear I should lower myself in his estimation—"I am an idle man at present, and trust that my taking this liberty will not offend you."

"Far from it, dear sir; I am happy to make your acquaintance. I will show you every thing worth seeing, with great pleasure—but upon one condition—that you dine and spend the remainder of the day with me. I am a plain man, as you see, and if you can eat part of a leg of Southdown mutton at the unfashionable hour of four, I shall be glad to see you."

I accepted the invitation as frankly as it was given—upon another condition—that he added to the dinner by cooking two brace of the finest trout I had taken overnight, and which I had intended sending up per coach to my friend the Professor, who, as every professor ought to be, is very fond of good living.

These conditions being settled, we walked across the garden—a neat, trim, well-stocked half-acre, to the church. It was small, very old, and boasted of a curious font, and some curious niches near the altur. The images which had filled them were gone, removed, doubtless, by the hands of the Iconoclasts in their great zeal to do away with every thing conducing to idolatrous worship. There were a few figures of knights and esquires carved or countersunk on the stones of the chancel, but the brasses which had covered them had been removed by the same reckless hands—as though they had not *brass* enough already.

After seeing all that was to be seen in the village, the vicar proposed that we should pass the time which intervened before dinner would be ready, by climbing a steep hill, which, as it were, impended over Clearstream, and from which one of the numerous rivulets that contributed to form the river Clear derived its source. Of course, I readily assented to the proposal, though I am too puffy to enjoy hill-climbing, especially as he hinted at a splendid view of the country to be obtained from the summit.

The exertions required to reach the top were certainly great, but they were well repaid. The view was glorious. I will not attempt to describe it, because I should become too enthusiastic, and forget to stop until the space allowed me was no longer space.

Amidst other things that struck me particularly, was the view of five little churches, of which Clearstream was one, which were, or appeared to be, not more than a mile apart, and all to have been built in the same age, of the same size, and by the same architect. They lay in a circle, of which my new friend's church formed the centre.

I pointed to them as something remarkable, and the vicar told me that they were the lions of the neighbourhood, and that tradition had handed down a tale of their having been erected by a powerful Baron, who had thus removed from himself and family the displeasure of

the church, which he had incurred by insulting one of her favoured sons. His overbearing pride had thus been made an instrument for providing places of worship for the humble sons of the soil.

"The clergymen of these churches," said the vicar, "are, I am glad to say, my intimate friends. I came among them as a stranger and a poor man—they extended to me the open hand of friendship, and, ere I knew their worth, I gladly grasped it. We form a little society in ourselves. We have our little box of books from London, and when we have read them, we have plenty of food for conversation derived from their contents, without trespassing on the dangerous grounds of polemics or politics. We drop in when we please at each others houses, eat, drink, and are merry. We play a game of chess, back-gammon, or threepenny whist; and I do not think five happier parsons or persons are to be found any where. Our great man is an absentee, because there is, as *he* says, no neighbourhood. Perhaps it is the better for us that he should be absent, as our flocks look up to us as the most important personages in our respective villages, which they would not do if our humble lights were eclipsed by the glare of a resident Lord of the Manor. We do all the good our small means allow us, and have starved out one lawyer, and made the parish doctor's place almost a sinecure. It is not improbable that one or two of my friends may claim a cut of my Southdown to-day, but should it not prove so, you shall meet them before you leave us; I think you will like them. They have their eccentricities—as who has not? but they are good men, kind neighbours, and excellent pastors."

"Whatever eccentricities *they* may have," said I, "I am sure *you* have displayed none."

"What?" said the vicar, smiling, "not in asking a perfect stranger, self-introduced—without any thing to recommend him but a gentlemanly appearance and good address—to dine with me?"

"I may be a Jesuit in disguise, or a Dissenter, come to spy the nakedness of the land, and convert your flock, or the bishop's chaplain, or even the bishop himself, wishing to see *incog*, how the clergy conduct themselves in private, or an author, or—"

"A rogue and vagabond come down to murder Shakspeare and inspire the clodpoles with a dramatic ardour—but I will run all risks, even if you have a design to take my likeness as a painter, or the half-dozen spoons which form my *plate*, as a regular house-breaker—so to dinner, or the trout will be spoiled."

So saying, the vicar led the way by a zig-zag sheep-track down the hill, and that too at a pace which few men of his years could have kept up. We found on our arrival, that we were just in time, as a quiet old lady, whom he introduced to me as his sister, informed us as she met us at the garden-gate, whence she had been anxiously surveying the path which led to the hill, in hopes of seeing us approach by it, ere the fish was spoiled by being overdone.

We had literally nothing but the trout and the leg of mutton, and yet I never made a better dinner in my life. It might have been that the walk had sharpened my appetite, or that the cleanliness of every thing, and the brilliancy of the six table-spoons, with the excellent way in which the fish and joint were dressed, stimulated my gastric juices.

It might have been that the smiling children around me put me in mind of home, and gave a relish to my food. It might have been that the urgent pressings of Miss Woodward, who sat at the head of her brother's table, imposed upon me the necessity of exerting myself to show her that I could not refuse her solications: or it might have been the evident pleasure shown by the vicar at the way in which I did my duty to the viands, or it might have been all these together, that excited me to feed so largely. I certainly never made a heartier meal.

"Matilda, my dear, we must open a bottle of port wine to-day, in honour of our guest," said the vicar, when the cloth was removed.

"Pardon me," said I, "do not put yourself to that—"

"Expense, you would say, on your account, and I appreciate your good feeling; but I have a little stock by me, the gift of one of my neighbours, one of the five incumbents. The rector of Rushly goes to London for three months yearly to cultivate the acquaintance of some literary friends who spend the season in town, and though I would gladly do his duty in his absence without remuneration, he will insist on my accepting a case of port wine, which he delicately hints is good for mine often infirmities."

After this explanation of the mode in which the bin was stocked I did not hesitate to do justice to the very excellent wine that was set before me. We were left alone, as Miss Woodward retired to attend to her household duties, and the children to get their evening tasks. Our conversation was at first confined to our favourite sport, fishing; but the vicar's account of the streams and trout of North Wales soon led him to talk of himself and his past life. When the bottle was emptied I rose to retire, to enjoy an hour or two's whipping in the most capturing time of the day, and begged of the vicar to come up and sup with me at the inn. This he declined, as he said that his sister would be offended if he did not insist upon my returning and tasting two or three little dishes which she was then, *sub rosa*, engaged in concocting for my especial use.

"And why not sleep here; take up your quarters with us altogether?" said the vicar.

"Because," said I, "I have engaged my apartments for a week. Besides, I have an ugly 'custom in the afternoon,' to which Miss Woodward would strongly object. I indulge in my cigar and grog nightly."

"Delightful!" said the vicar. "I, too, always smoke my pipe after our little supper; so you see you *must* come."

I pleaded, and at length successfully, against this *non sequitur*. I was allowed to sleep at mine inn, upon condition that I made the vicarage my eating-house. I returned with a well-filled creel from the tumbling-bay, despatched four brace of the largest and best-conditioned fish by the mail to my friend, the professor, and sat down to Miss Woodward's *petit souper* with an appetite renewed by exercise and the fresh air.

After supper we illuminated, and as we smoked the fragrant weed, to which King James displayed so much enmity, merely because he could not smoke it, I learnt the history of my hospitable friend's life. It is a mere simple tale, and I shall let him tell it in his own way.

Chap. II.

VICARIUS LIMPIDI FLUMINIS LOQUITUR. (*Fistulâ in manu.*)

I was born within a few miles of the venerable city of Chester. My father was possessed of a small farm and a large family. His sons being agriculturally disposed, were allowed to follow the bent of their inclinations, and thus, by saving the expense of hired labourers, enriched the family. My sisters, too, were taught to make and mend the family linen, and assist their mother in the duties of the dairy and cheese-room. We were a very happy family, though we had not even a slipshod maid to wait upon us. It used to be the fashion in those days for boys and girls to work—to help their parents and each other—and the farm sufficed for their support. How is it now? Mrs. Farmer Giles must have a cook and a kitchen-wench; Mr. Farmer Giles must have a man to look after his nag, and the little Gileses, instead of holding the plough and milking the kine, must have a dancing-master, and thrum on an upright piano. What has been the result? Their little farms—the freeholds left them by their forefathers, are amalgamated with the squire's estate, and after trying to live as tenants where they *would* not live as landlords, they embark for Canada or Australia, to do the very thing that would have enabled them to live better on their own estates, had false pride permitted them to do it—wait upon themselves. By pride alone has the stream of emigration been set running and kept full.

Would that I could have shared the healthy labours of my brothers—would that I could have driven plough, or even have kept guard over our flocks—I should have been spared much suffering, mental and bodily. I was born strong and as sturdy as the sturdiest of the Woodwards, but a fall from the arms of a little sister, to whose care I had been imprudently intrusted, deprived me for a time of the use of my lower limbs, and stunted my growth. As soon as I was old enough to understand my situation I repined at my lot. It was not so much the being deprived of the power of motion, of roaming about the fields in the free air of heaven that grieved me, though I felt that deprivation severely. It was the thought that I was a grievous burden to my family, a living reproach to my poor little sister, who spent hours in crying over the brother whom she had made a cripple. Though I was petted by all—though my father and brothers never returned from market without some toy or plaything for poor little William—though my sisters taught me to make patchwork, and to net and knit, and my mother, from those mysterious feelings which are unsearchable, beyond divination, lavished all her deepest love upon her weakliest; the object of pity to all, of scorn to some—still I was truly miserable. She tried to comfort me, but I refused to be comforted. Vain were her fond caresses—vain were the tears she shed and the prayers she uttered over me. The dainties which her love suggested, and her scanty purse supplied, were ungratefully rejected by me. I was too proud to accept what I felt was bestowed upon me only because I was a cripple and unable to share the plain and homely food of those whose labour enabled them to enjoy what they earned.

Distressed at my distress—wretched because I was wretched—heart-broken at my miserable state, my mother, though nearly suffocated by her sobs, revealed the matter to our worthy curate. He understood and appreciated the grief she displayed, but chid her, gently, indeed, but yet he chid her, for allowing her wounds to bleed without applying in humility to Him who alone could bestow upon her the balm that would heal them. He bade her go and pray, and to teach her son to pray. She tearfully obeyed, and, aided by his judicious instructions, opened to me a blessed source of comfort and joy. Peace was restored to the family, a holy cheerfulness succeeded to a most unholy gloom.

When he had laid the foundation of contentment in my lot, that good man proceeded to build upon it the superstructure of usefulness to myself and family. He taught me to read and write, supplied me with books and materials for my studies, and when time and the skill of the surgeon enabled me to get about, he put me to the cathedral school at his own expense, though he could ill afford it.

I was truly grateful for his kindnesses, and worked hard to repay them. I succeeded in getting to the head of the school, and ere he left this world for a better he saw me elected off to an exhibition at Oxford, where he had secured me a kind reception by representing my case to the heads of the college.

I will not dwell on my university career; I will only say that though I recovered the use of my limbs, I was not strong enough to share in the exercises of my more robust companions, nor had I the means, if I had had the inclination, to join them in their revelries. I passed my time in reading and angling by the quiet streams of Isis and Cherwell.

I tried to gain a university prize, but failed. It was a severe blow to me that failure. Had not the lessons taught me in early days by the kind curate recurred to me, I should have sunk under it. Although I did not succeed in gaining the prize, my exercise was so respectably done that, aided by a second class, it insured to me a pupil, the son of a gentleman in North Wales, to whom I was recommended by the head of my college.

As my exhibition had expired, and I had no chance of succeeding in any other profession but the church, I gladly availed myself of the offer of my patron's brother to undertake the duties of his curacy, which was near enough to "the house" to enable me to continue the tuition of his nephew. I was ordained, and took up my residence in the little cottage that was dignified by the name of the parsonage-house of Llyswenny, in the county of Merioneth. With this residence, a stipend of 55*l.* per annum, and one pupil, who paid me a guinea a-week, I was looked upon as a lucky and a wealthy man by my family, and by myself.

Upon this, my first year as a country curate, I look back as upon a bright green oasis in the desert of my long life. I was happy, cheerful, and healthy. Mind and body were alike employed. Somehow or another I began to think I was dull by myself. When I returned home from an excursion up the mountains I had no one to whom I could talk of the views I had seen, the fish that I had caught, the thumpers that I had *not* caught, but would catch some other day. Then my solitary

supper grew distasteful, and my nightly readings lost their relish. I found myself arguing with myself that it would not cost more to keep *two* than it did to keep *one*. What mattered an additional crust off my little loaf? Would an extra slice be missed from my shoulder of mutton? The one spoonful of tea was quite enough for two; and then the trout I caught! oh, they would almost keep *our* table. The same fire would warm, the same bed would rest the limbs of a pair—would do duty for the dual as well as the singular number.

In this view of the subject I was aided and abetted by a very pretty girl, the daughter of one of my parishioners. Her father was a farmer, rich in twenty-five acres of arable land, and a right of common over a very extensive mountain. As two heads are proverbially better than one, we literally "laid our heads together" upon the same pillow, for having cordially agreed with me in my notion of the dual properties of loaves, shoulders of mutton, and fires, the argument that a married man was more likely to get resident pupils than a single man was so convincing, that I resolved to try the experiment. It succeeded, for in addition to my patron's nephew, I was intrusted with the care of a sickly scion of a Liverpool merchant, on whom, as the Liverpool faculty asserted, the air of our mountains would work wonders. It did operate miraculously, for in less than one fortnight it killed him. I never got another *resident* pupil, as the death of the poor little victim to consumption was attributed by the doctors of Liverpool to the very unhealthy situation of the parsonage of Llyswenny.

I did not repine. I had my one pupil and my curate's stipend still. I had a healthy, hardworking, cheerful friend and companion in my wife. She had a dowry too: three ponies and a brood mare, a cow and a flock of ten miniature muttons. These would have been very profitable had not the brood-mare absconded, and taken the three ponies with her, the cow cast her calf, and died under the hands of an unskilful cattle-doctor, and the sheep were attacked with an epidemic that first reduced them to skeletons, and then rendered them food for the crows, who had been cawing and croaking for weeks, impatient of the expected treat.

This was trying, but I did not repine. Though my farming had been unsuccessful, and my *res domesticæ* were reduced in number, there was every prospect of an increase in another way. This promise was fulfilled. I do not think a happier father than I, ever

Welcomed to earth the mountain's child.

What was enough for two would be sure to satisfy three, was now my motto. The *dual* was succeeded by the *plural*, and it is the only way in which I ever enjoyed a plurality, or was convicted of being a pluralist.

Well, after my third child was born, my one pupil was deemed fit for college. I think the idea of his fitness was suggested by the worn-outiness of the old pony on which he used to ride backwards and forwards from "the house" to the parsonage. He left me, however, for college, and as his place was not filled up by another, I had to fall back upon my 55*l*. per annum, which, as we were moderate in our desires, and had taken to making the most of my garden by cultivating

cabbages, and other esculents, on an extended scale, we found more than enough, for we actually put by a few pounds yearly.

After I had resided on my cure for thirteen years I found myself the father of twelve children—ay, and a happy father too. My stipend would not have supported us, had not my pupil, when he succeeded to his paternal estate, in gratitude for his success at college, which he kindly attributed to my exertions, let me a few acres of land, rent free. My second speculation in farming answered, for my boys looked after the stock, and the rich pasturage agreed with the cows and sheep much better than the stunted commons on which my wife's dowry were exposed.

Up to this period I had not repined at my lot. I had had no time to grumble, if I had felt inclined to do so. My hours were all occupied. I educated my children, cultivated my garden, superintended my flocks —rational and irrational—and waged war upon the trout. My wife had enough to do to provide clothing and clean linen for her family, besides converting cream into butter and curds into cheese. Still we were happy until sickness invaded our little crowded garrison. Fever found a strong hold for his troops. He took up his quarters among us, and was soon followed by his usual comrade—death.

Four of my little ones yielded to their combined attacks, and my wife sunk into a state of despondency but little removed from despair. The hand that took away, also in its mercy gave; a thirteenth child was born. The mother's grief for her lost ones was assuaged. The care of providing for the living conquered regret for the dead. The blow however had been struck, from which her constitution never entirely recovered. She was weakened by her last confinement, for her sufferings had been greater than any she had before experienced. She lost much of her cheerfulness, and though a sense of duty urged her to the discharge of her domestic toils, the task was done as a task, and not with the willingness she had hitherto displayed. Duty was no longer pleasure.

For nine long tedious years she grew weaker and weaker. She gradually resigned her household cares to my eldest unmarried daughter, who had less to do than her mother had had, as two of my boys had left us, the one for the army, into which he volunteered, and the other for the navy, into which my old pupil's interest was powerful enough to get him admittance. My eldest girl was married to a neighbouring curate, as poor as myself, but who would marry, although I tried to convince him that my theory of the non-additional expensiveness of duality was wrong. We were only five at home, for one of my younger boys was apprenticed to a watchmaker, my eldest boy was bailiff on a farm in the neighbourhood, and one of my girls was staying with her married sister.

Our expenses, however, were not decreased. What we saved by the absence of mouths we lost by the presence of medicines. Our doctor, who was a good, kind creature, and would have supplied medicines and attendance gratuitously if he could have afforded it, saw the struggles we were making to save the partner of my joys and sorrows. He called as seldom as he could, unless a neighbouring patient called him in, and enabled him to pay what he termed a *friendly* visit. He would also

suggest to an invalid at "the house" that such and such things which he administered there would be of service at the parsonage, and, in short, he endeavoured to save me as much expense as possible, by obeying the apostle's order to "*charge* them that are *rich*," but still his bills were serious things for me to discharge. They made a deep impression upon my *55l.* stipend and the profits of the farm.

I had some idea that I might add to my small means by publishing a volume of sermons which, as the players say, had been listened to by an admiring audience, and received with unbounded applause. I thought that a liberal and discerning public might appreciate them, and turn the goose from whose pinion the pen that wrote them was taken, into a goose with golden eggs. I consulted an eminent London publisher on the subject. His answer was,

"Rev. Sir,

"Divinity is a drug, unless the author is an unorthodox bishop, or a martyr to anti-church-of-England principles.

"Your obedient servant,

"——."

As I had had enough of *drugs*, I declined the dissemination of divinity in a printed form. I resolved to rub on as I had hitherto done, and though oppressed by illness, and pressed by my wants, to leave the press to the more fortunate individuals alluded to in the bookseller's letter.

"William, dear," said my wife, as I deposited her in her easy chair by the fireside, for she was now unable to walk from the bedroom to the parlour, "William, dear, I fear you are tired of your office of nurse."

"No, love, not tired of nursing, but tired of—"

"Paying the doctor, and other expenses," said my wife.

"That is unkind. I was going to add, tired of not seeing you mend. As for expenses, what care I, so long as we can live and be happy?" said I, as cheerfully as I could.

"But your privations, William, they are great. You deprive yourself not only of every little indulgence, but of many necessaries, and all to no purpose. My sentence is recorded; all your kind struggles are in vain. Grant me, dear William, one request. I know you will —will you not?"

"That query implies a doubt," said I, taking her emaciated hand, "but any reasonable request I will grant."

"Well then, tell Dr. Williams not to call again, or send any more medicines."

"No, no; while there is life there is hope. As long as I can gain a shilling, that shilling shall be expended to save, if possible, her who has been the partner of all my joys and sorrows. No, no. I am rich as long as my stipend is paid me (and the rector is a hearty man), and as long as my little farm goes on, and the dear children are healthy. I only wish to be richer that you might have your little indulgences, and be removed hence to a warmer clime, to try the effect of change of air."

"Were you worth hundreds, William, I would not move hence.

Here we have passed many happy hours—here I may truly say I have *lived*, and here would I die—for die I must, and that ere many months have rolled on. Do now, do dismiss the doctor."

This request was spoken in so urgent a manner, and the look that accompanied the words carried conviction to my heart so forcibly of his attentions being worse than useless, that I had almost resolved to consent to his dismissal; however, "never *say* die," occurred to me, and I resolved to expend the riches of my cure and farm on the only *man* in that remote region who could cheat death of his prey.

Alas! little did I think that the time had arrived when my riches were to make themselves wings and fly away.

The post came in as we were at our frugal dinner—a rasher of bacon and a few mashed turnips—I see the meal now! Rarely did I receive a letter, and the receipt of one then with a large black seal upon it, threw me into a perspiration. I *knew* it brought ill news before I opened it, though I knew not the handwriting, nor the post-mark. I left the room, hurried into my garden, and broke the seal: the contents were these:

"Reverend Sir,

"My kind master, the rector of Llyswenny, died this morning in a fit. I hasten to tell you of his death as you might like to ask the Lord Chancellor for the living in which you have been the curate for so many years. The squire might help or advise you.

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN PRICE WILLIAMS."

Poor Williams, who had thus shown his gratitude for some former trifling favours, was a second or third cousin of our doctor. The news he so thoughtfully conveyed to me, by the agency of the medical man who was summoned to his master's aid, for he could not write himself, had a fearful effect upon me. I believe that I fell as if stricken with apoplexy, as my good rector had been, but I have no remembrance of any thing that passed until I found myself in our little garden, with my wife and family weeping around me. I can recollect distinctly the misery which was then depicted on the brow of all of them, excepting my wife, who smiled upon me, and bade me hope; for that she *felt* my application would be successful.

"My application!—to whom?—for what?" said I.

"To the Chancellor—he is a great and a good man—and for this living, where you have done the duties so long and so well," said my wife; "sit down and write to him—tell a simple story and make a plain request—you *must* succeed."

"No, father," said my girl, "do no such thing; go up to 'The House,' the squire is your friend, solicit him to apply for you."

"Ay, go, father—go, dear William," exclaimed the whole of my dear circle.

In a few minutes, my best hat and coat and a clean cravat were put upon me without any effort on my part, my sturdy walking-stick was placed in my hands, and before I knew where I was going, I found myself in the squire's study and telling him all my hopes and fears. He advised me to apply for the living, but said that he could not aid

me, as he had acted in opposition to the administration on the last election.

"You would do better, however," said he, "if you could apply in person; but I do not see how you can leave home on account of your wife's ill health; as to expenses, my purse is yours on such an occasion."

I believe I thanked him as he deserved; I know he shook me by the hand; but my heart was sunken in my breast. I felt the weight of despondency on my brain. I reeled to the home I was sure I must shortly leave—to the wife and children who would soon be houseless. I saw not and consequently could not regard the looks of commiseration with which my parishioners, who had heard the news of the rector's death, viewed me as I passed their dwellings. I reached home—I was sick, ill, and fainted.

On my recovery, I told all that I could recollect of what had passed at "The House" to my sorrowing family. Despair reigned triumphant over us all, until the lessons of my youth occurred to me, and I bent the knee and the heart in prayer. I took myself right humbly to my God.

In the midst of the gloom of night, when my sleepless eyes were watching the broken and spasmodic sleep of my poor wife, she suddenly roused herself, and taking me by the hand said,

"William, dear, I have had a dream; you must for the last time indulge me in a request I am about to make in consequence of that dream. Do not deem me mad or foolish, but go to London, set off early to-morrow morning and apply to Lord E——, the Chancellor, in person for this living. You will succeed,—it has been revealed to me."

I listened to her dream—her firm reliance on its fulfilment inspired me with hope, I resolved to go, but to tell no soul of the object of my journey.

I rose ere it was light. I had five golden guineas hoarded up. I took three of them, which I resolved should suffice for a journey of nearly three hundred miles.

I kissed my dear wife, who smiled upon me more cheerfully than she had done for months, and with a heavy heart set out. I had merely a change of linen in my great-coat pocket, and a cotton umbrella to carry, and I felt that I was strong enough to walk the whole way. As I closed the gate of my garden behind me, my thoughts were as gloomy as the morning, which was foggy and cloudy. When I reached the top of the hill which o'erhung my home, the mist was dispelled, and the sun burst forth in all its splendour. I hailed it as a happy omen, and ere I lost sight of the humble dwelling that still sheltered my loved ones, I fell on my knees and commended them to our common Father, and prayed for a blessing on my journey.

By getting a ride now and then, and by keeping on at a steady walk, I reached on the third day what had been the home of my childhood.

My parents had been long dead, but my eldest brother, now an aged man, still cultivated the farm. He received me with open arms, but when I told him of the object of my journey, he shook his head, and gave me no encouragement. As he saw I was resolved to go he

introduced me to he curate of the parish, who, as he had a cure in London for twelve months, was supposed to know a great deal about great people.

He, worthy man, laughed outright at my simplicity in fancying that I should gain access to the Lord Chancellor without friends, without even a letter of introduction or recommendation. He gave me a great deal of advice on the humble and courteous manner in which I was to conduct myself *if* I did succeed in gaining the great man's presence, and what was of more value to me he gave me a note to a friend of his who had a living a few miles beyond Liverpool.

I set out again. My brother, I imagine, thought I was well provided with money, for he did not offer to supply me with any. I felt it as an unkindness, but I was too proud to ask for assistance; indeed I did not think that I should need it, as I had only spent two shillings of my store.

I crossed the Mersey, and reached the house of the clergyman to whom I had the note of introduction. He treated me kindly, gave me bed and board and a letter to a friend, a brother parson, in Birmingham. He too behaved as a brother, and furnished me with letters to others of our profession whose homes lay in my path. Thus was I passed, like a pauper as I was, from parish to parish.

But I will not weary you with the particulars of my tedious journey, my privations, my exertions, my hopes and fears. Suffice it to say that in my most desponding moments, my poor sick wife's smile of hope revived me. Often when I had sunk down exhausted with long walking and had almost resolved to give up my plans and return home again, the idea of that home and its inhabitants revived me and gave me strength to persevere.

On the 12th day, early in the morning, I arrived in London. I had but three shillings left, but then I had a silver watch, the gift of my son, the first fruits of his skill in the trade.

I took it to a silversmith in St. John-street, and begged him to lend me some money upon it. He eyed me and the watch suspiciously, but when I told him my tale briefly, he not only lent me 3*l*., but with tears in his eyes, invited me to breakfast with him. He also furnished the means of making my appearance more respectable, as my clothes had suffered from my journeying, sometimes in the wet, at others in the dust.

Before the clocks had struck ten, I found myself trembling with exhaustion and anxiety at the door of the Lord Chancellor in ——— square. I knocked timidly, and begged the porter to tell his lordship that I wished to speak to him.

The man stared and after a few moments hesitation asked me for my card.

My card! I had not had such a thing in my possession since I had settled down at Llyswenny.

"I have not a card with me," said I; "but my name is Woodward."

"Are you known to his lordship?"

"A perfect stranger," said I.

"Have you no note—no letter of introduction?"

"None," said I, sighing.

"I fear then," said the porter, very civilly, "that I cannot admit you. You had better write to his lordship, and if your business requires an interview he will fix the hour for you to attend."

"I am a poor clergyman," said I. "I have walked up from Wales to solicit a favour of his lordship."

"Walked all the way from Wales? Step in. I will speak to his lordship's secretary."

I entered the hall, and while the porter was gone on his errand, I sunk exhausted on a chair. My knees trembled so I could not stand.

In a few minutes the man returned and bade me follow him into a small parlour near the door. I found a gentleman standing there, dressed in a court suit of black. He told me to be seated, spoke kindly to me and asked me my business.

I told him as concisely as I could, and expressed a hope that his lordship would not refuse to see me.

I fancied—it might have been nought but fancy—that a tear stood in his eye. He certainly raised his handkerchief to his face, coughed several times, and turned away from me.

He left the room without replying to me, and in a short time, though it seemed an hour to me, returned and told me that Lord E—— would see me.

I was shown into a large room furnished with well-stored bookshelves, library-tables, and reading-chairs. I saw a small benevolent-looking man sitting at one of the tables, almost obscured by masses of papers, and nearly hidden by the arms and back of a library-chair.

"The Lord Chancellor," said the secretary, as he left the room.

The moment had arrived that was to decide my fate. I had got up a set speech by heart and tried to utter it. I could not speak. I essayed to do so but a giddiness came over me, my ideas were confused, my tongue refused its office, and I felt as if I was dying.

I have no recollection of what passed until on opening my eyes and gazing round me I found his lordship and his secretary standing at my side, and a servant bathing my temples with cold water.

I apologized as well as I could for giving so much trouble. His lordship begged me to be calm, and when the secretary and the servant had left us told me not to flutter myself but to tell him my business.

I told him all, my poverty, my length of service in the parish, my wife's dying state, my struggles to support my large family, my hopes and fears, the particulars of my journey, and concluded by begging of him to confer upon me the vacant living of Llyswenny.

He heard me without interrupting me, but I saw through my own tears, that the moisture from his eyes trickled down his cheek, and fell upon the papers that lay before him. I felt comfort from the sight, for I had excited his sympathy.

At length he spoke in a low melodious voice.

"I regret, dear sir, to say that the living of Llyswenny for which you ask, and to which your services, as curate, give you a claim, was given away ten days since. My friend Sir Robert —— applied on behalf of a man of whom he spoke in such high terms, that I immediately gave

him the presentation. Why did not you apply, by letter, as soon as you heard of the vacancy."

"I did not dare presume so far, my lord," I replied.

"And yet you presumed to ask for an interview, and found courage to make your request in person, without introduction, without even a letter of recommendation."

"I thought, my lord, it would be more respectful, more dutiful."

"To leave a sick, a dying wife, your home and your children, to expend your small means and exhaust your strength on a long journey, with the hope of gaining access to a person so notoriously difficult of access as a Lord Chancellor, when you might have saved all the trouble and expense by doing as hundreds do who have not half the claims you have, writing and almost demanding the vacant benefice! Well, well —I am sorry I cannot reward your modesty and your toils—Llyswenny is disposed of."

"Would your lordship ask the successful applicant, the new rector, to continue me as his curate; I will undertake it even at a smaller sum. I will struggle long and hard, do any thing rather than remove my wife from the home she loves so well. She cannot long survive, and when she is gone, I will quit the spot, wander forth and settle where Providence may be pleased to appoint my widowed lot."

"I must again regret," said Lord E——, "that I cannot interfere in the matter. But write to him yourself, state your case as simply and as plainly as you have stated it to me. You may add, that *I* advised you to do so. My secretary will furnish you with his address. Write to me and let me know the result of your application; and now go home again, comfort your sick wife, cherish your dear children, and trust in him who will not suffer the righteous to be forsaken, nor his seed to beg their bread."

I rose to leave him, a ruined, a broken-hearted man.

"Stay one moment," said his lordship.

I stood in the middle of the library, but my heart was in the mountains of Wales. I saw my home—now no longer my home—my wife dying, my children in despair.

I was roused from my wretched dream by his lordship. He touched my arm gently, put into my hand a small pocket Bible, tied round with a piece of office tape.

"Accept," said he, "this copy of *the* Book. When you get to your lodgings open it—I have marked a page in it, I trust you may find consolation from its contents—adieu! Write to me when you get home and have communicated with your rector."

I left the room and the house. I wandered I scarcely knew whither. I cared not what became of me, for the darkness of despair was on my soul. I shudder to think that I even meditated self-murder.

"Why should I live?" said I. "Where am I to find hope or consolation now?"

Something fell at my feet—I looked down, it was the Bible, the gift of Lord E——. I was answered.

Inspired with hope, I sought the house of the kind silversmith. I told him of my failure, and begged to be allowed to pass a solitary hour in his bed-room. My request was granted. I locked myself in

—relieved my surcharged heart in prayer and cries for help in my time of trouble.

I rose comforted and untied my present. It opened at the passage, "Come to me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will refresh you," for a piece of paper had been inserted between the pages. The paper fell at my feet but I finished the chapter before I stooped to pick it up. When I had done so I examined it, and you may judge of my surprise, my joy, my ecstasy, when I found it was a bank-note for 50*l.*

Need I say that I wrote to thank his lordship for his generosity—that I reclaimed my watch of the kind silversmith, and would have recompensed him for his kindness had he permitted it—that I took my place in the mail and hastened home to communicate my good fortune to my loved ones? I trow not.

Well I hurried home, and tedious as my journey had been to London, the way back again appeared far more so. Every yard seemed a mile, and when at length I reached Llyswenny, I was worn out and wearied.

My wife bade me be comforted. She felt assured, she said, that all would yet be well, that she should die in the house she loved so dearly.

I wrote to the new rector, told him my simple story, and begged him to appoint me his curate if it were but for one year. I received a civil answer from him, but a notice to quit in three months, as he meant to come into residence himself.

Those three months sufficed however. Consumption did its work rapidly. My wife died in the home of her married life—the parsonage of Llyswenny.

I wrote to the Chancellor in obedience to his lordship's command, and sought about me to find a vacant curacy whither I might remove with my family. My search proved vain, and I was about to accept a small lodging in a cottage belonging to my friend and former pupil, when a letter arrived sealed with an official stamp.

I opened it in fear and trembling, for I was a poor, nervous, shattered creature. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir,

"I am happy to tell you that the Lord Chancellor has appointed you to the vacant vicarage of Clearstream in the county of Hants, value 230*l.* per annum, with a house. You will find the necessary papers at the Presentation-office in the Temple, and I wish you joy of your preferment.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"——— ———

"Clerk of the Presentations."

This sudden step from poverty and want, to what appeared t o me unbounded, inexhaustible riches proved too much for me. I was so ill that I could not even write to thank my kind patron for his bounty. Joy, however, seldom kills us. I recovered, sold my little stock, and with my three youngest children, and my sister, who kindly superin-

tends my household, removed to this spot, where I have been, and am as happy as a mortal can be in this our world below.

I need hardly tell you that as long as Lord E—— lived his name was never forgotten in my prayers."

"I wish I was a Lord Chancellor," said I to myself, when the vicar had ended his tale. "I envy every man who has it in his power to make another happy. How soundly Lord E—— must have slept that night when he bestowed *50l.* on this worthy man; and yet the world called him parsimonious—stingy. Bah!"

Having got rid of this bit of spleen, I turned to examine my pipe—something had "put my pipe out." Water extinguishes fire, and I believe my eyes had been "doing Niobe" at the vicar's joys and woes. I did not relight it, but went home and fell asleep after I had offered up a prayer for the welfare of the good and single-minded vicar of Clearstream. I really believe I left my grog unfinished; but my kind friend the professor says, he has strong doubts about *that* part of my story. Does he judge of me by himself?

AN UNDERTAKER.

Is an Illwiller to the Human Race. He is by Profession an Enemy to his Species, and can no more look kindly at his Fellows than the Sheriff's Officer; for why, his Profit begins with an Arrest for the Debt of Nature. As the Bailiff looks on a failing Man so doth he, and with the same Hope, namely, to take the Body.

Hence hath he little Sympathy with his Kind, small Pity for the Poor, and least of all for the Widow and the Orphan, whom he regards, Planter like, but as so many Blacks on his Estate. If he have any Community of Feeling, it is with the Sexton, who has likewise a Per Centage on the Bills of Mortality, and never sees a Picture of Health but he longs to ingrave it. Both have the same quick Ear for a Churchyard Cough, and both the same Relish for the same Music, to wit, the Toll of Saint Sepulchre. Moreover, both go constantly in black—howbeit 'tis no Mourning Suit but a Livery—for he grieves no more for the Defunct than the Bird of the same Plumage, that is the Undertaker to a dead Horse.

As a Neighbour he is to be shunned. To live opposite to him is to fall under the Evil Eye. Like the Witch that forespeaks other Cattle, he would rot you as soon as look at you, if it could be done at a Glance; but that Magic being out of Date, he contents himself with choosing the very Spot on the House Front that shall serve for a Hatchment. Thenceforward he watches your going out and your coming in: your rising up and your lying down, and all your Domestic Imports of Drink and Victual, so that the veriest She Gossip in the Parish is not more familiar with your Modes and Means of Living, nor knows so certainly whether the Visiter, that calls daily in his Chariot is a mere Friend or a Physician. Also he knows your Age to a Year, and your Height to an Inch, for he hath measured you with his Eye for a Coffin, and your Ponderosity to a Pound, for he hath an Interest in the Dead Weight,

and hath so far inquired into your Fortune as to guess with what Equipage you shall travel, on your last Journey. For, in professional Curiosity, he is truly a *Pall* Pry. Wherefore to dwell near him is as melancholy as to live in view of a Churchyard; but to be within Sound of his Hammering is to hear the Knocking at Death's Door.

To be Friends with an Undertaker is as impossible as to be the Crony of a Crocodile. He is by Trade a Hypocrite, and deals of Necessity in Mental Reservations and Equivoques. Thus he drinks to your good Health, but hopes, secretly, it will not endure. He is glad to find you so hearty as to be Apoplectic; and rejoices to see you so stout,—with a short Neck. He bids you beware of your old Gout —and recommends a Quack Doctor. He laments the malignant Fever so prevalent—and wishes you may get it. He compliments your Complexion—when it is Blue or Yellow: admires your upright Carriage,—and hopes it will break down. Wishes you good Day—but means everlasting Night; and commends his Respects to your Father and Mother—but hopes you do not honour them. In short, his good Wishes are treacherous; his Inquiries are suspicious; and his Civilities are dangerous; as when he proffereth the Use of his Coach—or to see you Home.

For the rest, he is still at odds with Humanity; at constant Issue with its Naturalists, and its Philanthropists, its Sages, its Counsellors, and its Legislators. For example, he praises the Weather—with the Wind at East; and rejoices in a wet Spring and Fall, for Death and he reap with one Sickle, and have a good or bad Harvest in common. He objects not to Bones in Bread (being as it were his own Diet), nor to ill Drugs in Beer, nor to Sugar of Lead or arsenical Finings in Wine, nor to ardent Spirits, nor to Interment in Churches. Neither doth he discountenance the Sitting on Infants; nor the swallowing of Plum Stones; nor of cold Ices at hot Balls—nor the drinking of Embrocations, nay he hath been known to contend that the wrong Dose was the right one. He approves, *contra* the Physicians, of a damp Bed, and wet Feet,—of a hot Head and cold Extremities, and lends his own Countenance to the Natural Small Pox, rather than encourage Vaccination—which he calls a flying in the Face of Providence. Add to these, a free Trade in Poisons, whereby the Oxalic Crystals may currently become Proxy for the Epsom ones; and the corrosive Sublimate as common as Salt in Porridge. To the same End he would give unto every Cockney a Privilege to shoot, within ten miles round London, without a Taxed Licence, and would never concur in a Fine or Deodand for Fast Driving, except the Vehicle were a Hearse. Thus, whatever the popular Cry, he runs counter: a Heretic in Opinion, and a Hypocrite in Practice, as when he pretends to be sorrowful at a Funeral; or, what is worse, affects to pity the ill-paid Poor, and yet helpeth to screw them down.

To conclude, he is a Personage of ill Presage to the House of Life: a Raven on the Chimney Pot—a Deathwatch in the Wainscot,—a Winding Sheet in the Candle. To meet with him is ominous. His Looks are sinister; his Dress is lugubrious; his Speech is prophetic; and his Touch is mortal. Nevertheless he hath one Merit, and in this our World, and in these our Times, it is a main one; namely, that whatever he *Undertakes* he *Performs*.

T. H.

FREAKS OF PHILOSOPHY.

CURIOUS OPINIONS RESPECTING THE MORALITY, POLITICS, AND RELIGION OF BEASTS AND BIRDS.

Amongst the speculations that engaged the learned world in the twilight of philosophy, not the least curious were those upon the psychology of the lower animals. Had beasts souls? Were birds rational beings? Were fishes responsible for their actions? Did bees and emmets equal or *excel* mankind in moral and intellectual endowments?

We smile at these discussions now, yet such questions were formerly discussed earnestly, learnedly, and furiously. If Des Cartes degraded the brute creation into puppets or *automata*, there were not wanting sages who flew to the opposite pole of doctrine, and exalted the beast above the man. These were the days of undaunted heresy and intrepid paradox. In the disparagement of humanity, human ingenuity was exhausted. There was no occasion for the lion to turn painter; the superiority of the brute was not only admitted, but proclaimed. Brutes possessed reason, were adorned with the virtues, and even held to be capable of religion—nay, the particular creeds were specified, which the tenants of the woods and waters were said to have embraced!

This is a curious chapter in the long history of the freaks and wanderings of the human mind, and a few illustrations can scarcely fail to prove entertaining. There are no curiosities in phial or glass-case equal in interest to the eccentricities of learning and the abortions of philosophy.

To trace to their source the strange opinions that have been held as to the *morale* of the brute creation, it would be necessary to refer to the Ægyptian theology, the original principle of which was the sentiment of veneration for such beasts, birds, or reptiles, as were popularly believed to have been the teachers and benefactors of the human species.

"It was no marvel," says Bacon, in the "Advancement of Learning," "the manner of antiquity being to consecrate *inventors*, that the Ægyptians had so few human idols in their temples, but almost all *brute*."

In the opinion of the same writer, the invention of arts and sciences is more justly to be ascribed to birds and beasts, than to all the philosophy and logic of antiquity. "Hitherto, it should seem that men are rather beholden to a wild-goat for surgery,* to a nightingale for music, or to the ibis for a certain part of physic, than to logic for the discovery of sciences and arts."

This is a high compliment to the dens and caves, at the expense of

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* A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought,
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel and ease the grief.
Dryden's *Æneid*.

It is to this passage of Virgil that Bacon alludes.

the porticos and the schools. If it be asked what *method* of invention the lower animals have pursued—what process made the goat a chirurgeon, the nightingale a Prima Donna, or the ibis an apothecary, Bacon answers, that the impulse is the same with the brute as with the man. Necessity established the first college, and Hunger was the first Master of Arts. If it was said by one philosophic poet of men—

Labor omnia vincit
Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.*

It was said of birds by another,

Quis expedivit psittaco suum XAIPE,
Picasque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis, ingeniique largitor
Venter.†

Thus with respect to *invention*, we find beasts placed in the same rank with men by the highest philosophical authority. It is to be recollected, however, that Bacon is only speaking of the state of the inventive processes before the reform of philosophy. He magnifies the brute creation only so far as to maintain that, in total ignorance of the Aristotelian logic, they made greater progress as inventors of arts and science, than the cultivators of that logic ever made, or were capable of making, by the aid of so weak an organ.

Had the venerable goat who founded the College of Surgeons also been the inventor of Syllogism, it is questionable if it would have raised him in the opinion of Bacon.

The earliest observations, then, in natural history, having led to the actual deification of dogs, bulls, birds, and serpents, we perceive the source of the exaggerated notions of the faculties and *talents* of the lower animals that prevailed in the ancient world. Virgil ascribes a divinity to his bees, thus exceeding the most sanguine descriptions of the same insect that occur in modern poetry; for instance, in Shakspeare, who considers the bee merely as a merchant, a soldier, an architect—at the very most a freeholder and a justice of the peace.‡

So work the honey bees;
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some like magistrates correct at home;

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* What cannot endless labour urged by need?
DRYDEN.

† Who taught the parrot Grecian words,
And Roman speech to vulgar birds?
Venter, the master he of arts,
Bestower of ingenious parts.
GIFFARD.

‡ From Shakspeare's portraits of the "Great Unpaid," we may safely conclude that he would never have dreamed of paying them the compliment that Virgil pays to his bees. Perhaps from the Shakspearean days to these, there have been few Justices of the Peace in whose praise the following lines could honestly be parodied:

Induced by such examples, some have taught
That bees have portions of ethereal thought,—
Endued with particles of heavenly fire.
DRYDEN'S *Georgics*.

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who busied in his majesty surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey, &c.

The same political influence is ascribed in the "Paradise Lost" to the emmet. It is curious to observe how Milton's democracy forbade him to hold up the monarchical bees as teachers of "the act of order to peopled kingdoms."

First crept
The parsimonious emmet, provident
Of future; in small room large heart enclosed:
Pattern of just equality perhaps
Hereafter, joined in *her popular tribes*
Of commonalty.

But neither our republican nor our monarchical poet claims divine honours for his chosen insect, or more than the distinction of setting a pattern of civil government to the human species.

We shall now see how, not a poet like Virgil, but a philosopher like Celsus, compares man with other animals, and pronounces not only the intellectual, but the moral and religious superiority of the latter! The design of Celsus was to confute the Christian doctrine, that all things were made for the use of man; and to that end he maintained that the bestial nature not only equalled, but excelled the human! He affirmed that beasts have forms of government, and are uniformly just and charitable (which it is most certain that men are not). Ants, he contended, are endowed with reason in the highest degree, have naturally the notions of several universal truths, and are in possession of a language, a grammar of which, however, he neglected to publish.

"If men," he said, "are proud of their knowledge of magic, eagles and serpents know more of it than they. These animals are familiar with many antidotes against poisons and diseases, which men value so much, that when they find some of them, they think they have found a treasure."

But the climax of the paradoxes of this celebrated heresiarch, is the passage following:

"If any one pretends to raise man above other animals, because he is capable of knowing the Deity, let him know that there are many beasts who may boast of the same advantage. For can any thing be more divine than to foresee and predict things to come? Now other animals, especially birds, are in that respect the masters of men, and the art of our diviners consists only in understanding what these animals teach them; which shows us that they have naturally a more frequent and more strict commerce with the Deity than we have; that *they exceed us in knowledge, and are dearer to God than we!*

"The most knowing men say also that those animals converse together *in a more holy and noble manner* than we do. As for the elephants, there is no creature that shows a more religious respect for oaths, or a more

inviolable fidelity, which doubtless proceeds from no other cause than their *knowledge of God.*"

It is well known that Pliny numbers religion amongst the eminent qualities of the elephant, without, however, contending like Celsus, that he is *more* devout than man.

"The elephant approaches *nearest* to the human understanding; he comprehends the language of his country, obeys authorities, remembers orders and instructions. He is not only capable of love, but of glory. Nay, he is endued with probity, discretion, equity, and religion,—qualities rare even amongst men! He worships the sun and moon. It is related that in the Moorish forests they go down in herds to the banks of a certain river, when the moon is new; solemnly sprinkle themselves with the waters, and making obeisance to the planet, return to their sylvan seats. Such is their understanding also of the religious observances of men, that *they refuse to embark in ships until they have been guaranteed a safe return upon the captain's oath.*"

This last statement would seem to be rather prejudicial than otherwise to the intellectual repute of the elephant; for we may safely presume that the captains of ships who transported these animals to Italy and other countries, broke their engagements with little scruple.

The elephants in the time of Pliny appear not to have known man as well as they were thought to "know God."

But there is no more curious encomium upon the talents and virtues of this singular quadruped than exists upon the records of the British Parliament, as we are assured by so great an authority as Sir Edward Coke, in the Fourth Institute. The passage is especially deserving of the attention of the members of the House of Commons.

"It appeareth in a Parliament Roll, that the parliament being, as it hath been called, *commune concilium*, every member of the House being a counsellor, should have *three properties of the elephant;* first, that he hath no gall; secondly, that he is inflexible and cannot bow; thirdly, that he hath a most ripe and perfect memory, which properties, as there it is said, ought to be in every member of the great council of parliament. First to be without gall,—that is, without malice, rancour, heat, or envy. *In elephante melancholia transit in nutrimentum corporis.* Every gallish inclination (if any were) should tend to the good of the whole body, or the commonwealth. Secondly, that he be constant, inflexible, and not to be bowed, or turned from the right, either for fear, reward, or favour, nor in judgment respect any person. Thirdly, of a ripe memory, that they remembering perils past might prevent dangers to come, as in that roll of parliament it appeareth.

"Whereunto we will add two other properties of the elephant: the one that though they be *maximæ virtutis et maximæ intellectus*, of greatest strength and understanding, *tamen gregatim semper incedunt*, yet they are sociable and go in companies, for *animalia gregalia non sunt nociva, sed animalia solivaga sunt nociva.* Sociable creatures that go in flocks or herds are not hurtful, as deer, sheep, &c.; but beasts that walk solely or singularly, as bears, foxes, &c., are dangerous and hurtful. The other, that the elephant is *Philan-*

thropos. Homini erranti viam ostendit. AND THESE PROPERTIES OUGHT EVERY PARLIAMENT MAN TO HAVE."

Members of Parliament are "sociable creatures" enough at ministerial banquets and Mr. Speaker's dinners, and if they do not "go in companies" they are apt to go in *parties*. The principle,

Animalia gregalia non sunt nociva,

borrowed from Aristotle, is open to a question. What would Sir Edward Coke have said of a pack of hounds? And it is remarkable that it is to a pack of hounds, and not to a herd of elephants, that another eminent constitutional authority, Lord Bolingbroke, compares the English House of Commons.

"You know," he says in his letter to Sir William Wyndham, "the nature of that assembly; they grow, *like hounds*, fond of the man who shows them *game*, and by whose *halloo* they are used to be encouraged."*

"The Deity is the soul of brutes," was the maxim of a school of philosophy, including even many celebrated divines. Arnobius held that beasts are the equals of men in point of reason; Lactantius went nearly as far; Maimonides ascribed to them "free will." To this it was objected by M. Arnauld, in his reflections upon the system of Mallebranche, that it would follow that beasts might be rewarded, or punished in another world. The advocates of the beasts were not to be staggered by this conclusion from their premises. "When they were asked," we are told by Bayle, in the notes on the article "Rorarius," "what justice there was in the death of beasts, what sin they had committed, and why Heaven would allow *an innocent rat* to be pulled in pieces by a cat, they answered that it was so *ordered*, but that Heaven would *recompense that rat in another world*. It is very ridiculous," Bayle observes, "that there should be a Heaven for rats."

The Mahometans, at least, cannot fairly object to a "Heaven for rats," as they admit the camel into their Paradise. The camel, certainly, is a nobler animal than the rat, but when the door has been opened to one branch of the animal kingdom, it is hard to close it against any of the rest. A rat may well get in where a camel can effect an entrance. It is only the particular camel which carried the prophet from Mecca to Medina, and marvellously conducted him to the door of the very house he designed to visit, that the Mahometans have made free of their Elysium; but is it likely that a camel of such transcendent sanctity will not recollect the ties of kindred, and bring in all his hunchbacked relatives throughout the East along with him?

Rorarius, who was nuncio of Clement VII. at the court of Ferdinand, King of Hungary, wrote a book entitled a "Plea for Rats," in

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* In the "Sylva" of Ben Jonson, is a notice of "an elephant in 1630, that came hither ambassador from the Great Mogul. This elephant could both read and write, and was every day allowed twelve casts of bread, twenty quarts of Canary, besides nuts and almonds the citizens' wives sent him. He had a Spanish boy to his interpreter, and his chief negotiation was to confer, or practise with Archy, the principal fool of state, about stealing hence Windsor Castle, and carrying it away on his back —if he can."

which, we may presume, he advocated the claims of that interesting quadruped to immortal bliss. Whether rats have a religion may be a question, but there is no controversy at all about their wisdom.

"Wisdom for a man's self," says Bacon, "is in many branches thereof a depraved thing: it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house sometime before it fall."

We should be curious to meet with the work of Rorarius, were it only to ascertain whether he pleaded for rats in general, or only for the four-footed variety. The nuncio, however, wrote other and more enlarged treatises with the same object, to prove that beasts have not only reason but make a better use of it than men. The disgust he conceived at hearing a learned contemporary maintain the inferiority of the Emperor Charles V. to Frederick Barbarossa, drove this extravagant polemic to back the brute creation for intelligence against his own species.

Rorarius advocated the free will of his zoological clients: he had himself seen two wolves hanged on a gibbet in a certain part of Germany, and observed that the execution made the most salutary impression upon the other wolves, a greater impression than branding, or the loss of an ear, commonly makes upon human banditti. He also asserts that it is usual in Africa to crucify lions *in terrorem*, and that the spectacle is found most effectual in teaching those lordly depredators to respect the rights of life and property.

Hawks and kites are nailed to our barn-doors on the same principle to this day, so that the facts stated by Rorarius respecting the wolves and lions are not unworthy of credit; and it further appears from the practice of our gamekeepers, that if birds of prey are not believed at present to be moral agents, they are at least supposed to be under the influence of fear, and capable of self-control. That enthusiastic naturalist, Mr. Waterton, while he so earnestly inveighs against the persecution of ravens, hawks, and carrion-crows, and arraigns the proceedings of the gamekeepers of England, does not deny the utility of ornithological executions upon his calumniated favourites, but rests their defence upon the comparatively small damage they commit, compared with the evils that result from the methods taken to exterminate them, and particularly the mischief occasioned by the gamekeepers themselves.

We have seen that Rorarius and others claimed free will for the beasts of the forest. The Dominicans denied the free will of men; and to demolish the Dominican doctrine, a Jesuit, named Theophilus Raynaud, published a tract entitled "Calvinism, the Religion of Beasts!"

The "Hind and Panther" might have been given to the world in those days as a true history of the religious opinions and dissensions of quadrupeds. A catholic deer, a protestant panther, an anabaptist boar, a calvinistic wolf, were no fabulous personages, according to the systems of Celsus and his followers.

Dryden ought to have justified his allegory by the authority of Rorarius and the Jesuit Raynaud, instead of the example of Æsop. A poetical believer in Raynaud's doctrines may be supposed to have written, without parable, such a description of wolves as the following,

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear with belly gaunt and famished face;
Never was so deformed a beast of grace,
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.

It is nearly as easy to imagine a calvinistic wolf as *a poetical* ass; yet that Ammonius, a philosopher who lived in the reign of Anastasius, possessed an ass thus highly gifted, is recorded by Photius, who tells us that "this Ammonius had an ass of a wonderful taste for poetry; for he had rather forbear eating the meal he had before him, and suffer hunger, than interrupt his attention to the reading of a poem."

This was an invaluable fact for the schools of Celsus and Rorarius. Photius has not made us acquainted with the particular poem which so fascinated a critic, who may truly be said to have had *an ear* for poetry; but judging from the asinine taste that prevails to this day, it was probably some epic of Bavius, or some Mœvian ode. There were asses in England who brayed applause, when Blackmore wrote his "Job," and there are living asses who have "a wonderful taste" for such works as "Satan" and "Luther." Ammonius's ass founded a school.

If father Pardies was right in the doctrines which he maintained in his treatise "De la Connoissance des Bêtes," the ass of Ammonius might not only have been a judge of poetry, but might have been *actually* a poet. This learned father (being an advocate of the Cartesian theory) contended that "a rational soul was not only unnecessary for the purposes of walking, drinking, and eating, but even to enable an animal to speak, and *speak as long as a preacher in a sermon of an hour, or a lawyer in a long plea.*"

These are the father's words; and if we only regard the length of a discourse or a pleading, there is no good reason why the duties of the bar and senate might not be efficiently discharged by one of the barking machines, or cackling automata of Des Cartes. We know that a machine of wood and iron, made by mortal manufacturers at Birmingham or Sheffield, is capable of performing arithmetical calculations with precision; and why may not that far more elaborate and more exquisitely-contrived piece of machinery, an ass, or a parrot, execute the much less arduous task of producing a long oration without an argument, or an epic poem without a grain of sense, or a note of music? The fact, however, may be this, that human asses and human parrots, geese, and magpies, excel their brethren of the fields and forests in the power of *sustaining* their meaningless outcries, and inconsequent chatter for a considerable length of time. The feathered goose never gabbles consecutively for an hour; the most eloquent parrot delivers his sentiments briefly and intermittingly. In like manner, if you observe the common ass, you will find that he never utters a protracted bray, like his biped kinsman; if the former is poetical, he chaunts you a sonnet, or at most, an ode; but when the latter is inspired, he can keep up the bray for twenty cantos; the conclusion from which is, that when men *are* geese or donkeys, they are geese and donkeys in a supereminent degree: following the sage advice of

Launce, "I would have him who takes upon him to be a dog, to be a dog *indeed*, and, as it were, a dog at all things."

That the goose can sing as well as the swan, Virgil may be cited to prove. For how does he describe the goose which saved the capitol as that memorable bird was sculptured upon the shield of Æneas?

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus Gallos in limine adesse *canebat.*

To be sure in another place he says,

—— argutos *interstrepere* anser olores;

but then, upon the other hand, we find him elsewhere applying the epithet *raucus* (harsh, or dissonant) to the cygnet; so that Virgil upon the whole makes marvellously little distinction between the two birds, considering that he is numbered amongst the swans himself. Should the goose at any time take up one of his own quills—(and who has so good a right to wield that weapon?)—to vindicate the reputation of his species from the scoffs of men, he may find these critical remarks serviceable, and he is free to make whatever use he may please of them.

It is right that he (the goose) should also know how his race has been libelled by the philosopher of Malmesbury, who asserts in the dedication of his "Leviathan," "that party writers defend the supreme powers, as the *geese* by their *cackling* defended the Romans, who held the capitol, for they (the geese) favoured the Romans no more than their enemies, but were *as ready to have defended the Gauls, if they had been possessed of the capitol.*"

A pamphleteering goose, *anser*-ing this attack, might fairly observe that Hobbes, being himself a party-writer, is an authority against himself and his class, of the very greatest weight; that the unprincipled character of human partisanship may therefore be considered as established upon the best grounds; but that the stigma cast upon the Roman geese, and of course affecting the geese of all nations, is mere assertion, and just such a gratuitous slander as might be expected from a writer avowedly dishonest and unscrupulous, and who confesses that he and his fellows, had they been the sentries of the capitol, would have been just as ready to defend it for the enemy as for their own friends and countrymen. Should the goose take the trouble of peeping into Macrobius, he would there meet an anecdote which clearly shows that birds are not such Swiss as the author of the "Leviathan" admits that men are in party conflicts. Macrobius tells a story of a trimmer of the human species—not a goose—who taught two ravens, one to congratulate Mark Antony, and the other to compliment Augustus Cæsar. We may fairly conclude that this shuffling politician was unable to prevail upon a single raven to croak the two contradictory notes, or imitate his own duplicity. If ravens, or magpies, ever show a double tongue, it is when their tongues are split in twain by the cruelty of man. There is no occasion to split the human tongue to make it speak two languages, and cackle to-day for the Romans and to-morrow for the Gauls.

The song of the dying swan was believed to have been the utterance of that fabled bird's exultation at the prospect of an endless felicity,

——— where the river of bliss
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers its amber stream;

or rather a farewell melody to the parting spirit, issuing through its arched and convoluted neck.

Longa canoros
Dant per colla modos; sonat amnis, et Asia longe
Pulsa palus.

The faith of the swan in things spiritual is mentioned incidentally by Brantome in his "Mémoires des Femmes Illustres," where he relates the following anecdote of Margaret of Valois, sister to Francis the First.

"I have heard say of her that one of her maids of the bedchamber, whom she had a great affection for, being near death, she stirred not from her, fixing her eyes steadfastly upon her, even till after she was dead. Some of her more intimate ladies asked her why she beheld so wistly this dying creature? She answered that, having heard so many learned discourse that the soul and the spirit departed from the body as soon as it deceased, she had a mind to see whether there proceeded from it any wind or noise, or the least sound at the separation; but that she perceived nothing at all; and she told a reason which she had from the same doctors, that having asked them why the swan sung before his death, they answered, it was for the sake of the spirits that laboured to pass through his long neck; in like manner she said she had a mind to see the soul go out, or perceive and hear what this soul or spirit did at its departure."

In addition to the consent of antiquity, the modern evidence in support of the vocal powers of the swan is not to be questioned, without impeaching the oath of a divine, and the word of an Englishman. The divine was Rostorph, a Norwegian, and friend of Olaus Wormius, who did, as the latter assures us, "upon his credit, and with the interposition of *an oath*, solemnly affirm, that once in the territory of Drontheim, as he was standing on the sea-shore, early in the morning, he heard an unusual and sweet murmur, composed of most pleasant whistling sounds; he knew not at first from whence they came, for he saw no man near to produce them; but looking round about him, and climbing to the top of a promontory, he there espied an infinite number of swans gathered together, and making the most delightful harmony." This is the evidence, *on oath*, of a holy man; we shall now produce the simple affirmation of an Englishman, Mr. George Brawn, who declared to Aldrovandus "that *nothing was more common in England than to hear swans sing*: that they were bred in great numbers in the sea *near London*, and that every fleet that returned from a voyage to distant countries was *met by swans*, that came joyfully out to welcome their return, and salute them with loud and cheerful music!"

Thus we see that our species is not universally chargeable with an insolent assumption of all kinds of moral and intellectual superiority over the brute creation. Let us imagine a treatise written by a learned

elephant, or an ass of letters, to demonstrate the inferiority of man; it is wonderful what a host of authorities the four-footed author could produce in his favour, from the works of human *literati*. We have adduced but a few examples from a throng of philosophers and divines, who had the humility and candour to acknowledge themselves outdone by the beasts of the forest, the fowls of the air, nay, by the very creeping things, in ethics, in politics, and even in religion itself. Talk of philosophical arrogance after this! Talk of the uncharitableness of theologians! Asses have been admitted to Helicon, swans incorporated with Apollo and the Muses, bees and pismires ranked with Numa and Lycurgus, elephants laden with more honours than their huge backs could carry, and the very rat ushered into heaven! This may serve to abate not a little the surprise occasionally felt at the passion which possesses so many individuals of the human species for the society of the lower animals. Doubtless it is a lively faith in the doctrines of Celsus and Rorarius that leads so many gentlemen in this country to pass so much of their lives in the society of the stable, and the conversation of the kennel. What is commonly thought to be a propensity to mean associations with grooms and dog-boys, is in fact a noble communing with the superior natures of horses and hounds, whose neighings and barkings are of course the moralizings and philosophizings of those "best possible instructors." Ladies, in like manner, have their lapdogs, their squirrels, their parrots, and their bullfinches, not to amuse but to improve them. Shock was Belinda's Mentor, not her pet. Her poodle is to Clarissa what Socrates was to Aspasia, and Snap is Rosina's pedagogue, as Roger Ascham was to the Lady Jane Gray. In children we discern the germ of these tastes for improving and elevating companionships, in the fancy that little boys have for teams of kids, and girls for doves and guineapigs. Strange, if after all a rabbit is the true rabbi, and if it should turn out that the best schoolmaster abroad is the quiet little white mouse, with no Lord Brougham to puff his importance, but only a Savoyard with his hurdy-gurdy to recommend him to public notice! What if the menageries are the true schools and colleges, and the establishments of the Regent's Park and Surrey better academies for youth than the universities of the Cam and Isis! To be sure there are horses and dogs at Oxford and Cambridge, and they are followed at least as eagerly as those human usurpers of the province of education, styled tutors, doctors, and professors. Perhaps there may be asses too, as worthy to fill the chair of poetry as the donkey of Ammonius. But if beasts are the best preceptors, the places where beasts do congregate ought to be our chief resort; the Zoological Gardens ought to be declared the grand seminary of the nation, and presented with a charter.

THE BARNABYS IN AMERICA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. XVII.

THE party at Judge Johnson's furnished a fund of conversation for the whole of Mrs. Carmichael's large domestic circle on the morrow, and had not the heart of Mrs. Beauchamp been filled by higher considerations (for she had began to feel a very strong conviction that she was likely to become the agent of a revolution in public opinion concerning the slave states of America little less important than that achieved by the immortal Washington), she might have found considerable gratification to her national vanity in the cordial admiration expressed concerning every thing and every body there, by the English party whom she had introduced.

As it was, however, she was intent on higher thoughts, and did little more than smile and bow with contented urbanity, when Miss Matilda Perkins distinctly declared at breakfast, that much as she had always enjoyed the first-rate society of London—"Curzon-street and all, you know my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby!" she had never seen a more perfectly elegant company than those assembled at Judge Johnson's, "and as for the gentlemen," she added, blushing slightly, and fixing her eyes upon the smoking roll she was engaged in buttering, "I must say that there is a thorough fashionableness and gentility about them that I don't think at all common to be met with in the old world."

Not even the decisive and emphatic "very gentlemanlike men indeed" of Major Allen Barnaby, could do more than produce a repetition of the smile and the bow from Mrs. Beauchamp; although the colonel, her husband, was moved thereby to open his eyes more fully than he had yet done that morning, and to reply, "I am glad to find, sir, that you are so thoroughly brought to that conviction at once, because it will prevent any acting of prejudice upon your mind as you go on progressing in your acquaintance with the country. I expect, sir, it was the luckiest thing you ever did, coming to this part of the Union in the first instance, for in no other direction, almost, could you have hoped to have fallen in so completely with the right sort. You may depend upon it, Major Allen Barnaby, that the great proprietors in the slave-holding states of the Union, are the most perfect set of gentlemen upon God's earth."

But Mrs. Carmichael's breakfast table was large enough to admit of more conversations than one being carried on at the same time, and this slow, solemn, and deliberate speech of the colonel's did not at all interfere with what was passing at a little distance from him. For some reason or other, perhaps from remembering the success of Miss Beauchamp's efforts the evening before, to make the melancholy Miss Perkins look gay, Mr. Egerton, who had chanced to overtake the good spinster as she was descending the stairs, not only addressed her cheerfully as rather an intimate acquaintance, but actually offered his arm to conduct her across the hall, and in this way they entered the breakfast-

Mr. Barnaby reading her work to the "free and enlightened citizens"

room together. The Beauchamp family had already taken their places, and Miss Louisa, strengthened in spirit by the civility of her young countryman, actually took courage, as she slipped her arm away from his, to approach, *avec intention*, towards a vacant chair next below that which her friend Annie occupied, and was rewarded for the courageous exploit by an extended hand, and a smile of very kind welcome. As a matter of course, Mr. Egerton followed the steps of the lady he had escorted, and there being fortunately a second chair to be had, below that of Miss Louisa, he had the satisfaction of being able to place himself in close juxta-position to her, and it soon became evident not only to her observant sister, but to every body else who happened to be looking that way, that the acquaintance between them was ripening into very considerable intimacy, for he talked to her a great deal; and because she talked to her neighbour on the other side he began to talk to her too, notwithstanding his aversion to every thing so completely American. But he felt, or was beginning to feel, that there would be something quite ridiculous in his fighting the battles of his country by being rude to a young girl, however "thoroughly American" she might be, and being once awakened to the absurdity of such a line of conduct, he took great care to avoid it.

Miss Matilda, meanwhile, having gazed for some moments on the very new and puzzling spectacle of her sister in the act of being gaily talked to, and gaily listening, at length hit upon a solution, which easily and rationally accounted for the unusual degree of attention she appeared to be receiving. Miss Matilda remembered how uncommonly well she herself had looked in her pale pink silk the evening before, and what unmistakable proof of this she had received in the marked attentions of no less than six American gentlemen who had asked her to dance.

"I understand it all perfectly," thought she. "This Mr. Egerton is just like all other Englishmen—so vastly fond of whatever they think is coming into fashion. I know well enough what will come next; Louisa will have to introduce me. But I can't say I care much about it just now. That Mr. Franklin Brown is worth a dozen of him any day; and as for that odious American girl! she just sees that it won't do to give herself airs to any of us. We are all getting too much into fashion for that to answer. Yes; I understand it all."

Mrs. Beauchamp had, with an air of decision that no boarding-house etiquettes could oppose, seated herself next Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and the acquaintance between these two distinguished women was advancing so rapidly towards the familiarity of friendship, that they conversed wholly and solely with each other, and that only in whispers, and when the table broke up they left the room together, arm in arm.

Patty and her Don, seated as usual side by side, conversed also in whispers, but the happy bride condescended from time to time to interrupt this under colloquy by talking a little to the ladies named Hucks, and Grimes, concerning the last night's party, to which they had *not* been invited, and which, therefore, offered a theme particularly fertile, and to Patty, at least, particularly gratifying.

"But I wish you could tell me, Mrs. Grimes," said she, "something about that nice person, Mrs. General Gregory, as they call her. She was most uncommon civil to me, and is coming to call upon me

this very day; and I should like monstrously to know something about her first, that I mayn't make any horrid blunders you know, in talking to her."

"Oh my!" returned Mrs. Grimes, "a fine young lady like you need'nt in no way be afraid of talking to Mrs. General Gregory, for she would be quite up to understanding every thing you could say to her, if you was ten times over English, she is first-rate standing in all ways."

"Is she rich?" asked Patty.

"Oh, goodness! yes to be sure she is," was the reply. "They have not a chick nor child belonging to them, and they say his plantation is next largest to Judge Johnson's in Carolina. But then you know, in course, that she is one of the ladies of the new light, only she makes a difference from what the eastern new-lighters say, on some points, on account you know of the nigger population of Carolina."

This was by no means particularly intelligible to Madame Tornorino, and she immediately demanded, with her accustomed distinctness when asking a question, "Do you mean that she is a methodist?"

"She is one of the evangelical saints, ma'am," said Mrs. Hucks, in a tone that showed she held the persons she alluded to in great respect.

"Well, I don't care a farthing for that," replied Patty, "so as she don't wear a sanctified, frightful little bonnet, and a prim mouse-coloured gown; and I am sure I saw no symptom of that last night, for she was beautifully dressed, and almost as fine as mamma."

"I don't know whether it is the same in the old country," resumed Mrs. Grimes, "but with us there is a great difference in the manner in which serious ladies fix themselves. Some dress just as you say about the bonnet and gown, and an't that far different from quakers, while there's others, like Mrs. General Gregory, who declare that they despise giving any attention at all to such contemptible distinctions, and say that there's no warrant for thinking that either bonnets or gowns make any difference in holiness."

"Oh well, that's all right," returned Patty, "for we should never get on if she didn't approve fashionable dress, I can tell her."

"Well now, begging your pardon, ma'am," said Mrs. Grimes, "that's more of an American lady's feeling than I ever expected to hear from an English woman; for in course you know that the English have no great fame in the Union in the article of dress. All through the world, I take it, the Americans and the French stand highest in that article."

"I don't know any thing about that," replied Patty, "I only know that I wish I had only just one hundreth part of the fine clothes I've seen in London; but I shall talk to Mrs. General Gregory about it, for I intend to be great friends with her."

A favourable opportunity for putting this resolution in action was afforded exactly at that hour of the day when it is considered to be most genteel to make morning visits at New Orleans. Mrs. Major Allen Barnaby and Madame Tornorino were both asked for by the well appointed black footman who attended the carriage of Mrs. General Gregory, and Cleopatra, who answered the inquiry, having first shown the exquisitely dressed and highly respected visiter into the saloon, ran

up the stairs to give notice to those two favoured ladies of the honour that awaited them. Mrs. Allen Barnaby was at that moment in the act of writing a very important sentence in her note-book, under the dictation of Mrs. Beauchamp, but hastily threw down her pencil the moment she heard the summons, and prepared to obey it.

"Oh no! for Heaven's sake do not go now," cried Mrs. Beauchamp fervently. "The passage you are writing at this moment, my dearest Mrs. Allen Barnaby, may produce more effect from an English pen than any thing that has been written for years. For pity's sake don't go!"

Mrs. Allen Barnaby felt her own consequence at this moment with a thrill of delight that amply atoned to her for the loss of all the doubtful glories of Curzon-street; but being vastly too acute not to perceive the source of this dear new-born consequence, she at once decided upon hazarding the loss, or at any rate the delay, of the well-sounding new acquaintance in the drawing-room, and assuming a look and tone of enthusiasm, which might really have made her fortune on any stage, she replied, "Dream not of it, my invaluable friend! I am not blind to the value of every acquaintance in such a country as this; but there is that within my heart at this moment, which renders all ordinary intercourse insipid! I felt before I left my own dear, but most ill-informed country, that I was predestined, if I may so express myself, to the task of doing justice to this magnificent continent. It was an enormous sacrifice that I demanded of my high-born husband, and his only, his lovely, his newly-wedded child; but the especial gift that I have received from Heaven, my dearest Mrs. Beauchamp, is that I rarely speak in vain. I explained my views, my motives, my hopes! and you see the result. You see me arrived here from my splendid English home, surrounded, not by my own dear family only, but by valued friends, whom their many excellent qualities, as well as their large fortunes and distinguished birth, rendered important to us. This I have done for the United States of glorious America, and I leave you to judge, dearest lady, whether I am likely to turn from such an occupation as that in which we are now engaged, for the sake of any visiter in the world!"

It must not be supposed that Cleopatra waited to listen to this long harangue; on the contrary she did but deliver her message, and ran off again to repeat it to the "young madam," as she called Patty, who had already received her assistance in making herself rather finer than usual, in preparation for the great lady who was now arrived. Being thus ready, and alone (for her Don was as usual with his respected father-in-law), and in fact waiting for the summons, Madam Tornorino lost not a moment in obeying it, and was most exceedingly well pleased to find that her mamma did not appear; for she had often, of late, felt herself more thrown into the back ground than any married woman ought to be, by the overpowering claims of her female parent upon the eyes and ears of those around her, and she rejoiced to think that she should now have an opportunity of doing herself justice. Patty found her visiter seated in the middle of one of Mrs. Carmichael's large sofas, as if fearful that want of space might injure the flowing pea-green satin in which she was dressed; and when Madame Tornorino's un-

gloved and rather large hand was held out to welcome her, Mrs. General Gregory received it with the tips of her pale kid fingers, with a great deal of refinement and good taste. But Mrs. General Gregory had once passed eight weeks in France, and since that period the whole powers of her mind had been divided between two objects; the first of which was to be told by a few dearly beloved spiritual friends and advisers that she was fit to be a saint in heaven; and the next, to understand from all the world that she was sure to be taken for a French woman on earth. Having reseated herself after the salutation of Madame Tornorino, smoothed the folds of her robe, and arranged the lace of her cloak, Mrs. General Gregory opened the conversation by inquiring if Madame Tornorino had as yet attached herself to any particular congregation in the Union.

Few young women of Patty's age were better qualified to give an off-hand answer to a question not perfectly understood than herself; a faculty partly perhaps inherited from her mother, who had passed great part of her life in acquiring the art of appearing to know many things of which she was profoundly ignorant; but chiefly it was derived from an innate fund of original impudence, which gave her courage to dash at every thing, confident alike in her own cleverness, which she felt made a good hit probable, and in her own audacity, which she also felt would render defeat indifferent. But in spite both of this moral and intellectual courage, the question of her new acquaintance startled her. In most of her previous adventures of this hit-and-miss kind with strangers, she had either caught a glimpse of their meaning, or fancied she had done so, but now she had not the very slightest idea of what was meant, and was in the greatest danger of being forced to say so, when her good genius came to her aid, and shaking back her heavy black ringlets in the most unembarrassed manner possible, she said, "Why really, ma'am, we have had no time yet for any thing."

"I am delighted to hear it, my dear madam," replied the elegant visiter, "for in such a business as that to which I allude, nothing is so much to be avoided as rashness, and over haste. To say the honest truth, indeed, I was a little in the hope that I might find it so, and nothing can more exactly convene to my wishes than that by thus early cultivating your acquaintance I may be the means of leading you in the right way."

What was poor Patty to say now? Clever creature! She only shook her ringlets again, and said, "I am sure you are very kind."

"I mean to be so, my dear young friend," replied the excellent Mrs. General Gregory, looking with great kindness upon the French embroidery of Patty's collar and cuffs, which was as quickly discerned to be such by her studious and learned eye, as the text of an Elzevir by the sharp ken of a scholar—"I mean to be so. I am aware what the object of your admirable mother is in coming to this country, and I conceive it to be my bounden duty, knowing, as by grace and mercy I do, that I have made my own calling and election sure—I expect, my dear young lady, that it is neither more nor less I say than my commanded duty to do what I can towards helping others. And where, —oh! my—where shall I find any body so every manner worthy of

being helped on towards the same election as a family to whom the whole Union is likely to be so deeply indebted as they are to be to yours?"

Patty began to see light. She had already heard an immense deal of talk (considering how short a time she had been in the country) upon ELECTIONS of all imaginable sorts and kinds. In a free country like America, every thing is done by election from the choosing a president, to the appointing a pew-opener, and having listened with her usual sharpness to all this, she now became convinced that Mrs. General Gregory was going to propose her papa, or perhaps her own dear Don, for the stewardship of a ball, or a horse-race. Exceedingly delighted by this idea, Patty eagerly exclaimed,

"Dear me! how very kind and obliging—I don't think there is any thing that we should all of us, from first to last, like so well."

"All? alas! my dear young lady, *all* is too extensive a word," replied Mrs. General Gregory. "When you have reached my age," she added with a gentle smile, and still gentler sigh, "you will leave off including the gents so freely in such work as we are talking about. If you knew as well as I do, the often hardness of heart, and the frequent blindness of eyes in the unfeminine part of the best society, you would quite altogether, I expect, leave off saying a word about *all*."

The mystification of poor Patty now returned upon her with threefold darkness, and feeling that she was sinking deeper and deeper, and might very likely get into a scrape at last, her indigenous wit sprung up in another direction, and caused her to exclaim with an air of good-humoured *naïveté*,

"I declare, my dear ma'am, I don't believe that I understand what you mean?"

Mrs. General Gregory replied, first by looking earnestly and pitifully in her face for a few moments, and then by saying,

"Is it possible, my dear young lady, that by the ever-merciful but inscrutable interference of Providence, it falls to my happy lot to be the first that ever availed your dear precious young spirit of the necessity of calling together into families, the chosen of the Lord's people here on earth?"

"Why, really yes, ma'am," replied Patty, slightly yawning, "I can't say that in England I ever heard any thing said about dividing ladies and gentlemen into families."

"Are they indeed so benighted, my dear young friend?" demanded Mrs. General Gregory, clasping her hands fervently together, and heaving a deep sigh; "then, indeed, it will be a privilege and very precious glory to have the task of awakening the soul of a young lady whose appearance is so every way interesting and approvable."

And here again, the general's lady, perhaps involuntarily, looked at the pretty new dress which Madame Tornorino had obtained at Howel and James's, upon her papa's Curzon-street credit, a day or two before she left London.

"It will, indeed, be very precious to me, Madame Tornorino, my dear, to save so sweet a young brand from the burning!"

Now, here was sympathy if ever it existed upon earth. Mrs. General Gregory looked at Patty's silk and embroidery, and preached to

her about election, because she approved them; while Patty gazed upon Mrs. General Gregory's satin and lace, and patiently listened, because she too approved.

From this point the conversation proceeded very amicably, the American lady judiciously mixing enough of worldly talk, to make her friendly overtures palatable to the as yet unregenerated neophyte, and the English one enduring the "monstrous bore" of her new friend's talk, for the sake of having a fine acquaintance that seemed to think her of almost as much consequence as her mamma.

Chap. XVIII.

It will not be irrelevant to this minute narrative of the Barnaby progress through the United States, to give a slight sketch of this new friend of Madame Tornorino, as it will help to explain the cause for which so sedate and elegant a personage as Mrs. General Gregory deemed it desirable to cultivate an intimacy with the young and blooming impudence of our Patty. She had, in truth, very strong reasons for it.

As no race is so sharp as that which goes neck and neck from the starting to the winning-post, so no rivalry is so keen as that which, in like manner, exists between two persons nearly equal at all points. Between the ladies of the two great Carolinian planters, General Gregory and Colonel Beauchamp, there was at their country residences, near neighbourhood and considerable intimacy: and there was also, both in country and in town, a pretty constant, but even civil struggle, for superiority, in consideration, and (as the Transatlantics expressively term it) in *standing*. When, having both of them, passed the age of forty, the two wealthy possessors of two of the finest plantations and two of the finest gangs of slaves in South Carolina, united themselves in holy wedlock with two of the most celebrated beauties of Baltimore, the young ladies were installed in their respective mansions with a degree of *first-rateness* that was very dangerously equal; for it instantly gave birth to a rivalship, which had lasted ever since.

The first atom of ground gained by either of these ladies in advance of the other, was on the part of Mrs. General Gregory, who unexpectedly announced, *un beau matin* to her friend and neighbour, that she had just completed an arrangement with one of the general's French correspondents (a wholesale coffee-dealer), for his despatching to her, twice every year, a box of millinery *direct from Paris*.

For a few months this blow was felt severely. It was in vain that Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp appeared in the most elegant habiliments that Charlestown, New Orleans, Baltimore, or even New York itself could furnish; for it constantly happened upon her appearing before her neighbour with any article of dress which that lady had not before seen her wear, that an observation followed, accompanied with a multitude of obliging apologies, to the effect that she had that very morning received a letter direct, from her Paris milliner, to tell her that *that* particular article was completely out of fashion, and to warn her against any attempts on the part of the milliners of the United States, to pass such things off upon her as new.

It is necessary to know the sensitive delicacy of feeling on such

points which prevails among ladies of high standing in America, in order to conceive the severity of the trial to which the temper of Mrs. Beauchamp was exposed by this mode of proceeding. The first idea which occurred to her as suggesting the possibility of relief under it, was the opening a correspondence herself with a Parisian milliner; but unfortunately, Colonel Beauchamp's coffee was all consigned to Liverpool, and he had no French correspondent whatever. No, not even so much as at Havre, who might assist in favouring such a design. It was therefore after many vain attempts, finally abandoned, and the genius of Mrs. Beauchamp was called upon to devise some counter-current of superiority, which might enable her to shun the buffetings, and the bruises, which the high tide of her friend's good fortune had brought upon her.

Nor did the lady long meditate upon the subject in vain. She really was a clever woman, though on some particular subjects a little more vehement than reasonable; and upon every thing relating to her "unequalled country," as she always called it, and every thing connected with its constitution, laws, customs, and peculiarities, from an abhorrence of monarchy to an adoration of slavery inclusive, she not only was vehement both in feeling and expression, but would have considered it a very grievous sin to be otherwise.

People, who like Mrs. Beauchamp, think and speak, with more violence than profundity, are apt to attach value to their own powers of advocating whatever cause they espouse, and while the lady of Big Gang Bank, was meditating at what point her powers of intellect or of fortune might best enable her to outshine the lady of Rice Lawn Paradise, a certain thought darted into her head, which had she been desired to explain it, she would probably have called "a patriotic inspiration."

She suddenly remembered how her father, of honoured and blessed memory, had ceased not, morning, noon, or night, as long as life had been lent him, to hold forth on the atrocious *dishonesty* and *injustice* (these specific accusations being the favourite stronghold of his clique) of all those who dared to impugn the holiness and the lawfulness of slavery. She remembered too, the love, the reverence, the gratitude, and the admiration with which he had ever been listened to by every body, or at least by every body whose love, reverence, gratitude, and admiration, she thought worth having; and from that moment of happy reminiscence, which occurred exactly three years after her marriage, down to the present hour, Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp had acquired the reputation of being the most thorough-going, out-and-out patriot, and right-down, first-rate smart woman in the Union.

The result of this very brilliant success was speedily seen and painfully felt by Mrs. General Gregory: but she, too, as it seemed, had some kind, guardian spirit that watched over her destiny.

Some of

The light militia of the lower sky,

who in all lands watch over the changeful little destinies of the ladies, led her from Rice Lawn Paradise to the city of Baltimore, precisely at the moment when it was

Glowing like furnace

from end to end, with the burning eloquence of a multitude of itinerant

preachers, assembled there from all parts of the country, for the purpose of celebrating that very singular transatlantic solemnity, called "a Revival."

The same guardian sylph who had guided her in this propitious hour to Baltimore, guided her likewise into a fashionable chapel, where a fashionable preacher was assuring a multitude of fashionable ladies, that without the grace and comfort which he, and a few of his particular friends and brethren alone could give, they must all fall headlong into the bottomless pit.

While listening to this much-admired gentleman, Mrs. General Gregory was greatly struck by the beautiful display of feeling with which many first-rate ladies came forward at his call, and placed themselves on "the anxious benches" set apart for all those who wished to distinguish themselves by such a fearless demonstration of piety as this act demanded. In truth, Mrs. General Gregory was like many other persons, *very much* struck by this edifying spectacle.

She, too, wished to be distinguished, having, as we know, very particular reasons for it; and here (most providentially displayed to her) was a mode by which this earnest wish might be at once obtained. During the few moments of hesitation which followed the conception of this happy idea, she overheard the following remarks from some of the most elegantly-dressed ladies in the chapel, who fortunately happened to be placed immediately before her.

"My!" exclaimed one of them, "if there isn't Mrs. Governor Robson going right away for the anxious bench! That will make a pretty considerable noise, won't it?"

"Noise? I expect so, my dear," was the reply: "and won't she," added the second speaker, "be more the thing than ever with all the highflyers? My! what a sight of parties she'll be giving this Revival, I'll engage for it—and what an unhandsome fix we should have got into, shouldn't we, if we had taken it into our heads to stay away? We should have got no invites, you may be availed of that, I expect."

All this was uttered with very little restraint as to the tone of voice; for the noise produced near the anxious benches by the exhortations or the comfortings of the preachers prevented any thing uttered in any other part of the chapel from being heard, except by those very near the speaker. Every word, however, was distinctly heard by Mrs. General Gregory, and every word produced effect.

Before the same hour on the following day, she had been presented to the most celebrated of the reverend gentlemen, who were at that time performing at Baltimore, and having with all due ceremony declared herself desirous of becoming one of his congregation, she was installed as "a sister" accordingly—appeared on the anxious bench a few days afterwards, and being a lady of large fortune, and particularly desirous of becoming—

If not the first, in the very first line,

soon became spoken of in all directions as one of the most shining lights which had been for a long time added to the temple of the new Jerusalem.

For some time the excellent and exemplary Mrs. General Gregory

had every possible reason to be satisfied with the effects of the course she had pursued; she became, in her turn, the centre of a circle, and felt herself fully as able to sustain a competition with Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp as she had ever been. But at length she had the sagacity to discover that "highly distinguished" as she was, Mrs. Beauchamp's essays on the righteousness of slavery were listened to with more *gusto* by their mutual acquaintance, than her own little sermonettes on the righteousness of the elect; nor did the cause of this long remain a mystery to her. She saw plainly, in short, that the magnates of South Carolina were more inclined to sympathize with her rival's enthusiasm than with her own, and from this time forward it would have been impossible for any one acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, not to have admired the skill with which she made head against the difficulties she encountered. Her conversation became a sort of curious mosaic, made up as it were with bits of black and white, and showed such a skilful mixture of Christian texts, with slave-holding principles, as could certainly be met with in no country of the world, save that of which she had the honour and happiness of being a citizen.

But it answered perfectly, and if Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp was known among the best society of the Union, as a right-down first-rate patriot lady, Mrs. General Gregory was equally renowned as toppermost among the right-thinking of the saintly party, who knew the duty they owed to the Stars and the Stripes too well, not to make their religious principles square with the same.

It may in some cases be true that the native *literati* of America have no great reason to boast of the honours and profits accorded upon them in their own country, at least, before they have received the *timbre* bestowed upon them by the approbation of ours; but if they find readier and warmer welcome in other lands, the *literati* of other lands, *en revanche*, find in the United States a warmer welcome, perhaps, than any where else; it being quite sufficient for an individual to carry the name of author there, in order to ensure him a buzz of celebrity from one end of the country to the other.

No wonder, therefore, was it that Mrs. General Gregory, being in the position above described, should be desirous of sharing in the great Barnaby intimacy enjoyed by Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp: and when she discovered, as she did at the party of Mrs. Judge Johnson, that besides the authorship, there was the still nearer and dearer claim to friendship, which Mrs. Barnaby's loudly proclaimed opinion on the *great African subject* gave her, there was nothing which she did not feel ready to do, and to say, in order to obtain a forward and conspicuous place in the good opinion of the family.

No sooner, however, had Madame Tornorino become fully aware of the strongly pious propensities of her visiter, than her ardour to cultivate the acquaintance relaxed; and it is probable that she would not long have delayed betraying some symptoms of this, had not Mrs. General Gregory, either from anticipating this very natural result, or from yielding to her own native propensities, suddenly "changed her hand," and led the discourse to gayer themes.

"But, oh my!" she exclaimed, with a pleasant little laugh, "I must not keep on talking for everlasting this way about chapel-going, and all that sort of thing, to a pretty young lady like you, Madame

Tornorino, who in course must have your mind filled up, as yet, with plenty of other things—in part, you know, I mean, my dear—and that is all so very natural, that I can't say I realize it's being any wise improper. You will be pleased to remember, my dear, that my carriage and servants, and myself too, will be quite at your service, Madame Tornorino, whenever you like to declare your congregation—and I'll take you to the best seat in the chapel for seeing the company and the dresses, as well as for hearing that blessed vessel, Mr. Crawley, pour forth his balm: but if you like it better in the first place, I'll be delighted to take you with me and your honorable mamma too, if she'll be pleased to go, to a first-rate dancing party to-morrow night, that the lady of our prime newspaper writer of all this south part of the Union is going to give."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Patty, cheerily, "I should like it best of any thing, that is, if you are going to be so kind as to ask my husband, Don Tornorino, too?"

"Most certainly, my dear, I am. And will you go with me to chapel, next sabbath?"

Patty paused for half a moment before she replied, and her answer showed that she was improving rapidly in wisdom of all sorts.

"Oh, dear! yes, certainly, ma'am. I suppose that it is just the same as going to church in England, which is the best thing, I am sure, that one can do of a Sunday, because you know—"

It was lucky, perhaps, that Mrs. General Gregory's habit of making herself spokeswoman upon all religious subjects caused her to break in at this point upon Patty's speech, as it is possible that she might have completed it, by adding—"there is no other place full of people to go to;" but when her new acquaintance did it for her, by saying,

"I do, indeed, my dear—I do know that no place, except the Heaven of Heavens, its blessed self, can be so good for Christians to enter, as the chapels and churches of the saints," Patty was discreet enough to answer,

"Oh, yes; to be sure, ma'am, every one knows that, of course," adding, however, for the sake of a little useful information; "but you don't seem to be too stiff to go to dances and parties, ma'am."

"Goodness forbid, I should, my dear!" replied the general's lady. "I hold it to be exceeding sinful to turn my back upon the weak and the sinning, just because I have made my own election sure. I am sorry and grieved to say that there are in the Union some professing Christians, and not a few I am afraid, who act very differently. If you visit the eastern cities, you will find many such—but they are clearly benighted in their generation—and go about, it is dreadful to think of it, doing mischief instead of good; for it is the very same people as turn their faces away from their white fellow-creatures, as if they were not good enough for them, that go communing with the very people that wear God's mark upon their skins. The black descendants of wicked Cain, you know, my dear young lady, the horrid impure nigger slaves, that wear by nature the mark that ought to warn the people of God to turn away from them, and make them to labour from the rising up of the sun, even to the going down of the same, as the hand of the Lord points out.

"But we of the South, Madame Tornorino, I am happy and blessed

to say, know better. You will never see or hear of such abominations among the educated and elegant gentry of the slave-holding states—we are quite altogether a different people and population, as I hope your dear mamma will make manifest. And as to not going to balls and parties, my dear, I should blush to show any such weakness."

This last sentence, as every last sentence ought to do, left so pleasant an impression upon the mind of the person to whom it was addressed, that she remembered nothing which preceded it with displeasure; and when Mrs. General Gregory took her leave, Madame Tornorino was quite ready to declare that "though a bit of quiz in her talk now and then, she was upon the whole a most delightful woman, and that she should take good care to be very intimate with her."

Chap. XIX.

While the visit of Mrs. General Gregory lasted, Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp continued in some sort to keep watch over Mrs. Allen Barnaby, for the idea of her leaving her note-book for the purpose of receiving the civilities of the general's lady, was very particularly disagreeable to the lady of the colonel, and she was determined not to quit her, till the danger was past. Nor was the keeping her, pen in hand, the only use which she made of this interval. She had pledged herself to several of the most important personages in the southern part of the Union that such a book should be written by her English friend on the country in general, and on the slave-holding states in particular, as had never yet appeared from the pen of any European traveller, and which would be calculated to do unspeakable good in every part of the world, as tending to put in a right point of view, that which had hitherto been so repeatedly placed in a wrong one.

Having proclaimed this, and received in consequence of it the most cordial thanks, and the warmest eulogiums on her patriotic zeal, it was become a matter of great personal importance to Mrs. Beauchamp, that Mrs. Allen Barnaby should lose no time in giving proof unquestionable, and evidence as clear as light, that she, Mrs. Beauchamp, had in no way misrepresented or exaggerated either the purpose or the power of this distinguished traveller. With this object, she determined, if possible, to induce her immediately to produce a specimen, sufficient to prove, first, that she really was employed in writing on the subject; and secondly, that her manner of treating it was what she had declared it should be.

Hitherto all that Mrs. Allan Barnaby appeared to have done was the scribbling a few words, first on one page and then on another, of her new note-book. This had been performed in the presence of Mrs. Beauchamp, and though that well-educated lady felt that this was very likely to be the way in which books were really made, she felt that she should be better satisfied if she could see a sheet or two of full sized paper, written all over, and with a title at the beginning. This feeling, however, arose much less from any doubts she entertained respecting either the intentions or the capacity of Mrs. Allen Barnaby, than from an almost feverish impatience that the business should begin. Mrs. Beauchamp had a pretty considerable good opinion of her own

ability, and she had no doubt whatever that if Mrs. Allen Barnaby would once set to work, there could be (as long as she continued near her) no doubt whatever of her producing precisely the sort of thing that was wished for. Hardly, therefore, had Cleopatra's step ceased to clatter on the stairs, when the lady of the colonel thus addressed the lady of the major.

"How thoroughly elegant and clever this is of you, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby, thus to give up every thing, as I may say, for your great work. But I promise you, my dear madam, that your light shall not be hid under a bushel, but shall blaze away before the judge, and before every body else of the greatest real high-standing in New Orleans. They will one and all be ready to worship the ground you tread upon when I tell them, as I most certainly shall do, that you give up every thing for the sake of progressing with your travels. You don't know, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby, the prodigious fuss that the people will make about you, as you go on, if it is actually known for certain that you are positively employed upon such a work as we have been talking about."

"Known for certain, my dear friend?" returned Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with something like indignation in her tone; "do you mean to say that any body doubts it?"

"I don't mean, I expect, to say any thing that could hurt your feelings, dear lady," returned Mrs. Beauchamp, "but when you know our splendid national character better, you will understand the sort of fineness of intellect which always make them doubt every thing that they don't see with their eyes. And I must say that this, taken together with some other of their ways of going on, does make out upon the whole the most finished model of a perfect gentleman in the world. Because you see, my dear lady, that this doubtingness does not argue any want of trustfulness, which might seem suspicious and no way noble. But that's what nobody can say. For where is the nation to be found who gives and takes credit like the Americans? Oh no! It is not want of trust; for every thing is done upon trust here, and if it was not it would never be done at all. But it is just about things where nothing is to be got by giving or taking credit that they are so particular; for then their fine national sense tells them, plain enough, that the best way to believe is to see."

"That is indeed a very fine trait to which you have just alluded," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, seizing her note-book, which for a moment she had laid aside, "that national habit of feeling confidence, and acting so completely as you say upon credit, ought to be dwelt upon, and must, I should think, my dear madam, have a very considerable effect upon my English readers; for in our country, as I have always understood, it is necessary to show a good deal of ready money before you can ever get any credit at all. It really is a very fine national trait."

And Mrs. Allen Barnaby wrote several lines in her note-book.

"It *is* a fine national trait," replied Mrs. Beauchamp with great energy, "and it is American all over. But, to come back, my dear lady, to what I was saying about our clear-headed citizens liking to see before they believe, it is quite beautiful, I expect, to observe how the two things unite and make one, as I may say, in the minds of

our patriots. And you, my dear Mrs. Allen Barnaby, who are smart enough so clearly to comprehend these first-rate qualities, you would, I expect, be the very last to refuse compliance with the wishes of all the people of first standing in New Orleans at this moment present. You would not like to do that, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, I guess? Say."

"Not for the universe, my dearest friend!" exclaimed the authoress. "Tell me but what these patriotic gentlemen wish me to do, and I will do it instantly."

"There is not a single one of them, my dear madam, but what shall be availed of your great obligingness," returned her friend. "All that I wish you to do, my excellent lady, is just that you should write out a bit of a sort of introductory chapter, saying what you are going to do, and what you think of all you have seen as yet, and your principles and opinions about the slaves; and then write at the top of it the title in good large letters, that should look something like the beginning of a real book, and that, I guess, will be all they wish for just at present; and for this I won't deny but what they are longing, one and all of them. They took care to avail me of that I promise you before I took leave of Mrs. Judge Johnson last night."

There was something rather abruptly startling to Mrs. Allen Barnaby in this unexpected demand, but being a woman of nerve, instead of a nervous woman, she sustained the attack with great resolution, and after about half a moment's reflection, replied smilingly, "You are aware, my dear friend, that the book in question is to be the history of my travels through your noble country. Do you think that as yet I have seen enough of it to venture upon writing any thing?"

"Oh dear me, yes, my good lady, without any question of doubt you have," replied Mrs. Beauchamp. "All that we ask for as yet, you know, is just what sort of feeling the first sight of the country produced; and your views, founded upon your own good sense, about the niggers; promising, you know, to study the question deeply as you progress, and then the title; and that's just about all that we want for the present, so that a mere page or two of writing you see will do."

"Then a page or two of writing shall be produced immediately," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby with decision. "But of course you are aware, dear madam, that we authors always find it necessary to be alone when we write our books. It is always a terrible pain to part with you, my dear Mrs. Beauchamp, but if I am to set about writing at once, I must have a minute or two to myself if you please, just to think about it."

Mrs. Beauchamp herself seemed to consider that this was no more than reasonable, and hearing Mrs. General Gregory's carriage drive away at that moment, she got up at once and left the room, saying as she went towards the door, "Oh my! how I do envy you, Mrs. Allen Barnaby! Such a subject to be sure as you have got before you; and such kind and partial readers as you are like to find among us."

"Envy me, indeed!" muttered the over-hurried authoress as the door was closed upon her, "what idiot fools they must all be to fancy that I have seen any wonders to write about in rather less than a week. The most wonderful thing I know about them is what I got from Donny, as to their every one of them being cheats, and that *is* curious enough to be sure, and might amuse the folks at home to know, if one did but

dare to tell it. But this is all folly and nonsense, and as like as can be to quarrelling with one's bread and butter. If they were not the vain peacocks they are, how would my sitting down to write a book about them be so like as it is to make my fortune before it is half done?"

And soothed by this agreeable reflection, Mrs. Allen Barnaby really did set about her task in good earnest, settling her chair, placing a whole quire of paper before her, and fixing a steel pen to her fancy.

"Half done?" she repeated, with a little, quiet, solitary laugh. "Half a sheet will be enough to turn all their heads, and to bring them crawling on all fours to my feet, if I do but put in palaver enough."

And now the important business was actually begun, and Mrs. Allen Barnaby in turning over the first page of her book turned over a new page in her own history also; and she felt this—felt that her genius had now brought her to another epoch of her fate, and she doubted not but that she should date from it the growth and the ripening of honour, profit, and renown.

"What matters it," said she, renewing her soliloquy, "what matters it how or in what manner a book or any thing else is managed, so that one gets just exactly the thing one wants by it? It would be just as easy for me to write all truth as all lies, about this queer place, and all these monstrous odd people. But wouldn't I be a fool if I did any such thing?—and is it one bit more trouble to write all these monstrous fine words, just like what I have read over, and over again, in novels,—is it one bit more trouble I should like to know, writing them all in one sense instead of the other?"

Mrs. Allen Barnaby suspended her soliloquy at this point, and began leisurely and critically to read what she had written. She smiled—as perhaps only authors smile, as she perused the sentences which she had composed.

"I always have succeeded in every thing that I attempted to do," she said, with a feeling of triumphant confidence which made her grasp her pen firmly, and replenish it with ink as confidently as ever soldier drew his sword, or cocked his pistol; and again she wrote. Page after page became covered with the somewhat broad and square, but tolerably firm characters of her pen, till once again she stopped, took breath, and reasoned a little.

"Well, to be sure," thought she, "these American people do seem to be out of luck, by their own account, in all the books that have been written about them. Poor souls! By what they say I suppose they have been pretty roughly drawn over the coals, by one and all of the author gentry that have set to work upon them; and then here come I, quite as well able to write a book as any of them, I fancy, and ready enough for my own particular reasons to praise them all, up to the very skies; and yet, somehow or other, I don't suppose that any living soul but themselves will believe there is a word of truth in it from beginning to end; and that I do call being monstrous unlucky. But what the deuce do I care for that? I have got an object, I suppose, and my business is to obtain it, without bothering my brains about who will or who will not believe all the things that I choose to write down."

And now again Mrs. Allen Barnaby resumed her pen, and the colourless paper became rapidly tinted by her ink.

"It is a good thing, however, she resumed, "that it goes off so glib and easy as it seems to do. If I was always quite sure about the spelling of the words, I declare I think I should find it quite as easy as talking. I do wonder sometimes where I got all my cleverness from. There isn't many, though I say it, that shouldn't—but that's only when nobody hears me—there isn't many that could go on as I have done, from the very first almost, that I remember any thing, always getting on, and on, and on. There's a pretty tolerable difference, thank Heaven! between what I am now with judges and members, and I don't know who all, smirking and speechifying to me, and what I was when my name was Martha Compton, without two decent gowns perhaps to my back, and not knowing where on earth to get another when they were gone! However," added the retrospective lady, smiling, as some comical recollection seemed to cross her mind, "I contrived to manage pretty well, even then; and I shall contrive to manage pretty well now, too, or I'm greatly mistaken. There; that's enough for one bout," and so saying, the well pleased Mrs. Allen Barnaby laid the sheets she had filled neatly together, and went to look at herself for a minute or two in the glass.

"Well," she murmured, again in soothing soliloquy, "if I don't look quite as young as I did when I was Martha Compton, I have gained in dignity quite as much as I've lost in beauty. I do look like a duchess, I'll be hanged if I don't—and I do believe in my conscience, that when I can get the things to put on, I dress as well as any woman that ever lived—I see nobody any where that looks as really stylish as I do, and just the sort of thing, I should think, for a fashionable authoress—no shyness, no stupid, awkward fear of any body or any thing. I certainly have, thank God! a great many advantages—and I may thank myself that I know how to make use of them."

In short, few authors ever rose from their first hour of literary labour better satisfied with themselves and their production than Mrs. Allen Barnaby. But she had still another hour of leisure before it was necessary for her to begin dressing for dinner and for an evening party that was to follow after; Mrs. Carmichael having obligingly desired her boarders to invite any friends they liked, as she was going to have a *soirée* herself.

On looking at her watch, and perceiving that this unoccupied interval remained, Mrs. Allen Barnaby's first thought was to employ it by going to seek "Patty and the Perkinses," in order to indulge herself by vapouring a little about her new occupation; but a second thought brought with it a doubt as to how far any one of the three might be capable of appreciating the species of dignity which she was beginning very strongly to feel belonged to her, in her new character, and she therefore changed her purpose into the much more profitable one of sitting down again to her writing-table.

"I know a thing will put 'em all in a rapture of delight," thought Mrs. Allen Barnaby, as she again took up her pen. "I will just write down a list of questions for Mrs. Beauchamp, or her famous Judge Johnson to answer, and they will do double work, or I am greatly mistaken, for it will put them all upon thinking and saying that I am *so* clever, and *so* anxious for information! And at the same time it will give them exactly what they seem to love best in the world, and that

is an opportunity of talking about themselves, and their country, and their glorious constitution."

She then took a fresh sheet of paper, and after a little reflection produced the following list of interrogatories.

"In what manner does the republican form of government appear to affect the social habits of the people?

"How far does the absence of a national form of worship produce the results anticipated from it?

"At what degree of elevation may the education of the ladies of the Union be considered to stand, when compared to that received by the females of other countries?"

"In what manner was slavery originally instituted?

"And what are its real effects both on the black and the white population?"

Mrs. Allen Barnaby almost laughed aloud with delight, when she had written the above; and in truth she had very sufficient reason to be contented with herself. A very few days had passed since the hour in which she had heard, for the first time in her life, any one of the above subjects alluded to; and had not the admirable quickness of her charming intellect enabled her to catch the very words which she had heard used by the distinguished patriots among whom she had so happily fallen, the writing the above pithy sentences would have been as completely out of her power as the inditing so much Greek. But never did any woman know better how to profit by opportunity than Mrs. Allen Barnaby, and great as was the elevation to which she now appeared likely to reach, it is impossible to deny that she deserved it.

She then began in excellent spirits, the somewhat laborious, but always delightful, labours of the toilet, with a heart as gay, and an eye very nearly as bright, as when she had dressed to meet Lord Mucklebury at her first Cheltenham ball. In truth, every thing seemed to favour her projects, and assure her the most unqualified success. The party about to assemble that evening, in Mrs. Carmichael's ample saloon, was likely to be very miscellaneous, inasmuch as every boarder had the privilege of giving invitations, as freely as Mrs. Carmichael herself, an arrangement which could not fail of bringing together exactly such a mixture of "all sorts of men," as it would be most desirable for her to "gain golden opinions" from. And golden, or at any rate, silver opinions, she was determined to make them.

Mrs. Allen Barnaby was still in the act of adorning,

> With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers,

when the major entered. He was immediately struck by the general brightness and animation of her aspect, and exclaimed,

"Heyday, my Barnaby!—what has happened now? If there were any Lady Susans here, I should say that some of them had been making some charming proposal for taking you to court again. Upon my soul, my dear, you look as if you had been eating live birds, and that their bright little eyes were looking out, through your own. Who have you seen?—what have you been doing?"

And though the major as he spoke began steadily enough the business of refreshing his dress, he continued to keep his eyes fixed upon his ample spouse, with a good deal of curiosity, and it may be, with a little admiration.

"Who have I seen, and what have I been doing?" repeated his lady, with a very benignant smile; as to seeing, Mr. Major, I have seen little or nothing—except, indeed, that everlasting Mrs. Beauchamp. But as to *doing*—it is not my place to talk about that Donny, dear. I will just leave you to form your own judgment on the subject; upon my word we have neither of us any time to talk about it now! for I'm not half done yet, and as for you, your beard is as long as Aaron's, major, though I know you mowed it only yesterday, but that comes of the climate, you know; so set to, there's a good man, and in the course of the evening, I will see if I cannot indulge you, my dear, with a little insight into what I have done, am doing, and may be about to do."

"Well, I must consent, I suppose, to live in the dark, my dear, till it shall be your will and pleasure to grant me light," returned her amiable husband; and while the dressing lasted, nothing further passed between them on the subject of Mrs. Allen Barnaby's occupations, except a few mystic, and perfectly unintelligible words, uttered from time to time, by the lady herself.

Chap. XX.

The evening party at Mrs. Carmichael's was a very large one—much larger, as that panting and blowing lady assured the company, than she had at all expected; adding, however, that if they could all make themselves comfortable, she should be right down glad they were all come—though for sure and certain she did not expect the one-half so many.

Neither the invited, nor the inviters, however, appeared at all offended by these hints, and tea, coffee, lemonade, and whisky drinking, went on very prosperously. At length, Mrs. Beauchamp (who in answer to a question gently asked, had learnt from her friend, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, that she had no objection whatever to her mentioning the fact of her having actually begun her work), addressing herself particularly to that portion of the company which crowded round herself and her splendid English friend, said,

"I have the greatest of pleasure in informing the Honourable Judge Johnson, his lady, General Gregory, Mrs. General Gregory, and in short all the friends that are interested in the news, that our talented English lady friend, Mrs. Major Allen Barnaby has done—commenced her elegant and handsome work upon the land of the Stars and the Stripes; and I am not that much doubtful of her kindness, but what I think there is pretty considerable good hope that if the Honourable Judge Johnson would make the request to the lady, she would favour the company by reading up a little of it for their advantage, and that Mrs. Major Allen Barnaby would be clever enough to sit down straight away at once, and give us the pleasure and improvement we wish for, by making us acquainted with what she has done."

This harangue was received by a murmur of applause that evidently proceeded, not only from that portion of the company particularly

addressed, but from every quarter of the room; and when the buzz this produced had a little subsided, the Honourable Judge Johnson replied,

"We cannot by many degrees thank you enough, my excellent Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp, for the service which your truly patriotic conduct has conferred upon us all. But in the name not only of the present company, but of every part of the Union (except, indeed, that unhappy portion of it which refuses to rejoice in the greatest blessing left to us by the mighty Washington, and sanctified, as I may say, by the holy memory of the immortal Jefferson—I mean, of course, the misguided states who refuse to possess the blessing of a slave), in the name of the present company, and of all the soundly patriotic portion of the Union, I beg to thank your admirable friend for the very noble effort she is making in the cause of truth and impartiality—and I beg to say that one and all of us, neither can, nor do desire any thing better than just to sit ourselves down round about the lady, so that we may not lose a single one of the precious words which she is going to have the elegant cleverness to read to us."

The consequence of this speech from the richest man in the room was an immediate drawing together of the company round Mrs. Allen Barnaby, while several of the gentlemen began actively to move forward a table, a chair, and a footstool, for the authoress; and when she had placed herself, which she did with great stateliness and dignity, every one present got as near to her as was conveniently possible, every sofa and every chair being put in requisition, and made to approach the end of the room, whence the attraction emanated.

The Honourable Judge Johnson himself sat at her right hand, and her deeply interested friend Mrs. Beauchamp at her left. Miss Matilda Perkins who had found out a new way of making herself interesting and agreeable to the many tall, beautiful-looking American gentlemen who still continued to take so much delightful notice of her, ceased not in the very centrical place which she had chosen, to indulge in the most expressive dumb-show demonstrations of love and admiration for the authoress, assuring several in whispers breathed into their eagerly presented ears, that her dearest of all dear friends, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, was certainly sent by Providence to speak of that unequalled country called the United States of America in the manner it deserved, for that there never was, no never, such a woman for talents and learning of all sorts; her crowning phrase being at the end of every whisper, "Oh! Madame de Stale was nothing to her!"

The quiet Miss Louisa, only too happy in being permitted to have a place by her friend Annie, sat at an open window at some distance from the more crowded part of the room, while Mr. Egerton, who now paid her quite attention enough to have convinced her sister, had she been its object, that he was only waiting for a favourable opportunity of declaring himself her lover, stationed himself at a convenient point for speaking either to her, or her "*thoroughly American*" companion, if he wished it, without the necessity to do it so loudly as to attract the attention of others.

The major, who was exceedingly amused, and also exceedingly well pleased by the apparent success of this new exhibition of his wife's cleverness, had placed himself very much at his ease on one of the

sofas that was too large and heavy to be moved, but from whence he had a full view of her, and of all her goings on, and being well aware of the audibility of her voice, he had no fear but that he should hear every word she spoke.

Patty, who was still too much in love to think it much worth while to listen to any thing but her husband, having entered the room when it was full, employed some time in a very active search for him, and at length discovered that her beloved Don was fast asleep under an orange tree on the balcony. But as none of her pinches and twitches sufficed to awaken him, she at length determined to leave him at peace, and placed herself next to her beautifully-dressed friend, Mrs. General Gregory, finding a great relief in an accurate examination of all she wore, whenever it happened that her mamma's eloquence was particularly overpowering.

The movement, and the bustle, and the whisper, and the buzz, which of necessity precedes the calm required for such a business as that now going on, being at length over, the Honourable Judge Johnson said aloud, and very distinctly, "Now then, my dear lady, we all trust and hope that you are ready to begin."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby bowed with grace and dignity to the gentleman who thus addressed her, shook a lavender-water odour from her pocket-handkerchief, pushed back with the tips of her left-hand fingers the abounding curls from her forehead, and with those of her right, lightly passed over the page that lay on the table before her, to restore its level smoothness, and then began,

"JUSTICE DONE AT LAST;

OR,

THE TRAVELS OF MRS. MAJOR ALLEN BARNABY

THROUGH THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

Having pronounced this title in a voice clear, distinct, and very sufficiently loud, the lady paused for a moment to let the applause she expected, and which failed not to come, pass away. Mr. Egerton, whose eyes had been fixed on the authoress as she read it, turned, perhaps involuntarily, to the face of Annie afterwards. It might be that he expected to see her look exceedingly delighted at the prospect thus held out of praise and honour to be conferred on her beloved country; but if so, he was disappointed, for the fair face of the young lady was tinted with a blush that looked much more like the glow of anger or of shame, than of pleasure; and as her eye met his, she turned from him with a frown of displeasure which he could not help thinking was exceedingly undeserved, he never having taken any such liberty as that which now seemed to displease her in his life. He consoled himself, however, by remembering how excessively absurd it would be, should he try to persuade himself that he cared a straw whether an American Miss smiled or frowned upon him. So he did but smile in return for her frown, and again fixed his eyes on Mrs. Allen Barnaby.

The applause created by her title being over, and expectant silence restored, that lady again took her manuscript from the table, where she had replaced it, while slightly agitating her handkerchief, and gracefully

acknowledging the plaudits of the company by her smiles and bows, and thus resumed:

"In giving to the world the following narrative of my travels through that most glorious country known by the name of "the United States of America," my principal object is to wipe away from the minds of my readers every trace of all that they have ever read or heard upon that subject before; for till this has been done it is vain to hope that the multitude of important facts with which I have been fortunate enough to become acquainted can be received as they ought to be. Nobody properly qualified to write upon this wonderful country could behold a single town, a single street, a single house, a single individual of it, for just one single half-hour, without feeling all over to his very heart convinced, that not all the countries of the old world put together are worthy to compare, in any one respect, from the very greatest to the very least, with the free-born, the free-bred, the immortal, and ten hundred thousand times more glorious country, generally called that of the 'Stars and the Stripes!' The country of the Stars and the Stripes is, in fact, and beyond all reach of contradiction, the finest country in the whole world, and the simple truth is, that nobody who really knows any thing about it, ever can think of calling it any thing else. It is just the biggest and the best, and that is saying every thing in two words."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Mrs. Beauchamp, raising her fine eyes towards heaven, and then pressing her pocket-handkerchief to them, in a manner that plainly showed the profound sensibility with which she listened to praise so justly due, and so warmly uttered upon the merits of her beloved country. "Oh, it is admirable!"

"Admirable? It is first-rate, ma'am," said the Honourable Judge Johnson, warmly. "I expect, madam," he added, turning towards Mrs. Allen Barnaby, "I expect that nobody has yet come among us so elegantly well qualified as yourself for doing the justice that you promise us. I do not mean to speak alone of your particular great talents and beautiful accomplishments in writing, but I guess that it is because you have moved in the very highest of circles yourself that you are more up to the comprehending and admiring every thing you have found here, than any of the low, whipper-snapper people as have come before you. That is what I guess to be the reason, and true cause of the difference."

"You do me but justice, my dear sir," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with an air that might justly be called majestically modest, "you do me but justice in supposing that I am, rather-out-of-the-common-way-capable of appreciating what is noble and superior. Heaven knows that I have no very great liking or partiality to the ways and manners of my own country, but yet in justice to myself I think it but right to mention that my very last visit in London was to the drawing-room of the Queen. I must beg and entreat that I may not be misunderstood in saying this, and that none of this charming company will suppose for an instant that I think over-much about queens and kings, and those sort of people. Nobody, I am sure, can be farther from it than I am, but nevertheless, I just mention this to prove that the Honourable Judge Johnson is right, and quite correct in what he has been pleased to say

about my being capable of judging; and I do believe most truly that the reason why so much, as I am told, has been said about the backwardness in elegance of this most great and glorious country is, that all the people who have come over here before are of an inferior class, and not used so much to the very first circles, as I confess I have been."

"Then the murder's out, and that's the truth of it," exclaimed Colonel Wingrove, a member of Congress and a man of fashion, who was one of Mrs. Carmichael's boarders. "All I wanted was to hear some of the English confess it themselves, for it is exactly what I have said a thousand and a thousand times; and it is astonishing to me that common sense has not pointed that out to every body, long, and long ago. For doesn't it stand to reason that we know what we are our own selves? Who is there, I should like to be told, so capable of judging what our manners are, as the first-rate educated among ourselves? And yet people among us, as ought to know better, are for ever fretting and fuming because half-a-dozen vulgar low-borns, who never knew the elegant luxury of owning a score of slaves to wait upon 'em, have come and gone without having the wit to find out what we really are. For my part I snap my fingers at them all," continued the gallant colonel, suiting the action to the word, "and so I ever have done. But that's no hindrance to my feeling a true respect for the real lady that is come amongst us now, and I beg pardon for interrupting her so long, and beg to conclude by saying that she may count upon being valued and approved, as she deserves to be, for there is not a people upon the whole earth that knows more thoroughly what's what than the citizens of the United States."

Here Colonel Wingrove ceased speaking, and expectorated, while the Honourable Judge Johnson bowed to him with the condescension of a man who knows himself to be the first person in the company.

"What you have spoken, Colonel Wingrove, sir, is of a piece with the good sense which we all know you give out in Congress, and which is just what in course we all expect from you. But now it strikes me that it is time for Mrs. Allen Barnaby to begin again, though it may be that she would find a drink of lemonade preferable in the first instance, for this glorious, fine climate of ours is most times found rather over hot by strangers from northermost countries, especially if, as in the present case, they happen to be in a room full of company."

Mrs. Carmichael immediately obeyed this hint by clapping her hands, upon which Cleopatra and her younger sister Cloe, who were both in waiting on the outside of the open door, started forward, and lemonade and whisky were very liberally handed round to the numerous circle.

"Now then, honoured madam," said the Judge, "may we take the liberty of asking you to progress in your agreeable reading?"

Mrs. Allen Barnaby bowed and immediately proceeded.

"If there is one point that is calculated to strike a reasonable stranger, altogether free from vulgar prejudice, more strongly than any other, at first arriving in this favoured and immortal country, it certainly is the contemplation of the comfort and happiness arising from the institution of slavery."

"God bless my soul!" cried Colonel Beauchamp, roused from his usual apathetic indolence by these stirring words, "that's one of the

finest sentences that I ever listened to, either in or out of congress, and I don't care who hears me say it."

"Nobody can hear you say it, sir," remarked the mild-looking George Gregory, "without agreeing in your judgment, unless indeed we were so unhappy as to have among us some desperately malignant Pennsylvanian, or canting Bostonian, or the like, traitors to their country and to common sense. None other can fail to agree with you in thinking that the last passage read to us by this truly superior lady is a proof of the greatest triumph of sound judgment over canting prejudice (coming as it does from an Englishwoman) that has perhaps ever been met with. And deeply indeed, madam, ought we to value it, for seldom is it, I grieve to say, that any writers whatever, except among the poor persecuted planters themselves, are ever found to have honest courage enough to speak out boldly *in print* in favour of this truly Roman and magnificent institution. But there is one word, one little word, my dear lady, that it will be necessary to insert before your admirable work is sent to the press. Will you give me leave to suggest it?"

"There is nothing, sir," replied Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with mingled gentleness and dignity, "there is nothing for which I should feel myself so deeply grateful as for any suggestions, whether in the way of additions or alterations, to this work, which perhaps I have been only too eager to begin. I am well aware that I must in all probability appear hasty; but my earnest wish—"

"Not a bit, not a bit too hasty, madam," exclaimed the Honourable Judge Johnson, interrupting her. "I honour you for your eagerness, madam; and it is never too soon to begin doing what is right. As to suggestions now and then, in the way of addition, you are much too smart a lady not to feel the advantage of it; but I protest that in the way of alteration I don't see the slightest chance of its being called for, or in any way necessary. All we have ever asked of those who came over to enjoy our good things, and take a spice, as I may say, of the elegance and luxury in which we live, all we ask of them is, that when they sit down after going back, to write a book about what they have seen, they should just speak the truth, without fear or favour, and say honestly that the United States of America stand just first and foremost, and highest and noblest, among all the nations of the earth. That's all we want or wish for, from any author, male, or female, gentle or simple: and by all I can understand from what this excellent good lady has read to us, of her commencement," he added, looking round upon the listening circle, "this is pretty much the upshot of what she means to report herself."

"Upon my word, sir," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, with a very amiable smile, "I do not and cannot see how it is possible, setting aside, of course, all sorts of wicked prejudice, envy, and the like, I really do not see how it is possible to say any thing else."

"I wish it was possible for me to say, madam, that there were many such ladies in the world as you are," replied the Judge. "I reckon that in that case we wouldn't care no more for the boundary question than for a flea-bite; and for that matter, indeed, if just that much was granted us—the slavery boggle, you know, of course included—I really and truly don't think that the right of search itself would be thought

any great deal of long. But now let us hear what it was that General Gregory was meaning by his alteration?"

"Hardly an alteration, judge, hardly an alteration," returned the bland old gentleman; "what I ask for is merely the insertion of a word or two. When the lady speaks of the agreeable impression which the sight of slavery makes on superior-minded people on their first arriving in the United States, she must, I think, so far particularize as to make it clear that she speaks of the feelings which would arise in case the stranger should be fortunate enough to come, as the lady herself did, to a slave-holding state in the first instance; for if, instead of that, the person arriving was to make their first acquaintance with the Union at Boston, now, for instance, it is likely enough that they would never dream of such a thing as slavery at all, and then in course it follows that they could not admire it."

"I understand, sir, I understand perfectly," said the intelligent Mrs. Allen Barnaby, "you are quite right! The sentence as it now stands is exceedingly imperfect, but if any gentleman will be good enough to lend me a pencil for a moment I will correct it."

A most surprising number of pencils and pencil-cases seemed to spring, as it were, almost spontaneously from the waistcoat-pockets of the surrounding gentlemen. On seeing which the authoress threw around her a smile most safely circular, and took with admirable tact the pencil that was nearest. Well indeed might it have been said of her on this occasion,

"Oft she rejects, but never once offends,"

for among all the pencil-holders who had to return their unaccepted offerings to the receptacles from whence they were drawn, not one of them, so admirable had been Mrs. Allen Barnaby's manner of getting out of the scrape, felt in the slightest degree offended.

It took, of course, a few minutes to reconstruct the defective sentence, and during this interval there was scarcely a gentleman present who did not raise his voice to join in what might truly have been called a chorus of praise and admiration. Mrs. Allen Barnaby heard and wrote and smiled, and wrote again, and much sooner than under these fluttering and flattering circumstances could have been expected, she once more pushed back her curls, and prepared to read. In a moment every other voice was hushed, and she thus resumed:

"If there is one point that is calculated to strike a reasonable stranger, altogether free from vulgar prejudice, and arriving for the first time in that most highly-favoured portion of the United States distinguished by the high privilege which was sanctioned by the immortal Washington, and by the illustrious Jefferson approved"—(a splendid phrase that she had written down from the lips of Mrs. Beauchamp)—"it certainly is the contemplation of the comfort and happiness arising from the institution of slavery."

"Now then," said the still wide-awake Colonel Beauchamp, "now then I think, madam, that you might challenge all the authors that ever wrote, to show a sentence more full of truth and wisdom than that is. I am sure, madam, we can never thank you enough; and I, for one, beg to say that as long as it is suitable to your convenience and pleasure

to continue in the Union, my house and home shall be open to you and yours, and that nothing that I and my family can do, shall be wanting to make you feel yourself as if you were a real born American."

A vast number of voices immediately reiterated nearly the same words: and while this was going on, Mr. Egerton once more ventured to look in the face of Annie. It was, however, no longer a frown that he met there, neither did any angry glow remain upon her brow. She was, indeed, on the contrary, unusually pale, and he fancied, although she did not raise her eyes, that there were tears in them, for their long dark lashes hung heavily, like the fringe of a cypress-branch besprinkled with dew, upon her alabaster cheek. But although Annie did not raise her eyes when the young Englishman turned to look at her, it is possible that she was conscious of his doing so; for in the next moment she had risen from her chair, glided over the space which divided her from the window, and stepped through it upon the balcony.

Not many men of any age can see a very beautiful young girl in tears without experiencing some kindly softening of the heart towards them; but at three or four and twenty, this sort of softness is usually too powerful in its influence to permit, for the moment at least, the continuance of any harsh or hostile feeling; and certainly Mr. Egerton just then quite forgot the perfect Americanism of Annie Beauchamp. But what was stranger still, though he very greatly wished to follow her, he had not the courage or the confidence to do it; but though, upon reaching the balcony, she contrived so to place herself as not to be seen by either him or by any one else in the room, he was so much occupied by the image of her pale, sad, lovely face as she went out, that he lost whatever advantage of any kind might have been gained by attending to what was going on in the saloon; for he did not distinctly hear another word.

Pleasantly conscious as Mrs. Allen Barnaby was of her great powers, as well in her new occupation of writing a book, as in every thing else, she had nevertheless found, after the first sentence or two, that the putting together the fine phrases which have been given above, was likely to be a very great bore; and, to say the truth, when she left off it was because she really did not know what she should say next. It was then that the happy idea of writing down a few questions, to be answered either by her inspiring muse, Mrs. Colonel Beauchamp, or by some one else of the high-standers whose favour she was so anxious to propitiate, occurred to her. And now it stood her in excellent good stead; for when, upon the subsiding of the burst of grateful and hospitable feeling just described, the Honourable Judge Johnson raised his voice to request that she would continue, instead of having to make the blank reply of,

"Sir, I have got no more," she was able to answer, in a tone, that instead of damping, very greatly increased the interest she had already awakened.

"Now then, my most kind and indulgent hearers," she said, "I have a great, a very great favour to ask of you;" and Mrs. Allen Barnaby drew forth, from amidst the papers which she had placed upon the table, the sheet upon which she had written her "questions."

"I have here," she resumed, "put down one or two inquiries which

strike me as being very important, and in which I hope and trust my excellent friends here assembled, will be kind enough to give me some information.

"Assuredly, madam, assuredly!" answered three or four voices at once. "Please to read the inquiries, madam, only please to read them, that's all."

Mrs. Allen Barnaby obeyed, and in her most sonorous and impressive accents read,

"In what manner does the republican form of government appear to affect the social habits of the people?"

It was her intention to have gone through her whole string of questions, before she paused to invite discussion on them. But this was impossible. You might have fancied yourself in the chamber of congress at Washington, so eager did every honourable member appear to speak on the subject now offered for discussion. But by force of lungs, and the impetus given to his determination to be heard, by the consciousness that he was the richest man in the company, it was the Honourable Judge Johnson who finally succeeded in becoming spokesman on the occasion.

"In what manner? Gracious Heaven! my dearest lady, in every manner! The republican form of government is just all in all; without it, you may take my word for it, we should not be a bit better, or a bit wiser, or a bit more advanced than other people. It is the republican form of government that makes us the citizens, the statesmen, the philosophers, and the rich men that we are. It is to the republican form of government that we owe our immense superiority in all ways; it is that which makes us such fathers and husbands as we are. It is that which makes us feared abroad, and adored at home; and to end all, it is that which makes us great; it is that which makes us glorious: in one word, it is that which makes us the greatest nation upon the earth, and it is that which will keep us so."

While this was spoken, Mrs. Allen Barnaby sat the very picture of mute and earnest attention. Her ear seemed to gather the sounds she heard, as a miser might gather gold; and her mind, showing itself through her intelligent eye, appeared already setting to work, in order to form it into implements both of use and ornament, such as might be scattered over the whole earth, sure to become the most precious treasures of every land they reached.

When at length the Judge stopped to take breath, the listening lady rose from her seat, and laying her hand upon her breast said, in a manner that very greatly touched her hearers,

"Never can the impressive words I have now heard escape from my memory! It was my intention to have written down whatever information I might have been happy enough to obtain in reply to my questions—but for this one, the answer is engraven HERE."

It is hardly necessary to narrate how these words were received. Cold indeed must be the heart that cannot imagine it! When tranquillity was again restored, Mrs. Allen Barnaby, who had reseated herself during the moments wherein she had yielded herself, as it were, to applause, once more took up her paper and read.

"How far does the absence of a national form of worship produce the results anticipated from it?"

"Oh, that's answered in half a word, madam," resumed the Judge, who seemed to consider himself the chairman of the committee, sitting to decide upon the lady's questions. "It just answers as we intended —and that's enough. We knew beforehand that it would never do for such a people as us, to be schooling of one another for everlasting about forms, and doctrines, and the old one knows what. You may just set down on that bit of the constitution, that it works perfect. And now, if you please, you may go on to the next."

"At what degree of elevation may the education of the ladies of the Union be considered to stand, when compared to that received by the females of other countries?"

"Oh, my!"

"Well now!"

"Isn't that capital?"

"I expect that one and all we ladies must answer that for ourselves," were words, which, like winged messengers, seemed flying round Mrs. Allen Barnaby in all directions; but happily in a tone which showed that if the ladies *were* called upon to speak for themselves, it was a call to which they should have no objection to answer.

"You may say that, ladies," said Colonel Wingrove, gaily and politely winking at the most eager speakers; "nobody can answer that question, I expect, as well as your own pretty selves. But if I was obliged to say my say on the subject, I know that it would just be to declare, that the gals of the Union beat all creation—not in anywise to mention all the other women in it; and that they do, out and out, and out again, ten millions of times over, in every sort of learning and gentility, as much as they do in beauty."

This gallant speech was received with a regular clapping of hands from all the gentlemen present, while the "gals" simpered, and tittered, and smirked, and brought their heads together in little whispering knots, till at length one very young lady's voice was distinctly heard to say,

"Well now, I do hope that she will write down that exactly, without changing a word."

"And so I will, my dear young lady," cried Mrs. Allen Barnaby, affectionately; "and my heart dilates with pleasure as I look around me, and think of the happy chance by which I have been called upon to do justice to such lovely and elegant creatures, as I see here!"

"Very prettily said, ma'am," said General Gregory, with his usual kind smile, "and I must observe that we have a right too, to talk of our own good fortune, that has brought us so altogether genteel and understanding a lady to write about us, as yourself."

"There is nobody to be found, I expect, general, who will be ready to gainsay that word," said the Honourable Judge Johnson. "And now I shall give my vote and interest for our being all silent, while this excellent lady goes on with her questions. Now then, ma'am, we are all mum."

"I have but one, or rather I should say that I have but two questions more on my list at present," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby. "I say two, because I perceive that I have divided the subject under two distinct heads; but if you will give me leave, I will read them both together, as being too intimately connected for division; and if I mistake

not, gentlemen, you will feel the subject to be one of very great importance, and of a nature to require the very best and most correct information before I can venture to write upon it."

"In what manner was slavery originally instituted? And what are its real effects, both on the white and the black population?"

Scarcely had Mrs. Allen Barnaby pronounced these words, when so many voices were raised to answer her, that for some minutes nothing could be heard distinctly.

"This will never do, gentlemen," cried the Judge, raising his powerful voice to its very highest pitch, "we are one and all interested in this question, or the devil's in it. But if you all keep on gabbering together at this infernal rate, just like so many wild geese, when they are settling down upon a common, I should like to know how the lady is to understand rightly a single word you say? I don't want, or wish, to put myself forward, excepting in fit time and season; but I expect there is no one here that will attempt to deny that the advocation of my principles upon this subject in congress, has done something towards startling the New Englanders off from their infernal abolition nonsense; and if so, I think it is but fair to give me a try, as to whether I can't startle the Old Englanders a little, too. What d'ye say, gentlemen? Are you willing to let me answer the lady, or are you not?"

However much many of the individuals present might have desired to hear themselves speak a little on this very favourite theme, a very decided majority made it understood that they were willing to accept the Honourable Judge Johnson as their substitute; and no sooner was this made perfectly clear and silence obtained, than the judge rose up, and putting himself in the attitude in which he always addressed the members of congress, he thus spoke:

"As to the first member of your requirement, my good lady, I will just take the liberty of saying that you may go to your Bible for an answer. And if you don't exactly know where to look for it, there is that excellent pious Christian, the lady of General Gregory, will show you; for she has got it all at her fingers' ends about Cain being turned black by the hand of the Lord, on purpose that he might become the father of a nation of blackymore nigger slaves; and that's the top and head of the institution, as I take it. However, I will leave that part of the subject to her, because it is well known to every body in our part of the country, that there is no one, be he priest, parson, or prelate, that understands it better. But I will take upon me, in my own person, to make a reply to the other portion of your inquiry, that being altogether in my own way, and touching direct upon points, whereon my principles have been pretty generally received in congress, as standard principles of the wealthiest, the most enlightened, and in all ways the most important, portion of the Union."

The Honourable Judge here paused for a moment, spit, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and then proceeded.

"As to the effect of slavery upon the white part of the population, as that is the way in which you have been pleased to put your question, my good lady, whereas we should say, as to its effect upon the *masters*, it is altogether a matter too clear to admit of any mistake.

"In the first place, it makes the only real gentlemen in the Union. In the second place, it saves the finest people upon God's earth

from the abominable degradation of having no servants, proper and fitting, as regular servants, to wait upon them. Thirdly, slavery is known on all sides to be the only way in which the glorious fine sun and soil of this noblest of all countries, can be turned to the best account. Fourthly, there is no other way that man can invest, by which such fortunes can be made in the Union, as may enable some among the free-born of our glorious citizens and immortal republic to keep up the credit of the country, both at home and abroad, in such a way as to give us proper dignity in the eyes of Europe. And now, madam, I will leave off speaking upon this head for the present, because I calculate that I have said about as much as you will be able to remember at one go; but I have got not less than fifty-seven reasons altogether, which I can bring forward, when you are ready for them, to support my principles, but with which I will not now charge your memory, in the fear that you might not remember them all clearly. But this signifies the less, because it is proper, madam, that you keep in mind the necessity of coming again and again upon this part of your subject, it being greatly beyond all comparison, the most important of all. As to your other question, about the niggers themselves, poor filthy varment, it is vastly easy to answer it. Just state, if you please, my good lady (saying, as you safely may, that it is upon the best possible authority), just state that if, for many excellent reasons, the gentlemen planters had not thought it advisable to take these poor wretches under their protection by making regular lawful slaves of them, so that they cannot, luckily for them, get away,—if it was not for this, you will be pleased to say, that it is satisfactorily proved by all the philosophers as have examined the subject, that they would, beyond all question, in a very few years be found running about in the forests on all fours, just like any other beasts—unless, indeed, as some think would have been the case, they would come to an end by eating one another up. This, my dear lady, is what we have saved them from, and this is what ought to be put forward before the eyes of all Europe."

"AND SO IT SHALL, SIR," said Mrs. Allen Barnaby, again rising with an air of indescribable dignity. "Blind, indeed, must those be, who cannot see the light, when it is thus admirably put before them!"

"Madam! you are a thorough lady," replied the Judge, with a low bow. "And now I put the question, whether we should not be the better for a little more of good Mrs. Carmichael's lemonade for the ladies, and whisky for the gentlemen? And then to my judgment, it would be most convenient that we should not remain much longer—there being much desirability in our taking ourselves off before this good lady shall have lost out of her head all that I have been endeavouring to put in it."

THE FOUR PHASES;

OR,

THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

When first I saw the Duke of Orleans the revolution of 1830 had *not* changed his title, and he was the happy, light-hearted, joyous Duke de Chartres. He was fifteen years of age. Not a care had ruffled his peace, not a sigh had escaped his breast. Born in Palermo, he had enjoyed a pure climate, refreshing breezes, and all the bounties which are showered in abundance on high rank, exalted station, and perfect competency. At six years of age, he used to play in the meadows of Twickenham, to row in a small wherry round the island of eel-pies and champagne, to gather wild flowers at Richmond, and was the charm of the small circle which collected at the English mansion of his father to discuss the past and to decide on the future.

When the duke of a hundred battles, and the victor at all of them, had brought about by that of Waterloo the settlement of Europe, the Duke de Chartres returned with his adored parents to the French capital, and the Opposition secretly hailed him as a sort of future "Pretender." Lafayette caressed, Laffitte kissed him, Casimir Perier played with his light hair, the duchess smiled benignity itself on her "hope" and her "darling," and the name of the "Duke de Chartres" was on the lips of many a courtier not of the court, but of the Palais Royal circle. His *father* had known the vicissitudes of fortune. *He* had known none. The sun had always shone brightly upon him—and an unexampled mother had watched over his days and hours with even angelic devotedness and care.

His father had studied the revolution of the last century as well as taken part in its events. He felt satisfied that a *limited* monarchy was the only one *possible* for France; and he perceived that the Bourbons who had been reinstalled on the throne of St. Louis, by British blood and British treasure, did *not* sufficiently feel that they must "forget and forgive," if they hoped to retain possession of the crown which once more had been placed upon their heads. In the innermost recesses of his heart, he believed therefore in a comiug, though perhaps a distant, storm, and he sought to *popularize* his children with the French people. He could not *know* what might happen, but he guessed what might occur, and he addressed all his actions to the middling rather than to the upper classes. Thus the *Duke de Chartres* entered the college of Henri IV., passed with simple regularity through all its classes, and subsequently followed the courses of lectures at the Polytechnic school. It was not that private tutors were more expensive and less valuable, that this line of education was pursued; but it was part of a *system* which his father had adopted, and from which nothing could induce him to swerve. Events afterwards transpired which gave to this decision a yet more prominent and striking aspect, and which proved that at least of the Duke of Orleans, it could not be said with truth, "Those Bourbons have learnt and forgotten nothing."

But this public education did not separate him from the court. The Duchess of Berry loved all the children of the Duke, and although the Duchess d'Angoulême was more suspicious than her niece, she was rather attached than otherwise to the Orleanses, and particularly to the Duke de Chartres. Not indeed that her mind was ever free from suspicion, and not that she ever lost the feeling of "intrigue" as connected with the character of the present King of the French; but his children were exempted from such reproaches, and Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were both sincerely attached to them. Who could be otherwise?

When I first saw the young Duke de Chartres, he was a colonel of hussars. He had been made so at the age of fourteen. His form was slight, his features by no means masculine, and his general aspect any thing but military, and yet he was loved by his regiment, and confided in and sympathized with, by all who surrounded him. Even then he sought to *popularize* himself with the army. In this he acted under the directions of the Duke of Orleans, his father.

"My son," said the Duke, on one occasion, "the army of France is composed of the sons, brothers, grandsons, nephews, of her whole population. It is no levied, no mercenary army; patriotism and loyalty are its watchwords; and you must remember they are your comrades."

That exhortation was never forgotten; and the Duke de Chartres, as well before as after he was Duke of Orleans, was the very *beau idéal* of good fellowship.

Soon after I first saw the Duke of Orleans, the sentiments or emotions of the tender passion had taken possession of him. He was in love at eighteen with a beautiful English girl—it was his spring time—the feeling was reciprocal, and years afterwards he professed for her the most profound and unchangeable regard. The love

Which boys feel and poets feign,

may indeed be imputed to this youthful attachment; but this would be incorrect. It grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and to the last days of his life, he cherished for this fair creature an affection which he always avowed. The haters of England in France never forgave him for this; and in private society would cite it as evidence of his prejudices in favour of the English alliance. He laughed at such sarcasms, and merely replied to them, "Love never finds fault with a language, for it can speak without any."

When first I saw the Duke of Orleans it was at the English embassy. The saloons were crowded, the state of political parties was such as to exempt none from the operations of faction and intrigue, and even round a boy of fifteen, circles were formed to listen to his chit-chat or to his innuendoes. But he was reserved, spoke on general subjects, sought the society of the English, conversed in their own language with fluency, and fascinated more than one pair of black and blue eyes by his costume, his bearing, his "truly English" appearance, and his gentlemanly and easy manner.

The then Duke of Orleans (now Louis Philippe) had brought up all his children to feel, or to affect great loyalty towards the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon. But the Duke de Chartres had heard too

much in the internal circles, or recesses of his family, to be deceived by such formal expressions. He knew that his father was no conspirator, but he also knew that his father had a party of his own. He saw this at the court at the Palais Royal, at the *literary soirées* of his father, in the *foyer* of the Opera, and every where, where a young colonel and prince of fifteen was allowed, or allowed himself, to penetrate.

When first I saw the late Duke of Orleans, his health appeared delicate, and there was much of assumed, but not real, strength in his aspect. He appeared to be forced and strained in his manner, and had the air of one who had to play his *rôle*. Poor lad! it was a difficult part, after all, for he knew his father was suspected for acts abroad, and for friendships of a singularly opposition character at home, and he knew also that the old Legitimist families in France eyed the whole of his family with unfriendly and unkind feelings. But then his home was *so* happy, his pursuits so varied, his amusements so abundant, and his friends so numerous, that these things were "idle dreams" which did not torment him: so that at fifteen, he was one of "the happiest of the happy."

Those who knew not the young Duke, have said of him that he was superficial. This is a calumny. At even sixteen the reverse was the case; and for years afterwards he continued his studies. At eighteen, he had passed with success through the classic classes, was fairly and honourably one of the first fifteen in the college, and could converse in English, German, Italian, and Spanish. His pronunciation of the English language was singularly felicitous, and there was a gracefulness in his conversation which denoted perspicuity, taste, and a perfect comprehension of all that was artistical in the language in which he addressed himself to others.

And then how well he looked in his hussar costume! He was well-proportioned and easy; was never at a loss for a position or an attitude; was not put out or intimidated by unexpected events; and was a child in heart, whilst he was a man in consciousness of the importance which would be attached by both friends and foes to his every movement. With all this there was no affectation, no pomp, no affected amiability, amounting to a concealed feeling of condescension, and nothing to indicate that he sought to produce any effect on the minds or hearts of others. He was perfectly natural, or at any rate as much so as a young man could be, who knew that his father was, at court, suspected.

SECOND PHASE.

I lost sight of the Duke for nearly four years. Other occupations and distant travel led me to varied scenes and to far different circles, and it was not till the autumn of 1830, that I once more lighted on the eldest son of the then "King of the French." It was early in the month of August. The troops still bivouacked in the streets of Paris. The old square lanterns, which had been cut down and destroyed by the descendants of the "Septembriseurs," had not as yet been replaced. The moon was the "Paris" as well as the "parish lantern," except where fires blazed, around which, sat early in the evening, the newly-revived national guards, or the troops of the line. Although the

days were warm, the nights were cold, and the French had learned something of the value of hot water, at least when rendered palatable by *eau de vie*. In plain terms, "hot brandy-and-water" was a beverage more than supportable by worn-out soldiers.

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when, after a day of active but unsuccessful *émeutes* on the part of Republicans, Legitimists, and Bonapartists, all united in the one *great* work of demolition, I crossed the "Place" of the Palais Royal. The newly-equipped, or only half-adorned national guards were bivouacking in large numbers there. Some were drinking wine, others "grog," and not a few, brandy-and-water. Here was a fatigued tradesman, still obliged after the heat and labours of the day, to remain for twelve hours in a warlike attitude, and to carry a musket which rather perplexed than amused him. There was a young barrister, who knew much more about snipe-shooting, than he did of "standing *at ease*" when he was most *uneasy*. Some had procured straw and laid down to sleep amidst a din and a hubbub that one would have thought would have waked the dead. But they slept on, wholly regardless of either noise or showers, or of false alarms "that the fauxbourgs were rising."

I looked on the scene for some time. It was such as I could scarcely hope ever to see again, though in reality I often afterwards beheld them. Of a sudden there was more than a usual buzz, and a movement indicating some approaching event. It was the arrival of the young Duke of Orleans, "who had come to share the fatigues of his comrades."

He had walked out "alone to join them." He "could not bear the idea of their toiling all night, whilst he was sleeping on his mattress." And yet his mattress was a hard one, for Louis Philip was clever enough to *popularize* his children even in their sleeping, as well as in their waking hours. Who that knows Neuilly has not seen, ay, and not only there but elsewhere, the quiet, unostentatious, and even humble bedsteads of Louis Philippe and his sons? A hard plank, on which is placed a mattress, nearly as hard, was all the bedding of the *male* branches of the Orleanses; and even the princesses have not one-half such elegant or adorned couches as who?—why as the daughter of a Manchester shoemaker.

And there was the young Duke of Orleans, for the revolution of 1830 had converted him into that character, in the midst of smoke, dirt, noise, tumult, agitation, and——"his comrades!" He had learnt that word from his father, and it was one which has served him in many a moment of agitation and difficulty. The young Duke walked about, talked to all he met with, avoided none, made some good repartees, and some lively sallies, and was taking "some English grog," as he styled it, with "*one of the oldest friends of his father*," so well did he know how to turn every thing to account, when a sort of murmur, rather than of a cry was heard, of, "THE FAUXBOURGS ARE RISING!"

"Who says so?" asked the prince, of a tradesman-looking person standing near him.

"I do not know," replied the accosted individual, "but *they* say so."

"Oh, *they* do, do they!" retorted the prince; "I wish I knew them, I would pull their ears."

"You would have many to pull then, my prince," replied once more the individual in question.

"So much the worse for my fingers," said the Duke, "but I would do it, nevertheless."

Thus the colloquy ended, but not so the activity of the Duke. He went about from one batch, and one circle to another, sought every where to learn the truth, and was every where met by the reply "*on dit*" so and so.

"I wish I could lay hold of '*On*,'" said the prince, when he found that all his efforts to find out the author of the report were unsuccessful and then raising his voice he added, "Monsieur '*On*' I have sought for you every where, and have not been able to find you. Perhaps the wish is the author of the calumny, I will go to the Fauxbourgs on horseback, and ride through them all. Who will accompany me?"

"All, all," cried all who heard him, and in less than a quarter of an hour the expedition set out.

Brave as a lion, he knew not what fear was, and it is almost unnecessary to add that the Fauxbourgs were as quiet as the grave; that the population were wrapped in profound sleep; and that the Duke returned to the "*Place*" of the Palais Royal amidst the tumultuous greetings of a greatly increased assemblage.

"*Il n'y a rien*," he exclaimed as he alighted from his horse; but then with his usual playfulness he added, "*mais j'espère mes amis qu'il y a quelque chose pour moi, parceque j'ai beaucoup de faim.*"

Coffee and mutton cutlets were very soon provided. The Duke partook of them at the house, or rather in the back parlour of a *marchand de vin*, and "plenty of water," just coloured with plain "*Macou*" was his only beverage. He soon after left them, all deeply impressed with his promptitude, ready wit, gaiety, and kindheartedness.

On another occasion, at about the same epoch, he entered Paris at the head of his regiment. It was a fine day, and a glorious sight. The mob, at that period, was still in its glory. Louis Philippe was then "*the best of republicans!*" Lafayette still called all the Orleanses "*his children.*" And Paris gave itself a spontaneous holiday to meet the young Duke and his soldiers. The ease and *nonchalance* of the young officer struck every beholder.

"He carries himself well notwithstanding," muttered an old legitimist, who was disappointed that the overtures made at the eleventh hour by Charles X., in favour of the Duke de Bordeaux and a Casimir Perier cabinet had not been accepted.

"Notwithstanding what?" asked a man of the people.

The poor old legitimist perceived that he was in the wrong quarter just then for personalities or even allusions, directed against the newly-elected dynasty, so he drew in his horns and said,

"Notwithstanding he is said to have bad health, and a weakness in the spine."

"*Weakness in your head, old conspirator!*" cried the popular orator, in a tone of voice that made the legitimist shake with greater trepidation than aspen-leaves. "I suppose," continued this street Demosthenes, "that you are some dressed-up priest, or some turned-out receiver-general, or some dissatisfied Jesuit. If you do not keep your insinua-

tions to yourself, we may place you there (pointing to a lantern-cord) in the room of the lantern, just to see how much *light* there is in you."

The standers by laughed. I literally shouted. The poor old legitimist affected to treat it as a joke, but in a very few minutes afterwards he had decamped.

As the Duke de Chartres advanced into the Faubourg with his regiment, popular enthusiasm began to be rather troublesome, and he stood some chance of having his hands squeezed off by the boisterous and energetic Faubourgians. Bottles of beer, wine, and even wine and water, were handed to him one after the other to drink, and many a workman drank first out of the long-necked bottles, "that the young prince might have a taste of the Paris workmen." They would not, forsooth, drink *after* the prince, for that was not democratic enough in those times, but the prince was to drink *after them*. And so he did, right merrily; but the weather was so hot, and his exhaustion and efforts so tremendous, that all he drank produced no other effect upon him than to prevent him from sinking below par.

"*He is our Gallic cock*," cried an old woman, the widow of one of the soldiers of the Imperial Guard.

"He is our tricoloured prince," shouted a whole posse of national guardsmen.

"Yes, that is *my* drapeau," responded the Duke, "*Vive le drapeau tricolor*."

"*Oui, oui!*" screamed the whole of the bystanders, "*vive le drapeau tricolor!*" and the air was rent with the cry, which spread in a few minutes, and was caught up and repeated for more than a mile.

The enthusiasm of the population was now at its highest pitch; but cries were heard of "Death to Polignac! Death to the ministers of Charles X."

The Duke turned pale. He was evidently affected. He had been taught to dislike capital punishments by both his father and mother, so that his aversion was almost constitutional.

"That cry has not pleased him," muttered some students very near him.

"No, it has not," said the duke, in a firm and decided tone, "I am averse to all political scaffolds."

"*Très bien! très bien!*" replied the students, who were evidently taken by surprise by his manly and straightforward conduct.

That day was one of the days of triumph and success which have, here and there, like rays of bright sunshine in wintry weather, lighted up the pathway of the Orleans dynasty. But it was succeeded by matter of anxiety, distress, and alarm, and often has Maria Amelia, the Queen of the French, held in her arms in the morning her favourite son, wholly uncertain whether infuriated regicides and Robespierrian imitators would ever allow him again to join the family circle.

THIRD PHASE.

The day was brilliant. It was the 28th July, 1835. Paris resembled one vast camp. The Boulevards, from the Place de la Bastille to the farthest extremity of the Champs Elysées, were lined on both sides with national guards, and with regular troops, both cavalry, infantry, and

municipal. The King of the French had resolved on reviewing all those civic and other troops, on the last day of the fifth anniversary of that revolution which had overthrown the throne of St. Louis. All business was suspended. The Bourse (or exchange) was closed. Even the courts of law were not open, and no one spoke or thought of any thing but the *review*, except—for there was one exception—of the apprehensions of the police that the day would not terminate without some attempt at assassination! Indeed, so deep and general were the reports, that the ministers discussed the propriety of an adjournment; but the King, always full of bravery, would not listen to the suggestion, for the post of honour was always with him the post of danger. The late Duke, his son, was in this respect the image of his father. That he had not the vast intellect, great experience, prodigious memory, and really unimaginable tact and address of Louis Philippe, no one will attempt to deny; but of courage he had far more than even most men of his age, and was always foremost where the battle was hottest, and where the shot were the most thick and well directed. This is the testimony of his foes as well as of his friends, and of republican as well as of legitimist and of Orleanist officers. He was a brave fellow.

The "*état major*" on the morning in question was extraordinarily brilliant. Louis Philippe was surrounded by nearly all the general officers of France. He looked proud and noble; and was only depressed, and that but for a short time, when the Queen, before he set out, entreated if she could not prevail on him to remain at the palace, or pass the review in the gardens of the Tuileries, "*that at least her sons might not be exposed to the threatened and impending dangers.*" Louis Philip was inexorable. He knew the French character. Show the white feather but for a single moment, and in their estimation you are condemned for ever. The king felt this, and as he had given direction that the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours should, with the Prince de Joinville, accompany him, the laws of the Medes and Persians were easier to be repealed than *his* decisions.

That was a noble sight, indeed, when the King, escorted by three of his sons, and by one of the most brilliant staffs which the world could produce, commenced his review. The national guards were in matchless order. The troops of the line could have vied with those of Napoleon himself. The whole of the houses of even five and six stories high, were thronged with the curious or the anxious; the procession advanced, the music was enchanting, the flags looked their very best, and the plumes danced in the breeze, whilst the staff advanced along the green, gay, glittering, glowing boulevards.

At length the Boulevard du Temple was gained. New cheers were uttered, new life and bustle were observable at the entrance to that working-class portion of Paris. The broad footways were literally thronged with masses of human beings.

"How fine it is," said the Duke of Orleans to his brother Nemours; "what a magnificent spectacle!"

"It is fine indeed," replied Nemours; but scarcely had the words escaped his lips, when an awful *crash* was heard, and the next moment the dead and the dying were strewed on the pavé before them. It was the firing of "*Fieschi's Infernal Machine!*"

The King raised his hat. That was the act of a great and a gene-

rous mind. It was a great action at such a moment—for it was one of self-control, self-possession, dauntless courage; and it was a kind and therefore generous act, for it consoled his friends, and at once defeated the enemies of public repose and confidence, to know that the king was unhurt.

"*I am not wounded,*" said his Majesty.

"*Thank God!*" exclaimed the young Duke of Orleans; and then the very next moment he added, "*But my mother—the Queen!*"

The King directed an orderly officer to return *instantly* to the Palace of the Tuileries, to convey the gratifying intelligence that His Majesty and his three sons were safe, though the horses of Nemours and Joinville had been slightly wounded. That of the Duke of Orleans had escaped unhurt.

The first thought of the Duke of Orleans, was for the safety of the King, his father. The second was for the impression which the news would make on his mother. And then turning to Nemours and Joinville, he asked, with inexpressible emotion, if they had been wounded.

"*En avant,*" cried the King, after a pause of a few moments. Large tears dropped from the eyes of both Louis Philippe and his sons as they beheld the dead and the dying, the wounded and the bleeding lying around them. At such a moment, the cry "*Let us proceed—onwards,*" was an act of a giant, of a hero, and not of a man. The King knew that faction was at its last gasp, and must die, if that day conquered; but that if he should not terminate the review in order, and even with *éclat*, that the worst possible results might be expected, and that foul-mouthed slander would soon be abroad with a thousand bad inventions and most injurious falsehoods.

The Duke of Orleans, during the remainder of the review, looked dejected, serious, and reflecting; but he remained closer than ever to the person of the King, as though to be a sort of side-shield at once for his parent and his monarch.

The meeting that afternoon at the Tuileries is said to have been deeply affecting. The Queen collected them in her innermost chamber. She called them together to return thanks to that providence "to whom *alone*," she said, "she owed their preservation;" and falling on her knees, she set the touching and pathetic example.

The late Duke threw himself on her neck when she rose from her devotions, and wept with all the artlessness and simplicity of a child. His devotedness to his mother was almost without a parallel; and her love for him was reciprocal.

"I have loved him too dearly. I have thought of him too much. I have set my heart too much upon him," she has since said, and added, "*my* loss is irreparable—but that of France is yet greater."

Admirable woman! how unhappy has been thy fate! Exile; the suspicion of thy husband's fidelity to his King; the necessity of accepting a throne, of losing every thing the world could offer—if not even life; the obloquy, reproach, and hatred heaped on, or indulged in, towards one dearer to thee than life; attempts, repeated, and sanguinary on his existence, and on thine, as well as on the lives of thy children; separation from them when thy greatest joy is their presence; the death of thy beloved Marie, and now of thine adored and eldest son! Yet

with all this mass of calamity, ever benevolent, gracious, meek, humble, grateful for the smallest tribute of respect, an angel in virtue, and a saint in religion!

For such a mother to have lost; and in such a manner, her eldest son, brave, affectionate, and good, is one of those events which show man his short-sightedness, and teach us all that rank, fortune, and honours cannot escape the grasp of the dread tyrant! There is, however, this consolation for thee. He loved thee well! On all occasions he consulted thee, confided in thee, looked up to thee, and, when there was cause for joy or congratulation, rejoiced with thee.

"*My mother—the Queen!*" were nearly his first words when death appeared to stare him in the face at the memorable review on the Boulevards. And this same ejaculation he would have undoubtedly uttered the other day, had not death at once set his iron seal upon him.

FOURTH PHASE.

It was on a very cold day in the month of January, 1837, that the late Duke was desired by his father to proceed some forty miles from Paris to meet his future bride and duchess, the Princess Helena of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He had seen her portrait, but not herself. He had heard of her virtues, her talents, her love of constitutional freedom, her attachment to the religion of her ancestors, and her determination never to marry any one, however exalted his rank, large his fortune, or splendid his acquirements, if he required her to change that religion in which she had been educated. These moral and physical attractions had inspired him with strong prepossessions in her favour; and their correspondence had added to his convictions that nothing like disappointment would ensue. Still he had not seen her, and she had not seen him. The first glance from each eye might fix their mutual fate in *this* world; and from that moment might be decided whether the marriage to be consummated would be one of unbounded affection and confidence, like that of the King and Queen of the French, his father and mother, or whether it would be a marriage of convenience, propriety, or necessity.

It is said that all these anxieties he communicated to his royal mother; and that really, with a trembling heart, he set off on his matrimonial expedition. The news spread through the city, the road was soon sprinkled with visiters, the first interview was watched for by more than one curious and inquisitive person, and the following is a correct report of the scene:

At the spot previously agreed on, or rather fixed upon by Louis Philippe, the late Duke arrived some time before the equipages of the Princess Helena had come from Germany. At least an hour elapsed before the meeting took place. The first glance was satisfactory to both. He kissed her with warmth and feeling: and she did not disguise the pleasure which she experienced on perceiving that he was not disappointed. For herself, she could not be. That was impossible. Elegant in his manners, cheerful and gay, as well as instructive and witty in his conversation, pleasing and engaging in his countenance and bearing, he must have been just such a man as the Duchess of Orleans,

who is so full of sense, virtue, taste, and goodness, could not fail to have desired.

The Duke displayed towards her at once that she charmed him. There was no reserve. He took care that she should feel that to such a woman he could give his undivided affections and heart; and she reciprocated those feelings and their expression with promptitude and with truthfulness.

It was a charming sight to see the young foreigner throw himself into the midst of a foreign population, a foreign court, and fogin habits, customs, and manners, relying on the chivalry and hospitalty of all to whom she addressed herself.

"You are not afraid of us then?" was one of his first inquiries of his future bride.

"It is another feeling than that of fear which predominates," she replied, in her own most peculiar and bewitching manner; and from that moment they understood each other.

Along the road he smiled with joy, laughed with delight, and conducted to the palace that "afflicted one" who now weeps over his ashes, and is inconsolable for his loss.

During the whole of his journey to Paris with her, he received proofs of great interest and affection on the part of the village inhabitants; and many were the garlands and the bouquets, in spite of it being the middle of winter, which were exhibited on that occasion. Alas! after having given to him, and to France, two royal princes to continue the line of the Orleans dynasty, she is left alone in a world of anxiety, sorrow, and despair. No!—not despair—for she has children to instruct, and princes to prepare for high destinies and for great events.

I might indeed allude to another "*Phase*," but it is too painful to reflect on, too harrowing in all its details to record. It is HIS DEATH. What! the Duke of Orleans, the young, athletic, graceful, courageous, enlightened, affectionate, noble-minded Duke of Orleans dead! and at thirty-two—with a family adoring, and friends loving, and a mother respecting, honouring, and confiding in him! Yes, even so—the Duke of Orleans is dead. On his tomb, all who love truth, virtue, patriotism, and generosity, may shed tears of honest, well-principled, poignant, and heartfelt regret. Admirable Prince, adieu!

EPIGRAM.

THREE traitors, Oxford—Francis—Bean,
Have miss'd their wicked aim;
And may all shots against the Queen,
In future do the same:
For why, I mean no turn of wit,
But seriously insist,
That if Her Majesty were *hit*,
No one would be so *miss'd*.

T. H.

THE CHEMIST'S FIRST MURDER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

. . . . "I KNOW not how to begin the story," said the chemist, sighing heavily, while a slight spasm passed over his sorrowful face; "but when I used to poison people—"

"I can't accept that for a beginning," said I, interrupting him. "Your conscience is over-nice, too sensitive and suspicious by half. Begin, in plain, honest English, 'When I was a chemist—'"

"It means the same thing," he answered. "The people in Albania, you know, always commence their stories with 'When I was a thief.'"

"So might some of us in England, who belong to what Sydney Smith calls the undetected classes of society; but you never heard a lawyer, when settled in his easy-chair, opening a narrative of the past with 'When I used to ruin half the parish,' nor do retired members of parliament, referring to past periods of legislation, preface their anecdotes of patriotism with 'When I practised bribery through thick and thin."

"You speak," returned the chemist, sadly, "of people wiser than I am; people who can very well bear their own reproaches, so long as they can contrive to escape the world's. But enough of this. When I was a pois— Well, then, when I was a chemist—"

"That's it—now go on."

....At that time London had the Byron fever. But London contains many Londons, and they all had it with greater or less virulence. Thinking and thoughtless London—those who read much, and those who never read any thing—the large-souled, the little-souled, and the no-souled—every one took the infection. It became quite the fashion, all of a sudden, to *feel*. Iron nerves relaxed, hearts of stone broke to pieces inwardly. There might be some who did not know what to think—yet these could of course talk; and there might be a few who, from long-established habits, found it quite impossible to get fast hold of a feeling—still they could shed tears.

Society became a sponge, soaking up those briny showers of the muse, which only descended faster and faster, "and the big rain came dancing to the earth." Young men wept until their shirt-collars fell down starchless and saturated; young ladies, sitting on sofas, were floated out of the drawing-room window into the centre of Grosvenor-square; and I verily believe that if those cantos (but they were not yet in existence) which found some little difficulty in making their way into families, *could* have got into a needle's eye, they would have extracted a tear from it.

For the ladies, however, I do not answer positively—I can only vouch for the condition of my youthful brethren. You might have seen them with the new volume—bought—bought, mind—not borrowed; with the volume itself, not an American broadsheet that had pirated its precious contents; with a wet copy of the first edition, not a smuggled, sneaking, cheating, French version; with this volume of world-en-

chanting wonders tenderly grasped, you might have seen them hurrying along the street, stopping every now and then, and just opening it so as to peep at the mighty line within—then hastening on a little way, repeating the half-dozen "words that breathe" just read, until they were breathless—then, burning with curiosity for the passionate revelation, they would glide down a gateway, or shelter themselves at a shop-door, to dive a little further into the sea of thought, bringing up a pearl at every dip.

The sensation with which these young people first read—

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?

constituted an epoch in their lives. It did in mine. That third canto was my first rock a-head. I never knew one bottle from another afterwards. All drugs became alike—merged into *a* drug. I hated Apollo in his connexion with physic, but I worshipped him in his poetical divinity. I did not aspire to write verse—my appreciation of it was too enthusiastic, exalted, and intense;—to read it, to understand it, to recite it silently, accompanying myself on the pestle and mortar, was sufficient ecstasy.

By degrees, rather rapid, the pestle and mortar accompaniment was omitted. I abjured all practical superintendence of the affairs of "the shop." I regarded with a scorn that bordered on disgust the people who visited it, with prescriptions testifying to their miserable and innately vulgar concern for the welfare of their bodies—I longed to read them a favourite passage or two, prescriptive of mental medicine. A sudden burst—

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,

startled the matter-of-fact applicant for an ounce of that strengthening medicine; and an involuntary application of the ever-recurring line,

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?

would elicit from the simple girl who came for hartshorn, the explanation, that in general it was, "only mother's is swelled."

Disgust naturally came in time, and with it, as a matter of course, total inattention to "business." Add to this the fact, that I was possessed, in the person of an apprentice, of one of those things called "treasures"—in short, a precocious genius—and it will readily be understood that a few mistakes in the mixing of medicines would occur every now and then.

"Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared," inscribed in gold letters upon purple glass, neatly framed, figured in the window; and no doubt care was taken to prepare as many as might be presented; but the lad had unhappily an experimental turn, and he was always for throwing perfumes upon Dr. Somebody's violets.

When he had no particular ground for guessing how an improvement might be effected, he would hazard an alteration for the sake of change, just to keep his hand in; and the bottle to the extreme right, or the drawer to the extreme left, or the jar next to him, had an equal chance in these cases of being resorted to. The effect was sometimes to heighten, to an alarming degree, some peculiar influence delicately in-

fused by the learned prescriber, and sometimes to neutralize altogether the essential principle of the prescription.

"Men have died from time to time," says the poet, "and worms have eaten them—but not for love." Can this be said of physic?

At that time, however, I heard of no disaster. Men died doubtless, and worms dined. This was perfectly natural. At the worst, if any mysterious case obtruded itself, and the death of a patient followed immediately upon his taking a new lease of life from the verdict of a physician, there was always the convenient broken heart to fall back upon. Broken hearts were then as plenty as blackberries.

"And some," says Manfred, pleasantly enumerating the various disagreeables whereof people perish—

> And some of withered or of broken hearts,
> For this last is a malady that slays
> More than are numbered in the lists of fate.

We always used to set down any little inadvertence to the inevitable malady, the broken heart. A wrong medicine perhaps produced a very embarrassing and equivocal turn in the disease,—which came after a little while to look like a totally different complaint—and having an odd appearance with it, it was clearly a case of broken heart. . . . .

(The chemist groaned heavily, and appeared to labour under an attack of conscience.)

It was all very well while the mischiefs that arose, either from my own deliberate neglect, or the apprentice's speculative genius, were uncertain and obscure—so long as the body of the victim was not laid right against the shop-door. But alas! a case occurred one afternoon—

(The speaker stopped at the very threshold of his confession, but after swallowing a glass of water, his faintness vanished.)

I was in the little apology for a parlour behind, reading the fourth canto, when the treasure of an apprentice quitting his place at the counter came to consult me upon something doubtful, either of quantity or ingredient, in a prescription just presented for preparation. I was in the heart of an enchanting, a soul-enchaining stanza. I had got to the line—

> Though I be ashes, a far hour shall wreak
> The deep prophetic fulness of this verse—

when in he broke with an impertinent, an intolerable inquiry. I answered, in the flush of my excitement, any thing—I named an ingredient or two for the compound offhand, and bid him vanish—resuming the passage, and completing the stanza—

> And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse.

All medicines, however mixed, seemed weak to that idea. Prussic acid could not, so it appeared to me, have kept pace with such poetry. Its effect upon my mind as I read was, to make the most dangerous and deadly poisons appear perfectly contemptible, and not worth the care and trouble of weighing them out in mere half-ounces!

But suddenly, after a little time, an idea stole darkly across my mind of drugs compounded, and pills delivered;—of an intrusion on the part of the young genius of the shop, an order given by myself in

articulate and peremptory words, and medicines consequently mixed up!

But what a medicine was amongst them—and in what a quantity!

Oh, no—the thought was a frightful one to be sure—but it was only momentary! A horrible suspicion, an agonizing fear, an appalling flash—but it was too acute, too withering to last, and it was over. I sought again the fascinating spell of the poem—"And I have loved thee, ocean!"—"Oh! Rome, my country!"—"There was a sound of revelry by night."

How! the spell failing! Passage after passage, that had never failed me before! Yes, it was in vain to attempt to read—in vain to affect the abstracted, the meditative mood. The dark, strong, subtle Thought would thrust itself into my brain, and hold down every idea that struggled to ascend to that "more removed ground."

A sudden dash into the opposite extreme is sometimes effective in these cases; so I got up, walked about, and whistled considerably out of tune. But the horrid Idea took a tighter and more burning hold, and seemed to twist itself round my brain like a redhot wire, as if it would never loosen again on the cool side of madness! I ceased whistling and walking about, flung myself into a chair, seized the magic volume, and opened it at the irresistible page—

Is thy face like thy mother's——?

Mine, as I glanced up at the little glass opposite, was like a maniac's. The likeness of the dreadful Thought was there—the form of the scowling and distorted Suspicion was over it—and it seemed to have remoulded all my features, and my very eyes could not recognise their own reflection in the mirror.

I dashed down the book—that broken wand of the enchanter—and rushed forward to learn the worst;—which was precisely what I *did* learn!

(Here the chemist swallowed another glass of water, and applied his handkerchief to his forehead.)

The customer was gone—so was the prescription—so were the pills. I elicited from my treasure of a lad a *verbatim* report of the instructions I had given, the medicine I had named, the quantity ordered—and I stood with the feeling of one impaled, just for a minute longer, to learn distinctly from his lips the deplorable but indubitable fact, that he had scrupulously and religiously observed my diabolical instructions. It was enough. By the force of my sensations which I had hitherto struggled to suppress, I seemed to be literally shot out of the shop; and in thirty seconds was a considerable distance from the house, flying up the crowded thoroughfare insensible of impediments, and yet finding leisure to scrutinize every passenger's face, utterly unconscious that I had never beheld the features of the luckless being whom I sought.

Then back again I darted in the opposite direction, seeking the unknown, as if it were my own soul that had slipped from me, and inwardly offering as I went, worlds per minute, for the discovery of the lost man. All this time I was equally unmindful of the circumstance that he had been gone an hour, east, west, north, or south—I knew not—any more than I should have known his visage had I beheld it before me.

Frantic still, but breathless and exhausted, I returned. The tale was repeated word for word—various bottles, their labels and contents, were anxiously inspected again and again; as though there were some remote possibility of a latent chance of mistake. There could be none—there *was* none. The stranger had most certainly gone away, bearing with him a box of pills, whereof, by a most pitiless direction inscribed upon the lid, he was to take two daily.

"Heaven!" I exclaimed, "be merciful to the Doomed one—he has but eight-and-forty hours to live! Four of those pills would carry destruction, certain as gunshot, to the heart of an emperor, or the pulses of a serf. Neither Turk, Jew, infidel, nor heretic could escape."

"That's as sure as death," remarked my young treasure.

And as I turned to look upon the speaker, I thought I saw in his eyes the gloomy light of the condemned cell, and his voice had a harsh and grating sound, like the opening of the debtor's door at the Old Bailey.

That night I wandered about the Park, shunning every body, yet peering as far as my fears allowed me into every face, expecting to see "poison" written there. What happiness past expression to have encountered the stranger—now, now before bedtime! What an unspeakable relief to conscience, to be able to trace him out, to warn him of his peril, and avert his else inevitable fate! But this was hopeless! My thoughts ranged over all the consequences—the speedy death—the searching inquiry—the prompt detection.

I well knew, to be sure, all the time, that the world is amazingly indulgent and charitable on all these occasions—I was aware that the public verdict universally agreed to in these cases of mistake, is that nobody on earth is to blame, and that the individual whose inadvertence proved fatal, is a person well known and greatly esteemed for his peculiar carefulness.

I was conscious that the chemist, so far from being deemed culpable, would most likely obtain, through the medium of the shocking occurrence, a character for caution that he never possessed before.

But this to me afforded no consolation, no hope of a respite from the pangs of remorse, and the sentence of the law. The tramp of horses and the rolling of wheels in the distance, sounded like the rattling of fetters. The night grew dark; the rays of the moon looked no brighter than the grating of a dungeon; and at length as a sable cloud hung over the white vapour round it, there appeared to my affrighted eyes the image of a black cap upon the wig of justice.

Next day, I gathered courage enough to take an eminent physician's opinion as to the effects of such a medicine—two pills at a time until the box was empty!

His judgment was clear and final. The patient could not live to take a tithe of them.

I went to another distinguished authority with my supposititious case—he was equally distinct and undoubting. Four of them would have carried off Methuselah in the prime of life!

I returned home—to dinner.—Dinner!—The cloth resembled a large weekly newspaper, with wood engravings, faithfully representing "the culprit as he appeared at the bar on the day of trial." At night

I slept, indeed; but a jury of twelve well-fed Londoners were sitting on my stomach, determined not to retire because they were agreed upon their verdict.

Every hour, after the second day, I expected to hear of the inevitable calamity. I pictured the sufferer dying—I pictured him dead. Then I recalled him to life, by that stomach-pump process by which the imagination in its extremity works, and felt that he might possibly survive through the third day.

But at length I *knew* he must be dead—and now for the revelation. Was he a son—a father? His relations would never permit him to perish so, without an inquiry. Was he married—would his wife be taken up on suspicion of having poisoned him! Was he a resident any where in the neighbourhood—and should I myself be summoned upon the inquest? Every question had its separate sting. Of ten thousand daily speculations, each inflicted its excruciating torture.

But days rolled on—sunrise, noon, sunset, night—all regularly came round—and brought no discovery. Not a "shocking occurrence," not a "horrible event," was to be found in the journals, morning or evening.

It appeared, just at that time, as though the wheels of the world were rolling round without running over any body. In the vast crowd of society, not a toe was trodden on. Either the reporters were dead, or "fatal accidents" had gone quite out of fashion. It is true, that no stranger, during a whole fortnight, set his foot within the shop without throwing me into an ague-fit. It is true, that throughout the same period, my eye never fell upon man or woman clad in mourning, without turning to a ball of fire in my head, with the consciousness that it beheld one of the bereaved and injured relatives of my innocent victim. Still no sign of detection came; and although my bitter self-reproaches continued, my horror of the halter began considerably to abate. When——

[Here the chemist once more paused, and raising, not a glass, but a tankard of iced water to his lips, his disturbed countenance totally disappeared for a few minutes.]

——One afternoon as I was standing in a more tranquil mood at the farther end of the shop, gazing at the chimneys of the opposite house, and inwardly murmuring,

"Is thy face like——"

I proceeded no further with the apostrophe, for at that instant my treasure of an apprentice flew to my side, crushed one of my toes under his thick shoe, and compressed his whole volume of voice into a soul-awakening whisper, as he said,

"This is *him!*"

Him! I immediately looked at the object so ungrammatically indicated.

There stood before me a tall, gaunt, sallow-visaged man of forty-five. His eyes were dull, and his jaws were thin. He looked like one who had suffered, whether abroad or at home, much sickness—had exposed an iron frame to severe trials in strong and searching remedies—had borne their effects well, and lived on in hope of a cure. There he stood—who was he?"

The treasure, in whose eye there was a ray of satisfaction, darted a

significant glance at me, which seemed again to say, "This is *him*," as he bent forward a little, over the counter, to ascertain the customer's wishes.

"Young man," said the stranger—

His lips were quite dry, and his voice very hollow—

"Young man, observe me!"

Here he looked intently into the treasure's face, and continued with peculiar impressiveness—

"You prepared me some pills lately—I see you have not forgotten—some pills, I say—look, here is the prescription! Ah, you recognise it. Yes, it was you indeed who served me. Pray, mind then what I say. Let me have *another* box of those pills; *exactly*, mind, *exactly*, like the last; for never did I procure pills any where that did me half so much good!"

* * * * * *

"Your story is interesting," said I, encouragingly.

"I am no judge of that," returned the chemist with a sigh; "but it is true."

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S TRAVELS.*

It would be doing great injustice to these pleasant volumes and their writer, to expect from them, or lead others to expect, any thing but that which they profess to offer—namely, the offhand and desultory observations and impressions of an English gentleman, whose leisure permits him to travel at his will through foreign lands, and whose station enables him to do so under circumstances which afford much more ample materials for remark than present themselves to ordinary travellers. It would be not merely a trite and illnatured, but an inapplicable and misleading criticism, to say of volumes like these, in a disparaging sense, that they lead us over beaten ground. This can never be true of any books of travel which record, as these do, the *personal* impressions and remarks of the traveller; because no two individuals ever examined a foreign country with the same eyes, or contemplated its institutions and its people under the same aspect and with the same feelings; and it would be especially false of the travels of a man like Lord Londonderry, whose European reputation as a soldier and a diplomatist (not to mention his rank, and his habit of thinking for himself, and of daring to say what he thinks on all topics that come before him) have enabled him to travel under advantages not enjoyed, if we remember rightly, by any one other among our publishing travellers through the same countries. We have had plenty of journalizing travellers "to Constantinople by the Rhine and Danube," but until now we have had no one whose name and past military and political career could transform for his use the palaces of princes into inns

* A Steam Voyage to Constantinople, &c., in 1840-1. By the Marquis of Londonderry. 2 vols.

and caravansaries, and afford even an "open sesame" to the presence of the Sultan himself, and (for his lady only, of course) to the still more sacred precincts of the prime minister's harem.

That a journal written under such circumstances as those glanced at above, possesses strong and peculiar interest, need scarcely be stated. It appears that Lord and Lady Londonderry, with their family and suite quitted London by the Rotterdam steamer early in the autumn (of 1840), passed across Belgium by railroad,—sojourning briefly at the chief cities of that kingdom, embarking on the Rhine at Cologne, and proceeding thence by steam to Wisbaden, rapidly reaching the Danube by Francfort, Nuremberg, and Ratisbon; thence by steam again to Vienna;—a sojourn at that delightful and brilliant city, made tenfold attractive to the reader of its details by its being chiefly passed in the society and palaces of the Princes Metternich and Esterhazy, the Counts Woronzow and Tatischeft, and the *élite* of the high German nobility, and including a long personal conference with the Emperor. At Vienna, Lord Londonderry left his children, and embarked on the Danube for Constantinople, accompanied by Lady Londonderry only; and henceforth the incidents of the Journal increase rather than diminish in interest and novelty, and many of them may be regarded as quite unique in their details; no other European traveller having yet, to the best of our recollection, described in print the particulars of personal interviews with the present youthful sultan; whereas, in the present volumes, we have two such descriptions—one by Lord Londonderry himself, and the other by his accomplished lady, who had a separate audience of the sultan, her minute and graphic description of which is perhaps the most interesting passage in the work.

Having visited and briefly described the principal "lions" of Constantinople, the noble travellers depart for Smyrna, visit some of the Ionian Islands, and reach Greece in time to spend part of the New Years' Day of 1841 in the Parthenon. Lord Londonderry's descriptions and details connected with this portion of his tour, are full of interest and novelty,—chiefly for the same reasons which give value to the other portions of his journal—namely, his unusual means for observation, and in particular the access afforded him to those individuals with whom ordinary travellers so seldom come into contact. The author's and his lady's audience of King Otho and his Queen, and the subsequent dinner of ceremony with his Majesty, are among the most amusing passages of this portion of the journal. The remainder of this department of the work, after rapidly describing the writer's voyage by Zante, Malta, and Sicily, to Naples, is abruptly terminated at that city, by the sad news of the destruction of Wynyard by fire.

The remainder of the second volume is occupied by a separate Journal of a Tour in the Southern part of Spain, and a brief visit to the Coast of Africa, performed by the Marquis and his family in the autumn of 1839. Though not so novel in its details as the Turkish Tour, this Spanish one is full of interest and adventure; but our limits forbid further reference to it, unless at the expense of an extract,—which those of our readers who do not see the volumes will prefer from the more recent tour: and we cannot choose a more attractive one than that in which Lady Londonderry describes her audience with the Sultan.

Some difficulty arose as to who I should select to accompany me. Madame Franchini, was objected to by my Austrian friends, as too great a proof of the Court arrangements being under Russian influence; Reschid Pacha undertook to interpret, and it was suggested that I might go alone. This, however, seemed inconvenient; I therefore proposed to Mrs. Walker, the wife of Captain Walker, the Turkish admiral, to go with me: she gladly accepted; and at eleven o'clock, on a cold snowy morning, we packed ourselves into a small close carriage (the first covered one I had seen in Turkey), which Reschid Pacha kindly sent; and we set out, preceded as usual, by guards and *keevochees*, whose business it is to be always in attendance, armed with swords and pistols, to keep off the crowd of true believers that fill the streets and press with eager curiosity to gaze on the Franks.

The road, like all others in this country, was dreadful, and we were shaken to pieces; but after a long descent down a steep declivity, we found ourselves at a palace, presenting a long *façade* to the sea, on the Pera, or European side: here we were shown through an open court, the guard being turned out. In Turkey, the outward slippers are left at the door, the floor being covered with the finest mats, the rooms carpeted, and not a speck or particle of dust is to be seen.

We entered a small waiting-room, where we found some Austrian officers also expecting their audience. They informed me of what I had not discovered, that, for some reason the place named had been changed; and that I was not, as I imagined, in the Ischeragan Palace, but in the Beschititasche; that they had already gone to the former, and found no one there, and that there appeared to be a singular confusion in all the arrangements. Coffee was then handed to us in tiny cups, not containing above a thimbleful, but placed in the most beautiful little jewelled stands, or egg-cups, of pink enamel and diamonds. A large brasiero stood in the middle of the apartment, and a low embroidered divan ran round it.

At length the Maréchal du Palais came in, and some attendants. Coffee was again served, and soon after Reschid Pacha appeared. He speaks French perfectly; and having been ambassador in France and England, has become quite European. We waited some time; coffee was once more brought; and much whispering, confusion, and embarrassment followed. At length they all went away, leaving us with the Austrian strangers, who were much amused at the sensation produced by the apparition of Frank women within these walls. The Turks occasionally lifted up the curtain over the entrance into the room, and peeped in to gaze at us. I was *en grande tenue* as to toilette, and this added to their astonishment; Madame W——, the only lady who was ever received before myself, had gone in a hat, and without her jewels, having unfortunately left them at Odessa; her audience, however, had been less *en règle* than mine, and had more the character of an accidental *rencontre*. A great step has been made, and probably this approach to civilization will continue to advance; and perhaps, in a few years, ladies will be received at this court as they are at any other.

At last Reschid Pacha, the Maréchal du Palais, &c., returned, having put on their diamond decorations, and after waiting again some time, for nothing in Turkey is ever done in a hurry, we were requested to follow them. I expected to enter some adjoining room in which the Sultan would be; but, to my surprise, I was desired to put on my furs, my clogs, and my cloak, and we followed the attendants down stairs, crossed an open court, and arrived at a long terrace, or garden, at the end of which was the palace. Luckily it had ceased snowing, but the cold was intense; I was then informed that the great officers of the palace had received orders to show us the apartments, and we were first conducted into a Kiosk, or Pleasure-house, of great beauty.

The courts of the palace were paved with marble, and a great room 150 feet long, with a large bow in the centre, the whole covered with the finest matting fitted up in the oriental taste, with a long line of lattices to the water, must be a delicious resting-place during the summer heats. While I was

shivering with cold, and gazing on the Asiatic coast, and the lovely view which even in that bleak and dreary month lay before me, a large square trap-door in the floor was raised, and I heard a voice say, "*Voilà la mer, Madame!*" scarcely believing my ears, I advanced, and *effectivement*, the deep green sea flowed under the splendid eastern gallery. A shudder came over me as I thought how readily that trap-door could close over any of its victims, and my blood ran cold as my imagination made the mute inquiry, who can tell on whom that barrier has shut for ever? I recalled these lines—

"When weary of these fleeting charms and me,
Here yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the sea,"

and I turned away and gladly obeyed the summons to proceed. Such is the influence that the country one is in has over one's thoughts. In England I should have thought only of the delicious coolness of this invention during summer. In Turkey, the mind wanders over fields of romance and of imaginary horror.

Following the officers of the court, we crossed another flight of steps to the palace. The hall and stairs were matted, and lined with attendants in fez and caftan: We were then ushered through long suites of apartments, expecting every moment to enter the presence of the sultan: and, at length, on being shown into a small side anteroom, where I was the least prepared for the meeting, he walked quietly in and suddenly stood before us.

The usual fez was on his head, a large military cloak hung round him, clasped at the throat with a magnificent agraffe of enormous diamonds; a large solitaire was on his little finger. He is tall, pale, sallow, and slight, with fine eyes, a sweet smile, and amiable expression of countenance. He is only eighteen years of age. It is said he is learning French, and is much more *au fait de tout ce qui se passe* than is generally imagined. The Prince de Joinville, when here, saw and conversed much with him: and lately a good deal has transpired as to his manner and ideas from a Russian painter who has just finished his picture, and with whom he had much conversation during his several sittings.

He did not bow, but immediately began talking to Reschid Pacha, who, having paid his homage, which is done by gracefully *faisant semblant* to pick up the dust from the feet, according to the expression, "*Je baise la poussière*," interpreted to me the Sultan's words. He expressed his pleasure and satisfaction at seeing me, and his hope that I had recovered from the fatigue of my journey; to this I replied. He then inquired if I had been at all rewarded for what I had suffered, and for the deprivation of the comforts and luxuries of England. I then requested Reschid Pacha to express my admiration of Constantinople, my gratification at my visit and reception, and my gratitude at having been allowed to see every thing that was curious and interesting.

The Sultan inquired if I had visited the Tscheragan Palace, and on my answering in the negative, he desired orders might be given for it to be shown to me. He then inquired who the lady was who accompanied me, and on being told her name, he desired Reschid Pacha to express the pleasure he felt at having an opportunity of telling her how highly he valued her husband's services. After a happily worded reply from her, to the effect that she had equal delight in being able to assure his majesty that he had not now a more faithful servant than Admiral Walker, the Sultan expressed his regret at my intention of leaving Constantinople so soon, and then suddenly vanished.

I was reconducted to the door of the palace by Reschid Pacha and the Maréchal, who eagerly inquired what I thought of their imperial master. They seemed pleased with the praise and approbation I bestowed.

It would be doing injustice to this work to close our notice of it without marked reference to the curious and interesting conversations which it details (almost in the form of a *verbatim* "report") between the noble writer and the most distinguished of European politicians,

Prince Metternich. They are no less interesting and valuable for their personal traits than for the glimpses they afford of the political tendencies of this extraordinary man. The anecdotes they include, too, of the celebrated Von Genz, who, after helping to sway for twenty years the political condition of all Europe, died not long ago at eighty years of age, literally for love of Fanny Elsler, the dancer, will be read with interest.

Another feature of these volumes will excite no little gossip and discussion in the circles: we allude to the correspondence between Lords Londonderry, Ponsonby, and Palmerston, relative to an alleged slight put upon the former by our ambassador at Constantinople, in refusing to present him to the Sultan. The whole correspondence is curious and characteristic, and will be quite a *bonne bouche* for the *quidnuncs* of the clubs and the coteries.

DIARY OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.*

Our hasty anticipatory notice of this volume last month conveyed so very inadequate a notion of the nature and value of its contents that we are tempted, in the dearth of literary matter which always occurs at this season of the year, to return to the subject,—the rather that the volume is by many degrees more important in an historical point of view than any one of its predecessors.

The first of its historical features which attracts attention is, as we have already stated, the details connected with the famous trial of Warren Hastings, a matter concerning which the world might well have been hopeless of hearing any thing new, so minute are the existing records regarding it. And yet we venture to say those voluminous records may be searched through, without affording any thing that, space for space, can compare, either in personal and moral interest, or in historical value, with the private conversations which take place on this topic, in the court itself, between Miss Burney and (after Burke himself) the most active and earnest of the public prosecutors of Hastings,—the celebrated Whig leader, William Windham. A previous volume of the Diary had shown that Miss Burney had, during an acquaintance with him of some years' standing, received a very favourable impression of the private character and personal bearing of Warren Hastings; in addition to which prepossession she attended the trial at the express instance of the Queen, who, together with the whole court, was an almost open partisan of Hastings. And Fanny Burney was too warm a friend and too true a woman, to care or inquire too curiously about the *political* charges against a man she personally liked and respected. The consequence was that when, on her appearing in the Grand Chamberlain's box on the opening day of the trial, Windham, also an old and favourite acquaintance, came (direct from the prosecutors' box, and under the very eye, as she thought, of Hastings himself) to pay his respects to her, she fairly ran a muck at him, for his mingled cruelty and injustice in persecuting so amiable and mild-

* Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay. Volume the Fourth.

mannered a person as the prisoner at the bar, merely because he was said to have committed certain political enormities certain thousands of miles off! A series of conversations so commenced do not, the reader will say, promise much either of amusement or edification to posterity, whatever they may have done to the standers by. And yet, as we have said, there is nothing of equal length in the whole records of Hastings's trial that is so curious and so well worth preserving; because there is nothing else which goes so near to the pith of the matter as regards the motives and personal views and feelings of the chief promoters of that celebrated proceeding; and certainly nothing else has been preserved which is so characteristic of one of the most remarkable men of his time, as much of Windham's part of these singular conversations.

Miss Burney seems to have been aware of this, for she has reported the conversations with the minuteness of a modern shorthand-writer, and at a length that will be deemed inordinate by those readers respectively who think that nothing is worth minute description but the ball dresses of a court party, or the blackguardism and balderdash of a police-court.

Another special and most remarkable feature of this fresh volume of the most entertaining of Diaries is, the new and singularly curious information it affords us relative to the first attack of insanity experienced by George the Third in the autumn of 1788, its progress through the remainder of the year, and its happy termination at the close of February, 1789, when the volume itself closes. Of this portion of the Diary we gave a most curious and affecting specimen last month; we shall now give another, only premising of these revelations generally, what, we imagine, must be felt, if not said, by all who read them, and at the same time take into consideration the position of the sufferer, and the various collateral circumstances connected with those related—namely, that there is, of their kind, nothing else extant of so intense and absorbing an interest—few things more calculated to engender salutary reflections, or touch the feelings with that wholesome sadness which ever leaves the heart better than it finds it. We can scarcely tell which of the two is described with most force, truth, and pathos. Certain it is that each of them affects us like a scene in some consummate actor's performance of *Lear*—nay, there are passages uttered by the poor mad king in each scene, which might be paralleled, almost to the very words, in that most wonderful work of the prophet poet. There is assuredly nothing in tragedy itself more capable of the high office of "moving the soul by terror and pity," than the specimen we now offer of this portion of the Diary.

Kew Palace, Monday, February 2d.—What an adventure had I this morning! one that has occasioned me the severest personal terror I ever experienced in my life.

Sir Lucas Pepys still persisting that exercise and air were absolutely necessary to save me from illness, I have continued my walks, varying my gardens from Richmond to Kew, according to the accounts I received of the movements of the King. For this I had her Majesty's permission on the representation of Sir Lucas.

This morning when I received my intelligence of the King from Dr. John Willis, I begged to know where I might walk in safety?

"In Kew Gardens," he said, "as the King would be in Richmond."

"Should any unfortunate circumstance," I cried, "at any time, occasion my

being seen by his Majesty, do not mention my name, but let me run off without call or notice."

This he promised. Every body, indeed, is ordered to keep out of sight.

Taking, therefore, the time I had most at command, I strolled into the gardens. I had proceeded, in my quick way, nearly half the round, when I perceived, through some trees, two or three figures. Relying on the instructions of Dr. John, I concluded them to be workmen and gardeners; yet tried to look sharp, and in so doing, as they were less shaded, I thought I saw the person of his Majesty!

Alarmed, past all possible expression, I waited not to know more, but turning back, ran off with all my might. But what was my terror to hear myself pursued!—to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, "Miss Burney! Miss Burney!"

I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at the time; I only knew the orders to keep out of his way were universal; that the Queen would highly disapprove any unauthorized meeting, and that the very action of my running away, might deeply, in his present irritable state, offend him. Nevertheless, on I ran, too terrified to stop, and in search of some short passage, for the garden is full of little labyrinths, by which I might escape.

The steps still pursued me, and still the poor, hoarse, and altered voice rang in my ears:—more, and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me—the attendants all running, to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Doctor Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully.

Heavens, how I ran! I do not think I should have felt the hot lava from Vesuvius—at least not the hot cinders—had I so ran during its eruption. My feet were not sensible that they even touched the ground.

Soon after, I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out, "Stop! stop! stop!"

I could by no means consent: I knew not what was purposed, but I recollected fully my agreement with Dr. John that very morning, that I should decamp if surprised, and not be named.

My own fears and repugnance, also, after a flight and disobedience like this, were doubled in the thought of not escaping; I knew not to what I might be exposed, should the malady be then high, and take the turn of resentment. Still, therefore, on I flew; and such was my speed, so almost incredible to relate or recollect, that I fairly believe no one of the whole party could have overtaken me, if these words from one of the attendants had not reached me:

"Doctor Willis begs you to stop!"

"I cannot! I cannot!" I answered, still flying on, when he called out,

"You must, ma'am; it hurts the King to run."

Then, indeed, I stopped—in a state of fear really amounting to agony. I turned round, I saw the two Doctors had got the King between them, and three attendants of Dr. Willis's were hovering about. They all slackened their pace, as they saw me stand still; but such was the excess of my alarm, that I was wholly insensible to the effects of a race, which, at any other time, would have required an hour's recruit.

As they approached, some little presence of mind, happily came to my command; it occurred to me that, to appease the wrath of my flight, I must now show some confidence. I therefore faced them as undauntedly as I was able, only charging the nearest of the attendants to stand by my side.

When they were within a few yards of me, the King called out, "Why did you run away?"

Shocked at a question impossible to answer, yet a little assured by the mild tone of his voice, I instantly forced myself forward to meet him, though the internal sensation which satisfied me this was a step the most proper, to appease his suspicions and displeasure, was so violently combated by the tremour of my nerves, that I fairly think I may reckon it the greatest effort of personal courage I have ever made.

The effort answered: I looked up, and met all his wonted benignity of countenance, though something still of wildness in his eyes. Think, however, of my surprise, to feel him put both his hands round my two shoulders, and then kiss my cheek!

I wonder I did not really sink, so exquisite was my affright when I saw him spread out his arms! Involuntarily I concluded he meant to crush me: but the Willises, who have never seen him till this fatal illness, not knowing how very extraordinary an action this was from him, simply smiled and looked pleased; supposing, perhaps, it was his customary salutation!

I believe, however, it was but the joy of a heart unbridled, now, by the forms and proprieties of established custom and sober reason. To see any of his household thus by accident, seemed such a near approach to liberty and recovery, that who could wonder it should serve rather to elate than lessen what yet remains of his disorder!

He now spoke in such terms of his pleasure in seeing me, that I soon lost the whole of my terror; astonishment to find him so nearly well, and gratification to see him so pleased, removed every uneasy feeling; and the joy that succeeded, in my conviction of his recovery, made me ready to throw myself at his feet to express it.

What a conversation followed! When he saw me fearless, he grew more and more alive, and made me walk close by his side away from the attendants, and even the Willises themselves, who, to indulge him, retreated. I own myself not completely composed, but alarm I could entertain no more.

Every thing that came uppermost in his mind he mentioned; he seemed to have just such remains of his flightiness as heated his imagination without deranging his reason, and robbed him of all control over his speech, though nearly in his perfect state of mind as to his opinions.

What did he not say!—He opened his whole heart to me,—expounded all his sentiments, and acquainted me with all his intentions.

The heads of his discourse I must give you briefly, as I am sure you will be highly curious to hear them, and as no accident can render of much consequence what a man says in such a physical state of intoxication.

He assured me he was quite well—as well as he had ever been in his life; and then inquired how I did, and how I went on? and whether I was more comfortable?

If these questions, in their implication, surprised me, imagine how that surprise must increase when he proceeded to explain them! He asked after the coadjutrix, laughing, and saying, "Never mind her!—don't be oppressed—I am your friend! don't let her cast you down!—I know you have a hard time of it—but don't mind her!"

Almost thunderstruck with astonishment, I merely courtesied to his kind "I am your friend," and said nothing.

Then presently he added, "Stick to your father—stick to your own family—let them be your objects."

How readily I assented!

Again he repeated all I have just written, nearly in the same words, but ended it more seriously: he suddenly stopped, and held me to stop too, and putting his hand on his breast in the most solemn manner, he gravely and slowly said, "I will protect you!—I promise you that—and therefore depend upon me!"

I thanked him; and the Willises, thinking him rather too elevated, came to propose my walking on. "No, no, no!" he cried, a hundred times in a breath; and their goodhumour prevailed, and they let him again walk on with his new companion.

He then gave me a history of his pages, animating almost into a rage, as he related his subjects of displeasure with them, particularly with Mr. Ernst, who he told me had been brought up by himself. I hope his ideas upon these men are the result of the mistakes of his malady.

Then he asked me some questions that very greatly distressed me, relating to information given him in his illness, from various motives, but which he sus-

pected to be false, and which I knew he had reason to suspect: yet was it most dangerous to set any thing right, as I was not aware what might be the views of their having been stated wrong. I was as discreet as I knew how to be, and I hope I did no mischief; but this was the worst part of the dialogue.

He next talked to me a great deal of my dear father, and made a thousand inquiries concerning his 'History of Music.' This brought him to his favourite theme, Handel; and he told me innumerable anecdotes of him, and particularly that celebrated tale of Handel's saying of himself, when a boy, "While that boy lives, my music will never want a protector. And this, he said, I might relate to my father.

Then he ran over most of his oratorios, attempting to sing the subjects of several airs and choruses, but so dreadfully hoarse that the sound was terrible.

Dr. Willis, quite alarmed at this exertion, feared he would do himself harm, and again proposed a separation.

"No! no! no!" he exclaimed, "not yet; I have something I must just mention first."

Dr. Willis, delighted to comply, even when uneasy at compliance, again gave way.

The good King then greatly affected me. He began upon my revered old friend, Mrs. Delany; and he spoke of her with such warmth—such kindness!"

"She was my friend!" he cried; "and I loved her as a friend! I have made a memorandum when I lost her—I will show it you."

He pulled out a pocket-book, and rummaged some time, but to no purpose.

The tears stood in his eyes—he wiped them, and Dr. Willis again became very anxious.

"Come, sir," he cried, "now do you come in and let the lady go on her walk,—come, now, you have talked a long while,—so we'll go in,—if your Majesty pleases."

"No, no!" he cried, "I want to ask her a few questions;—I have lived so long out of the world, I know nothing!"

This touched me to the heart. We walked on together, and he inquired after various persons, particularly Mrs. Boscawen, because she was Mrs. Delany's friend! Then, for the same reason, after Mr. Frederick Montagu, of whom he kindly said,

"I know he has a great regard for me, for all he joined the opposition."

Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Watkin Wynn, the Duke of Beaufort, and various others followed.

He then told me he was very much dissatisfied with several of his state-officers, and meant to form an entire new establishment. He took a paper out of his pocket-book, and showed me his new list.

This was the wildest thing that passed; and Dr. John Willis now seriously urged our separating; but he would not consent; he had only three more words to say, he declared, and again he conquered.

He now spoke of my father, with still more kindness, and told me he ought to have the post of Master of the Band, and not that little poor musician Parsons, who was not fit for it.

"But Lord Salisbury," he cried, "used your father very ill in that business, and so he did me! However, I have dashed out his name, and I shall put your father's in—as soon as I get loose again."

This again—how affecting was this!

"And what," cried he, "has your father got, at last? nothing but that poor thing at Chelsea? Oh, fie! fie! fie! But never mind! I will take care of him! I will do it myself!"

Then presently he added, "As to Lord Salisbury, he is out already, as this memorandum will show you, and so are many more. I shall be much better served; and when once I get away, I shall rule with a rod of iron!"

This was very unlike himself, and startled the good two doctors, who could not bear to cross him, and were exulting at my seeing his great amendment, but yet grew quite uneasy at his earnestness and volubility.

Finding we now must part, he stopped to take leave, and renewed again his charges about the coadjutrix.

"Never mind her!" he cried, "depend upon me! I will be your friend [as long as I live!—I here pledge myself to be your friend!"

And then he saluted me again just as at the meeting, and suffered me to go on.

If the reader can have restrained his tears at almost every passage of this extraordinary scene, the things of the world must have hurt him "past all *poetry*." The wild joy of the poor coerced king at the sight of one whose presence brought back to him so many happy associations —the poor, cracked, feeble voice, strained to "a childish treble"—the gentle kiss on the cheek—the sudden outpouring of the long pent-up heart—the solemnly promised protection against the tyranny of the royal favourite—the snatches of old recollections about Handel and music, and the abortive attempts to *sing* them—the gushing tears, and the careful wiping of them away, at the recollections of having lost his dear Mrs. Delany—his proscription list of state officers—the hundred times repeated "No, no, no, no," at the bare hint of breaking off the conference—and, finally, the solemnly repeated pledge at parting, to be her friend, sealed by another parental kiss;—all these features so assimilate the scene to the greatest and most affecting in poetic fiction, that it would be false delicacy to abstain from alluding to the resemblance.

There will, no doubt, be two opinions abroad, as to the worldly prudence of recording such a scene as the foregoing, under circumstances which could by possibility give that publicity to the record which it has now reached—just as there may be two opinions as to the *practical* value and virtue of the great work to certain scenes of which we have ventured to compare it. But *being* recorded, away with the mawkish "delicacy," or selfish cowardice, that would withhold it from the world, in dread of those casuists who hold that kings cannot fitly perform their high and holy office unless "a divinity doth hedge" them. For our own parts, we doubt if any thing that has ever before been put on record of George the Third will go further to impress upon the mind of its readers a fond and reverent respect for his person and character, and even for his kingly office, than the scene we have just given.

MASSANIELLO*.

There is nothing else in the history of revolution so extraordinary and romantic as the career of the poor and illiterate fisherman of Amalfi—nothing else calculated to impress so fearful yet so salutary a lesson, both on people and on rulers—nothing else in which the terrible and the wonderful are so strangely blended, and in which both of these are so mixed up with the fantastic, and sometimes so closely border on the ridiculous—nothing else in which the effects of personal character are seen to colour and modify great events—nothing in which great events are so clearly seen to spring from little and unlooked-for causes. Moreover, there are few if any great historical catastrophes about which we possess more minute and authentic records. We need scarcely add, therefore, that few subjects were ever more fitted than that of "Massaniello" for the purposes of the writer of that species of romance which happily promises at no distant period to supersede all others, seeing that it may include

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* Massaniello; an Historical Romance. Edited by Horace Smith, Esq., author of "Brambletye House," &c. 3 vols.

the several merits and attractions of all, without forfeiting its own peculiar claims to public favour. So far from there being any thing in the strictly "historical" romance to prevent it from amusing and exciting, while it informs and fixes its information on the memory as no other method of teaching either the facts or the spirit of history can, the experience of the last twenty years has shown us that all other subjects but historical ones grow, by comparison, as "weary, stale, and flat," in the perusal as they are assuredly "unprofitable" in the mental result.

There are other features in Massaniello's unparalleled career which make it singularly fitted for the purposes to which it has been now for the first time turned. The period is almost as picturesque as that of the crusades, yet almost as cultivated as that in which we ourselves live; the historical personages who naturally figure in the story, are all of them marked by those strong lights and shades of character which nowadays are, for the most part, broken down and blended into the one monotonous *middle tint* of our boasted "civilization;"—some of those personages—Salvator Rosa for instance—are among the most famous that the world has known; and finally, the localities in which the scenes transpire, have all the air of the "scenery, machinery, and decorations" of a modern stage drama, with the additional advantage of being familiar to a large portion of what forms the "reading public" of the day.

Thus much of what an historical romance on the subject of "Massaniello" might or *may* be. With regard to what the present romance *is*, the mere fact of its appearing under the auspices of so excellent a judge, and so accomplished and successful a writer, as Mr. Horace Smith, is a *primâ facie* proof that it deserves marked attention: and such it will undoubtedly receive, and will amply repay. It is in fact, with some few faults of execution, a production of a superior order, and gives promise of others still more worthy of public favour. Its style is fluent, easy, and not seldom rising into eloquence; the construction of the story is at once artful and natural; the arrangement of the incidents often highly dramatic and effective; the treatment of character and the development of passion by no means of an ordinary cast; and the whole result spirited and effective, both in an historical and a popular point of view.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY.

We aid, with great pleasure in giving *noteo*riety to the following Epistle from "Our Own Correspondent." Our private impressions of the American reprints, the Transatlantic Pressgang, and the Boston Meeting have been published in the *Athenæum*, in a Letter on Copyright and Copywrong, which by this time has probably been ripped up and turned, cleaned, dyed, and altered in the United States. Great credit is due to our friend Boz, for the manly fight he has maintained with the Pirates in their own strongholds; and we cheerfully promise him, as to our own humble lucubrations, that should any but respectable Publishers, on the other side, apply to us for early sheets, we will send them *a wet blanket*.

"1, Devonshire-terrace, York-gate, Regent's-park,

"My dear Hood, "July 7th, 1842.

"You may perhaps be aware that during my stay in America, I lost no opportunity of endeavouring to awaken the public mind to a sense of the

unjust and iniquitous state of the law in that country, in reference to the wholesale piracy of British works.

"Having been successful in making the subject one of general discussion in the United States, I carried to Washington, for presentation to Congress by Mr. Clay, a petition from the whole body of American authors, earnestly praying for the enactment of an International Copyright Law. It was signed by Mr. Washington Irving, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Cooper, and every man who has distinguished himself in the literature of America; and has since been referred to a select Committee of the House of Representatives.

"To counteract any effect which might be produced by that petition, a meeting was held in Boston—which you will remember is the seat and stronghold of Learning and Letters in the United States—at which a memorial against any change in the existing state of things in this respect was agreed to, with but one dissentient voice. This document—which, incredible as it may appear to you, was actually forwarded to Congress, and received—deliberately stated that if English authors were invested with any control over the republication of their own books, it would be no longer possible for American editors to alter and adapt them (as they do now) to the American taste!

"This memorial was, without loss of time, replied to by Mr. Prescott, who commented with the natural indignation of a gentleman, and a Man of Letters, upon its extraordinary dishonesty. I am satisfied that this brief mention of its tone and spirit, is sufficient to impress you with the conviction that it becomes all those who are in any way connected with the Literature of England, to take that high stand, to which the nature of their pursuits, and the extent of their sphere of usefulness, justly entitle them; to discourage the upholders of such doctrines by every means in their power; and to hold themselves aloof from the remotest participation in a system, from which the moral sense and honourable feeling of all just men must instinctively recoil.

"For myself, I have resolved that I will never from this time enter into any negotiation with any person for the transmission across the Atlantic of early proofs of any thing I may write; and that I will forego all profit derivable from such a source. I do not venture to urge this line of proceeding upon you, but I would beg to suggest, and to lay great stress upon the necessity of observing, one other course of action: to which I cannot too emphatically call your attention.

"The persons who exert themselves to mislead the American public on this question; to put down its discussion; and to suppress and distort the truth, in reference to it, in every possible way; are (as you may easily suppose) those who have a strong interest in the existing system of piracy and plunder; inasmuch as, so long as it continues, they can gain a very comfortable living out of the brains of other men, while they would find it very difficult to earn bread by the exercise of their own. These are the editors and proprietors of newspapers almost exclusively devoted to the republication of popular English works. They are, for the most part, men of very low attainments, and of more than indifferent reputation; and I have frequently seen them, in the same sheet in which they boast of the rapid sale of many thousand copies of an English reprint, coarsely and insolently attacking the author of that very book, and heaping scurrility and slander upon his head.

"I would therefore entreat you, in the name of the honourable pursuit with which you are so intimately connected, never to hold correspondence with any of these men, and never to negotiate with them for the sale of early proofs of any work over which you have control; but to treat, on all occasions, with some respectable American publishing-house, and with such an establishment only.

"Our common interest in this subject, and my advocacy of it, single-handed, on every occasion that has presented itself during my absence from Europe, form my excuse for addressing you.

"And I am,
"Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

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END OF THE SECOND PART OF 1842.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE.